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Decolonizing the Empathic Settler Mind: An Autoethnographic Inquiry

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DECOLONIZING THE EMPATHIC SETTLER MIND: AN AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC INQUIRY

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A DISSERTATION

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Acknowledgements

While dissertations usually bear only one name on the title page, they do not grow well in solitude, not even one like this, so narcissistically about myself. I have learned from indigenous storytellers and postmodern thinkers that stories are never only one person's. My narrative and intellectual debts are many. I can mention but a few who stand out like stars against life's skies.

Looking back at the genealogy of this dissertation, I see three, now sadly-departed mentors in particular who changed my thinking, moving it out of comfort into productively disquieting reflections: Donald Schön who inscribed in his book that he gave me, *The Reflective Turn*, "with appreciation and great expectations for your reflective turn"—I will always be "turning" Don, but hope and believe you'd like the path so far. Another dear MIT-based mentor, Aaron Fleischer, taught me that the most serious intellectual analysis compels one to humor and irony; and, finally, Dan Bar-On whose story-telling amidst trauma was exemplary and who inscribed my copy of his book, *Tell Your Life Story*: "Norman: You were with us, every moment, Love D," as you still are with me, Dan!

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I have strived to make this study not about indigenous people as I have no right to try to be their voice, a lesson I slowly and painfully learned. But without the work and friendships I shared with them, this dissertation could not have happened. From so many who have guided me, I single out friends Wedlidi Speck (Kwagu'l) , Chief Robert Duncan/Hamdzid (Da'naxda'xw), Gitsga/Ron Wilson (Haida) and Sam Moody/Anuximalous (Nuxalk). Most of all, I am ever in debt to artist, and dear Gitxsan friend, Tom Mowatt, who is among my greatest teachers.

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I have three daughters, Faith-Hannah Dale, Sari Dale and Eden Dale, whose lives give mine meaning and who, contrary to pop-psych malarkey about parents and their children not being "friends," are most singularly mine.

I have reserved for the prominence of the last word, the impossible expression of gratitude due my wife, Sue-Ellen Cassidy, for her patience all these years and rants later. Borrowing a story from *L'Arche* founder, Jean Vanier's book *ENOUGH ROOM FOR JOY*: Sue Ellen, I could stand on the largest beach anywhere but if asked to scratch in the boundless sands how much I love, owe and thank you, could only answer: "*There is not enough room!"*

Dedication

I dedicate this to the young and the unborn settlers

who, in their yet-to-be-even-imagined relations with First Nations,

will render the stories told here quaintly antiquated.

Abstract

Public and scholarly analysis of the troubled relations of Natives and non-Natives (settlers) has been predominantly directed to the former, long-framed as "the Indian Problem." This dissertation takes the different stance of focusing on the mind-sets of settlers and their society in perpetuating the trans-historical trauma and injustice resulting from foundational acts of dispossession. The approach is autoethnographic: after considering the settler world in which I grew up, critical episodes and developments in my career working with British Columbian First Nations are described and analyzed. This includes working with Kwakwaka'wakw, Haida, Wuikinuxv, Nuxalk and Lheidli T'enneh Nations over a 25-year period. I also look closely at my friendship with a Gitxsan artist, which painfully surfaced our differences and the dangerous colonial practice of settlers' telling indigenous life stories. Critical themes and learning drawn from this account indicate both some pitfalls and opportunities for empathic settlers to decolonize their minds and actions and thereby contribute to the broader decolonization story of the settler state of Canada. The electronic version of this Dissertation is at Ohiolink ETD Center, http://etd.ohiolink.edu and AURA http://aura.antioch.edu/ A video introduction by the author accompanies this document.

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Chapter I: Introduction

This dissertation looks inward to understand and prescribe for a centuries-old, and continuing tragedy. Across the globe we continue to struggle under the dreadful shadows cast by a shameful period of several centuries when Europeans openly subjugated the peoples and environments of most of the rest of the world. Colonial aftermaths vary depending on whether putative independence was achieved by the indigenous population or, instead, the descendants of Europeans stayed on, eventually outnumbering and dominating the original inhabitants. The latter socio-political formations have come to be known as "settler colonial states" (e.g., Veracini, 2010, Wolfe, 1999). Canada, where my life and work as one of those settlers has unfolded, is a prime example of this.

The Setting: Just Who Is the Problem?

I wrote this dissertation between 2012 and 2014 and the news in Canada, as has been usual in the past 20 years, includes major stories about indigenous people, what they are doing, how they are faring, including their sporadically-newsworthy suffering and no less sporadically prominent opposition to modern development. The following are but a small sampling, typical of the almost daily litany of troubling interactions:

- "Not a Trading People:" Culminating many years of the Lax Kw'alaams First Nation's vigorous assertion of traditional rights and practices of commercial fishing, the highest court in Canada decides that these natives never really fished to enrich their economy through trade. Rather, fishing had always been and would continue only—said the judges—for "food, social, and ceremonial purposes." In short, "they were not a trading people" (*Lax Kw'alaams Indian Band v. Canada*, 2011, at head 37). This was the ruling in spite of irrefutable evidence of centuries as avid traders as

seen, for example, in the development of their largest modern community of Lax Kw'alaams as a gathering place for the many Tsimshian tribes around a Hudson's Bay trading post (Marsden & Galois, 1995). Notwithstanding earlier Supreme Court judgments confirming the "right" of First Nations to change, adapt and evolve their livelihoods with the times, this latest decision fixes them at an earlier semi-mythical noble savage period living in bare subsistence.

- Housing crisis at Attawapiskat, Ontario: After the leaders of this remote Cree First Nation declare a state of emergency because of housing that is in both desperately short supply and horrid physical condition (Canadian Press, 2011), the Canadian media chooses to elevate their story to national attention. Minus a timely response from the Federal Government—which has constitutional authority over status Indians and their lands—the Canadian Red Cross intervenes with emergency temporary housing and community workers. Several weeks of embarrassing publicity later, and having at first claimed benign ignorance of any such problem, the Minister of Aboriginal Affairs, John Duncan, orders a third-party manager to take financial control from the elected band Council (Galloway, 2011), a measure often evoked when Native communities have mismanaged their funds. This move, while forcibly rejected by the Chief of Attawapiskat and later, successfully challenged in court, ignites and divides Canadian public opinion over blaming Natives themselves for the appalling conditions on reserves.
- The Chief is out of order: In Kitimaat, British Columbia, following many years of increasing controversy over a plan to construct a pipeline to this fjordal seaport, a project entailing 200 trips annually of oil supertankers through an arguably difficult

> inlet to navigate, public hearings begin. The first locale is this village of the Haisla First Nation, traditional, albeit displaced, stewards of the extensive lands and waterways of the region. Just before the hearings, the federal government's lead minister castigates "environmental radicals" (O'Neill, 2012) who, he claims, are trying to stall the process (although the most publicized opposition has been from the majority of First Nations including the Haisla). The Prime Minister has also made strongly promotional statements in favour of the project and expressed concern that the regulatory process including these hearings is too protracted (Audette, 2012). On the first day of the hearings, Chief Henry Amos of the Haisla told the hearings panel, "You're appointed by the Federal Government and it's the same government that is telling the world that this project should go ahead. That is my biggest concern right now." The Chair of the Panel, Sheila Leggett, sitting at the front table, there on the Haisla reserve, interrupted him, cautioning the Chief to restrict comments to "traditional knowledge" and not such extraneous matters (Rowland, 2012).

These episodes share a general and repetitive storyline in which settler institutions and leaders diminish, trivialize, and infantilize the deepest concerns of aboriginal peoples. We, the settler majority of Canada, may wring our hands, blame our governments, and, sipping the proverbial morning coffee, fall into a fleeting despair—though not pausing very long, what with our own everyday concerns, which, we conveniently believe, have nothing to do with the colonial past buried literally in the very ground beneath us. With every new story of how Native society seems to fall short of what we might expect in a "normal" community, we ask or wonder quietly to ourselves:

- What is wrong with them?
- Why do they lead in every social indicator of dysfunction and ill-health (Kendall, 2001; Waldram, Herring, & Young, 2006)—rates of family violence, suicide, substance abuse, accidental death, murder, incarceration, mental illness—despite seemingly bottomless public purse for mitigating these sorrows?
- What is it they really want?
- And, what is to be done?

Progressive settlers, such as I fancy myself to be, may join in online forums and write letters-to-the-editor in local newspapers, castigating the current neoconservative political party and its leader, the Prime Minister. We respond with sanctimonious verve to the offensive, racist words of fellow, presumably less-enlightened and not at all empathic settlers, wondering, albeit less openly, about the appropriateness of standing beside Natives in decolonizing struggles: does such involvement not run the risk of a new more insidious colonialism, a theft of one more thing: their indignation, their rage? (The latter phrase taken from Maki, 1995.)

But the older empathic settlers, among whom I am now to be counted, know that the shifting sands of who rules federally (and provincially) have not much affected the conditions under which Natives live in nor the attitudes of everyday, mainstream Canadian society. Whether resentful and impatient with the backwards and atavistic indigene, or lamenting the difficulties they have maintaining any semblance of their traditional culture, we the settlers share feelings of angst directed to the "Indian problem" (Dyck, 1991)[1]—even if we have stopped using this phrasing

[1] Dyck's (1991) monograph was titled, "What is the Indian 'Problem' " and convincingly – for those few who read it – undermined the idea that the centuries' old troubled relationship between Native and newcomer was to be seen as a problem with the former.

The sense of déjà vu intensifies if we think back to the early 1990s when in response to a series of violent confrontations between Native communities and the authorities (de Costa & Knight, 2011; Edwards, 2003; York & Pindera, 1992), the federal government of the day impanelled a Royal Commission. Royal Commissions are Canada's time-honored way of confronting—though some would say *avoiding*—complex national issues. The Commission's mandate was to "investigate the evolution of the relationship among aboriginal peoples (Indian, Inuit and Métis), the Canadian government, and Canadian society as a whole" (Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples, 1996, Volume I, p. ii).

But look more closely at the title of the final report of this landmark and massive multi-year effort: the "Royal Commission *on* Aboriginal People" (my italics for emphasis). This wording reflects the venerable presumption that, to understand what is amiss in the relationship, one must focus exclusively on the Indigenous side. Canada, as both government and society, and its First Nations were (and still are) locked in a centuries-old adversarial relationship, yet, the solution seems always to cast an imperial gaze on just one of the estranged sides. Imagine if, in marital relationship therapy, diagnosis looked only at one person indeed, at the weaker, the abused!

The Purpose of This Dissertation

The purpose of this dissertation is to change this orientation, to turn the focus of critical analysis back upon the settler whose ancestors pioneered our presence on this land at such a dreadful cost to the original inhabitants. At first pass, this may not seem so new a project. Scholarly and, even more, journalistic investigations of settler society's history of oppression and accompanying attitudes towards indigenous people is far from sparse. In Canada and in other settler colonies like Australia and the United States, counter-hegemonic, critical writing has been

especially impressive in dissecting historical interactions (Axtell, 1985; T. Berger, 1991; Furniss, 1999; Kulchyski, 1994, 2007; Lutz, 2008; Trigger, 1985; R. White, 1991) and revising the plethora of earlier hegemonic tracts such as those of Bailey (1969) and B. Sheehan (1973).

The quincentennial of Columbus's arrival in this hemisphere brought on a prominent spike of such publications, many seething with outrage (Stannard, 1992; Wright, 1992). Canadian indigenous scholarship has now come to the fore pushing critical analyses further with the unique vantage and drive of the dispossessed (Adams, 1975; T. Alfred, 1999, 2005; Battiste, 2000, 2004; Boldt, 1993; Cardinal, 1969; Coulthard, 2007; Josephy, 1979; Manuel & Posluns, 1974; Maracle, 1996). Other analyses by both Natives and non-Natives have delved critically into more specific contemporary policy settings, exposing inequities in education (Battiste & Barman, 1995), environmental destruction (Grinde & Johansen, 1995; Shkilnyk, 1985), economic poverty, geographic displacement (Tester & Kulchyski, 1994), poor health care (MacMillan, MacMillan, Offord, & Dingle, 1996, Waldram, et al., 2006), over-representation in the criminal justice system (Jackson, 1989; La Prairie, 1992) and culturally oblivious and obliterating treatment by the courts (Culhane, 1998; Kulchyski, 1994; Opekekew, 1994; Ross, 1992). The "Indian Problem" (Dyck, 1991), one can deduce from most of these assessments, turns out to be more a White problem.

Yet, the deep roots of these cross-sectoral and trans-historical patterns are less clearly articulated, falling within what, in other traumatic contexts, Bar-On (1999) titled, "the indescribable and the undiscussable." In my view, what makes the robust and ubiquitous "settler problem" so resilient is that its presumptions about the inevitability of imperialism and colonialism are so very deeply ingrained in the settler mind. Being an oppressor is not just hard to admit, but is utterly discordant to the most cherished conceptions of socially progressive self.

P. Regan (2010) aptly situates this denial as part of mainstream Canada's belief that they are the international good guys, the ones who keep the peace among fractious ethnicities elsewhere while building an ever more-multicultural society at home. The cultural myths and stereotypes that perpetrate Canadian settler self-righteousness have been well exposed (e.g., Francis, 1992). Anticipating conceptual difficulty and personal pain, my work systematically goes inward to describe, discuss and try even to transcend the incubus of colonialism.

Were its focus to be upon the presumptive majority of settlers who seem, at best, oblivious to the consequences and continuation of colonialism and, at worst, aggressively resistant to being reminded of this, my study would join the ranks of some enlightening minority criticism of contemporary White settler ideology. In the last 40 years, alongside a powerful indigenous scholarship that takes critical aim at enduring colonialism (T. Alfred, 1999, 2005; Battiste, 2004; Coulthard, 2007, Josephy, 1979), non-Native North American writers unleashed a barrage of well-argued critiques, linking tragic subjugation to unconscious and willful mental distortions. (Berkhofer, 1978; Chamberlin, 1975; Drinnon, 1980; Jacobs, 1972; Jennings, 1975; J. Miller, 1989; Thornton, 1987). Diverse as these may be, most adopt a stance of indignation and well-warranted finger-pointing at White settler thoughts and deeds.

Less often seen is close scrutiny of the very individual settler these non-Native scholars and activists know best: themselves. Scant reference is made in any of these works to the authors' own dilemmas of being White, authoritative yet empathetic. I want to ask of such insightful critics of Settler society, what the heroine Clarisse Starling does in the movie, *Silence of the Lambs* when she imprudently threw back at the malevolent Dr. Hannibal Lecter: "Are you strong enough to point that high-powered perception at yourself? What about it? Why don't you?

Why don't you look at yourself and write down what you see? Or maybe you're afraid to" (Bozman & Demme, 1991).

This reluctance to look at one's own positionality even among the most adroit analysts of colonial and settler-colonial has its ironies. For example, one of the leading scholars in the foundation of Settler Colonial studies, Patrick Wolfe, has provided extraordinarily nuanced dissections of the ways in which Settlers eradicate indigenous presence. Yet, why *he* cares so much and is so ostensibly different in outlook from other Whites, given that his background is as a settler is left obscure, something presumptively of little interest. Addressing a recent conference about the role of settler colonialism in relationship to the American frontier, Wolfe made the following opening remarks:

> I'd like to talk about how I got to the (study of) frontier which seems *an egomaniacal thing* to stand up here and do. *I don't do so because I imagine that you're interested in my personal history or anything like that* [emphasis added] but rather because my examples . . . are as good as any other as an example of the kinds of connections that can come together to converge on this topic. (Wolfe, 2012)

Why, I must wonder, are the paths towards empathic understanding seen as "egomaniacal" and of ostensibly no interest to scholars gathered to discuss settler dispossessions of indigenous people? It is as if we are to accept that some unseen hand reaches out for a chosen few of us to scramble from the shadowy caves of occluded colonizer mentality. "(W)e have taken colonialism and its European agents as an abstract force," summarizes anthropologist Ann Stoler (1989) and continues, "colonizers and their communities are frequently treated as diverse but unproblematic, viewed as unified in a fashion that would disturb our ethnographic sensibilities if applied to . . . the colonized" (p. 137).

Especially in the settler colonies that became permanent, we are in dire need of problematizing our presence and studying the hegemonic thought enabling it. This is what the dissertation, overall, is intended to do. It is of, and from, a settler trying to take as unafraid a look

as possible at his own consciousness, its relation to the society he grew up in, and its implications for trying to help or serve First Nations. In so doing, my belief and assertion is that much can be learned about the painful, hesitant praxis of decolonizing the settler mind and decolonization more generally. This, after all, is supposed to be what we who serve First Nations are dedicated to doing.

Locating Empathic Settlers in the Dominant Society

Although whole states are usefully characterized as "settler" based on the continued domination of the descendants of invaders over indigenous, it is possible and necessary to recognize distinctions in attitudes and roles among those settlers. We can, for discussions purposes, think of settlers in terms of three nested sets (Figure 1.1).

In this diagram—which no doubt misrepresents the proportions of subsets—at the broadest level there is a mind-set that scholars of settler colonialism think of when they summarize that formation. These are people descended from those who historically decided to stay and therefore must continue to find ways of keeping the fact of prior indigenous presence

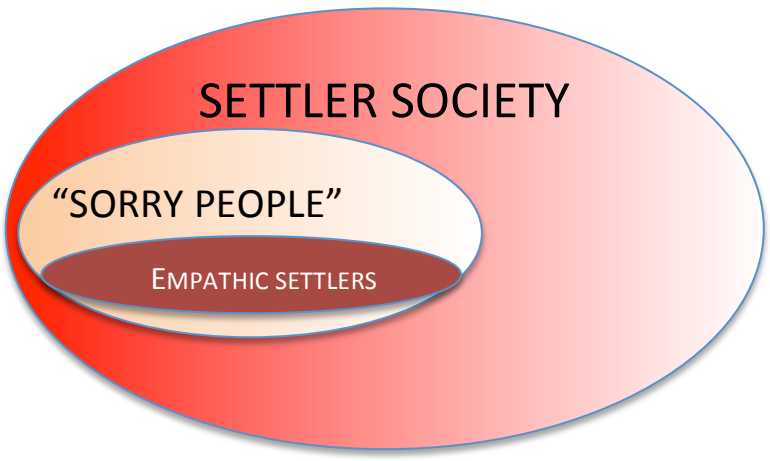

Figure 1.1. Schematic of types of Canadian settlers.

and its wrongful dispossession, out of sight and out of mind. In this, an education system that, until recently, made the invasion and dispossession an heroic era has assisted immeasurably. Only recently have there been efforts to expose young people to the darker side of their presence in settler states (Kempf, 2010). Physical genocide to the final degree of extirpating 100% of an indigenous population has proven difficult. Thus, other ways of making inconvenient aboriginals disappear, have proliferated, what Veracini (2010) calls "transfer . . . discursively or practically emptying the indigenous sector" (p. 34). A. Johnston and Lawson (2000) emphasize the thinking that lay behind the first settler-invader strategies, which "took many forms physical, geographical, spiritual, cultural, and symbolic," (p. 363). None of these approaches have gone away, not at least for a significant if imprecisely known proportion of settler state populations.

Within the broad society of settlers is a subset, again of arguable magnitude, who espouse a more progressive position about the plight of Aboriginals. Members of the sorry-people subset vary widely, of course, in just how far they would see governments and other significant policy actors redress historic wrongs. Most certainly feel sorry for Natives and watched approvingly with a sense almost of relief as political leaders made well-publicized apologies for at least some of the wrongs of the past. They are what Gooder and Jacobs (2000), in the Australian settler colonial context, call "the sorry people."

Sympathy, alas, usually has its strict limits depending on how directly redress would affect one's own material interests. Within my experience, many sorry people feel the need to be what they call "realistic," about all this long-ago history, meaning that indigenous communities must fit without too much fuss into the dominant contemporary political-legal-economic system. As Moran (2002) says, in the Australian context, "apparent respect can sit quite happily alongside a continuing refusal to accept specific indigenous rights" (p. 1035). Indigenous

scholars in Canada have been especially adroit in picking up on the ways in which the federal government, applauded by its electorate, finds modern insidious and politically palatable ways of continuing the "colonial assault" (T. Alfred & Corntassel, 2005, p. 598; see also Coulthard, 2007). Another problematic response among the "sorry people" is to adopt the trappings, physical and cerebral, of what are stereotypical views of the latter-day noble savage, the phenomenon of the "wannabee" tribe (R. Green, 1988) or what Rose (1992) called "the Great Pretenders." Among Native people who I have talked with, the latter encroachment is no less worrisome than outright redneck behavior and a good deal more disorienting for both settler and indigene.

Nested as a group within the sorry people, at least in terms of their origins, is the subset who actually will act on a sense of trans-historical trauma and injustice, joining in alliances and even working for the indigenous communities. Key here, in comparison to those who are just sorry about the past, is this idea, elaborated on by Van Styvendale (2008), that the wrongs are not mere history but "trans/historical . . . gestures towards trauma that take place and are repeated in multiple epochs and, in this sense, exceeds its historicity, conventionally understood as its singular location in the past" (Van Styvendale, 2008, p. 204). The empathic settler sees colonial injustice as ongoing and, as I define the niche, tries substantially to do something about that. They move, or try to move, across difficult intercultural borderlands to deeply grasp indigenous perspectives and act upon this insight. As they do this, they become acutely aware of, and knowledgeable about, the push-back from the White world outside, in the solidly resistant political and economic structures of settler society. But it is far more difficult to sense and make sense of *one's own* settler psyche, the web of subtle presumptions that took root as the future empath grew to maturity amidst the ideologies of intentionally suppressed imperial histories.

“Even among those exhibiting signs of a fully developed humanity” Kanien'kehaka (Mohawk) scholar Taiaiake Alfred (2005) argues, “the powerful psychological process inherent and necessary to the solidity of their identity maintains a hold on their psyche. The psychology of imperial arrogance is displayed in word and deed” (p. 106).

Bearing such burdens mostly unaware, these settler-helpers are at work among First Nations, some as employees or as consultants. Others belong to social and environmental change organizations that spend much of their time working in alliances with First Nations (Lynne Davis, 2010). If settlers and their social formations are ever to change, presumptively these empathic settlers should lead by example, especially for the sorry people and even for the many out in the further reaches of mainstream settler society. Yet they do so often with minds, “infused with the flavour of ill-gotten privilege” (T. Alfred, 2005, p. 106).

Underlying my rationale for why this latter group is especially worth studying in terms of its struggles with the dominant consciousness inside them is something of a paradox. These people come from a form of society and state only recently named (see Veracini, 2010) as a distinct formation, the settler colonial state. We will come in Chapter II to more on the characteristics that scholars of settler colonialism attribute to this structure. But a key attribute is the strength and the depth of settler denial of indigeneity, the founding erasures, both genocidal and imagined, of aboriginal presence. Those who move into the niche of empathic settler go against a strong flow, not only of their contemporary and powerful confreres, but also of all they learned of Natives and colonialism from birth onwards. Gauging that power, especially the panoptic milieu of power/ knowledge as Foucault (1980) calls it, in which all settlers are entrained seems a necessary topic if broader genuine decolonization is to ever occur in settler states.

Kurt Lewin, a founding figure for action research long ago is often quoted as saying that to truly to understand a social situation one should try to change it.[2] Empathic settlers live such attempts, day by day. Narrating this effort, which in my own experience has a Sisyphean quality, illustrates the contours of resistance in settler minds as well as societies as a whole. Related to this, as another reason for closely examining the struggles of the empathic settler, is a plausible expectation that, if those who dedicate their work and life to decolonization, experience prodigious counter-pressures, even from within their own consciousness, how much more difficult it will be for the outer rings of settler society, to do so!

Who, more specifically then, are those I refer to as empathic settlers? Ubiquitously, connected to most contemporary decolonizing struggles of First Nations in Canada, one finds non-Native professionals playing diverse supporting roles. They may be lawyers or technical consultants such as forestry or fishery experts, or they may take on broader, inchoate roles "advising" Native leaders. And many go to work directly as employees of First Nations as administrators, executive-directors etc. They may, in fact, be deemed the overall supervisor of some such agencies and serve in a prominent role in critical processes like land claim negotiations or environmental opposition. They tend to eschew the word "leader" because, after all, they are the servants, the technicians, who back up the real Chiefs—aren't they?

I will come back later in this work, to using the phrase, *the leadership that dare not speak its name.* I have spent most of a quarter-century in such roles. Among the Kwakwaka'wakw of Northern Vancouver Island, I have been the first and for a long while only professional employee

[2] I have sought for years and in many places, including communicating with scholars who have written extensively about Lewin, a source for when and where he said this. Despite seeing countless repetitions of the saying, I have been unable to actually locate its provenance in writing. Edgar Schein, a well-known organizational development scholar who has written extensively on Lewin, responded to my query on this: "I just heard others who knew Lewin quote this and adopted it as something he said, not necessarily something he published" (E. Schein, personal communication, October 23, 2011).

of a confederacy of diverse "bands" seeking to regain a significant role in managing fisheries; I have been an intermediary and process manager in-between Native and non-native communities on Haida Gwaii in the aftermath of an especially prominent and protracted environmental struggle; I have been the administrator of the Oweekeno-Kitasoo-Nuxalk Tribal Council on the BC Central Coast, serving three distinct First Nations and I became a volunteer "community support" person in a close and difficult friendship with an indigenous man on parole.

Most recently, as I began this dissertation, I returned after several years of consulting to being an employee of a First Nation that was torn apart by a proposed treaty with the White world, my world, and who asked me to help restore respectful interaction. These were the Lheidli-T'enneh. Finding the balance between service and domination runs through all of these roles as do my efforts to bring light to the dilemmas that arose from my serving oppressed groups whilst remaining a member of the oppressor society.

Understanding niches like these and their undiscussable leadership role would be a worthy focus in and of itself, given the ubiquity of such presences, and the subtlety of influences played within Native-led resistance. But primarily I seek to understand the limits and possibilities of the professional empathic settler transcending his or her history, their doxa (cf. Bourdieu, 1977), asking how, if at all, to get beyond mere "sorry-ness" towards responsible if always imperfect praxis. The premise is that, if such professionals can shake off the mind-shackles of White hegemonic society, there is something to be learned of how this can be accomplished more broadly in those outer circles of settler colonial states. And also, if as I believe is commonly the case, empathic settlers fall back, perhaps more often than not, upon theories-in-use of still-colonial mindsets, we need to know about these slippages as well to understand just how entraining the immersive milieu of settler society can be.

Overview of the Dissertation

Chapter II situates my work within an array of germane conversations, scholarly and other. I look at the connection to forbears and contemporaries in a spirit of appreciation for the gifts of insight they have shared and the humble contribution I hope to give back. Focus is particularly on three intersecting discourses: settler colonial studies; critical indigenous theory; and less-readily named small constellation of works that rise in one way and another from the Sho'ah[3] and its intersections with colonialism. In the chapter, the device I use is to oversimplify and reify "stages" in my life and work and explore selectively how each time and transition connects to "conversations" in the scholarly literature and popular culture.

Chapter III is titled *"*Un-settling Methods**."** There I will describe and explain my choice of autoethnography as the means by which data was gathered and interpreted. It will become apparent that I have deliberately sought ways of doing research that upset and differ from mainstream approaches that, until recently, have been seen as the only valid basis for understanding social life generally and Native-non-Native interactions in particular and interpreting it. I explain in that chapter how autoethnography is part of the mother field of ethnography's redemption from its historically close connection to colonialism. The method's virtue for a sharply self-critical analysis of practice and positionality is also stressed.

Chapter IV, "Growing Up Settler," begins my formal autoethnographic account of the making of a more or less typical young White male settler in mid-20th century Canada. After situating my childhood world as son of a mother of sixth-generation Scottish settler stock and of

[3] I avoid the more familiar term "the Holocaust" as its usage for other genocides, notably of indigenous people all over the Americas (Annett, 2001; Brave Heart & DeBruyn,1998; Churchill, 1997; Stannard, 1992; Tafoya & Del Vecchio, 2005; Thornton, 1987) kindled much rancorous debate between those who insisted on the uniqueness of what happened in Nazi Germany and those who saw other even extensive atrocities such as slavery and the conquest of the Americas as deserving no less historical reprobation (Friedberg, 2000; Moses, 2002; Rothberg, 2009).

a recently emigrated Jewish father who fled the Sho'ah and fought in World War II and, I search for the ways in which my understanding of indigenous peoples, virtually but not at all "next door," was cordoned into stereotypes. To do this, I interview someone who was closer than I to the influences and episodes stretching from childhood and the popular culture of that time to the late 1960s: my 18-year old self.

Chapter V, "The Incomplete Making of an Empathic Settler" begins with a brief run through the period between where my self-interview left off and my first direct engagements among First Nations. I note in this the "close calls" I had with experiences that could have, and probably should have, opened my eyes to settler colonial structures and dynamics—but did not. I examine then the path of my settler mind-set as I moved into work within First Nations settings. This period sorely tested the means with, and extent to which, one can really get free of the deeply-rooted and seductive milieu of settler thinking. I describe and interrogate episodes in a sequence of involvements that began with a serendipitous research grant for case studies and interviews among First Nations.

In Chapter VI, "Towards a Post-Colonial Friendship?" the autoethnographic lens moves in closer, this time onto my friendship with an indigenous man whom I met for the first time shortly after he was released in 2005 from a lengthy prison term. That relationship was complex, protean, rewarding and agonizing. Earlier efforts at telling its story themselves became pivotally and painfully instructive on my struggle to decolonize, to detach from or at least alter my understandings about what both settler colonialism and friendship mean.

Chapter VII looks into experiences that took place concurrent to the early writing of this dissertation and which provided me, opportunistically, a chance to test out the changes that I wanted to become. I explore there, my role as the "Community Engagement Coordinator" with

the Lheidli T'enneh First Nation, in whose traditional territory I have resided since 2002. The case is something of a reality check on the validity of ideas that flowed from the earlier experiences related in the prior three chapters.

"Inconclusion" is what I call the final chapter, a title playful, but seriously so—for one of the inferences that I explore about my theory and practice or empathic settler work is how, over a lifetime, one sees no upward-spiraling narrative arc, no *bildungsromans* of steady self-discovery and self-betterment. Indeed, if there is any upward-ness to the story, it is more akin to the mythical endless labors of Sisyphus. I locate my autoethnographic findings in this last chapter in relation to several realms of discourse, overviewed in Chapter II and which were most influential in my framing of the challenge of settler mental decolonization: settler colonial studies, critical indigenous scholarship and writings on the nexus of the Sho'ah and colonialism.

Chapter II: Situating My Work

> For a White man engaged in any spiritual practice and inquiry of this nature whether as psychologist, educator, writer or in some other role inevitably makes these ventures and adventures critical, unless he wants to perpetrate essentializing or retroromantic notions. Decolonizing is thus not just the recovery of the memory traces of indigenous presences, but a creative psychospiritual, moral, political and activist endeavor. (Kremer, 2003, p. 2)

In this chapter I situate the study within several existing communities of discourse about settlers and their positionality in relation to indigenous peoples and communities. The purpose of this dissertation is to look at decolonization of the colonizer, with a focus, through autoethnography, on the individual who works with Native peoples and believes himself to be empathetic, on "their side." In later chapters, I will traverse the six and more decades of my life, probing influences and patterns in my thoughts and actions, deliberating on changes and whether and how they significantly hold to or depart the "intellectual heritage of empire" (T. Alfred, 2005, p. 102).

If for discussion purposes, I categorize my life and work in the form of stages. I find that for each there are critical questions about ways of seeing and changing. These questions have arisen and been addressed in a range of scholarly and activist discourses which inform and frame my autoethnographic inquiry. In other words, living through these stages, and more, looking back and pondering transitions, wondering "was I really thinking and acting that way?" brings my life into conversation with a diverse array of writings. This chapter will outline those conversations vital to examining the ideas and acts constitutive of my settler search for decolonization.

A Life History Approach to the Literature

To bring forth new scholarly research is always to join (or at least knock on the door of) an existing community of discourse. Like most interdisciplinary work, mine wants into several

distinct ongoing conversations related to the place and mind of a settler who works with indigenous peoples. Here, I use the heuristic device of life stages, each of which opens particular avenues of scholarly discourse (Table 2.1).

Table 2.1

Thematic Issues Related to Author's Life Stages

Life Stage	**Thematic Issue(s)**	***SUBJECT AREA:* Key Authors**
A settler child is born into the history and ideology of colonialism.	What is the mind-set that inspired and sustained colonialism?	*HISTORY OF COLONIAL/ ENLIGHTENMENT THOUGHT:* Césaire, DuBois, Fanon, Gramsci, Mannoni, Memmi, Nandy Said, Sartre;
And grows up immersed in the popular culture and consciousness of the heroic settler on a frontier from which the "poor Indian" was on the way to inevitable extinction.	What were the hegemonic imaginaries about the settler, the Native and the relationship between them, especially in mid-century North America?	*ETHNOHISTORY OF COLONIAL NORTH AMERICA AND ITS INDIGENOUS CRITIQUE:* T. Alfred, Barker, Byrd, Coulthard, V. Deloria, Furniss, Slotkin, Stannard;
Yet also of a father, a central European Jew, fleeing the Sho'ah.	How does the Sho'ah intersect with discourses on colonialism?	*NEXUS OF COLONIALISM & HOLOCAUST:* Arendt, Bar-On, Césaire, Churchill, Rothberg, Schwab, Stannard;
To mature in the milieu of settler colonialism	What are the unique features of settler colonialism and its consciousness?	*SETTLER COLONIALISM:* Veracini, Wolfe, Barker;
Then, working for First Nations takes aim at decolonizing his own mind	What could it mean to *decolonize* the settler (mind) and how does it relate to indigenous struggles to decolonize? ?	*DECOLONIZATION:* T. Alfred, Betts, Coulthard, Kenny, Memmi, Ngũgĩ, P. Regan , Smith, Veracini.

A settler child is born into the history and ideology of colonialism. To be born into mid-century Canada was truly to be flung into an historical niche and context not of one's choosing, what Heidegger (1962) called—so appropriately both for the nascent settler and also for that remarkable and usually perspicuous thinker who, nonetheless, joined the Nazi Party (Faye, 2009; T. Sheehan, 1988): "Being-guilty" (*Schuldigsein*). We are, Heidegger said, thrown

into a maelstrom and, without the most vigilant, endless, courageous ceaseless struggle, are merely carried along by it, thinking identically with *Das Man*, the way of one's own society.

There are other broadly similar philosophical and sociological frameworks emphasizing the power and invisibility of the immersive medium in which we grow and often remain for life: Gramsci's "conceptions of the world" in which the hegemonic beliefs of dominant society constrain thinking alternatively or subversively; Lyotard's (1978) notion of "grand narratives" (or metanarratives) that envelop whole societies so hermetically that only one way of thinking is imaginable; Sartre's (1956, Chapter 2) *mauvaise fois*, "bad faith" by which we choose—without we are realizing that we are choosing a way of life and seeing; Bourdieu's (1977) doxa, the social system of taken-for-granted wisdom, and Foucault's (1972) concepts of discourse and of "power-knowledge" whereby each person so internalizes her way of seeing that the constructed nature of these multiple realities is fully obscured. In the context of colonialism, and using Foucault, perhaps the best known expose of massively constricted and pervasive ways of seeing is Edward Said's (1978, 1993) work on orientalism, the huge superstructure of ideas and actions whereby the culture and history of the non-European world came to be only how it was thought by Europeans.

The wide, strong flow that swept up me and a large proportion of my contemporaries was colonialism. While Veracini (2010) presents a compelling argument that settler colonialism is distinct from the once wider-spread and better-known general phenomenon of colonialism that is impermanent, there is much to be learned from scholarship whose focus is the *general history of colonial thought,* as it entangled paradoxically from the 17th century on, with the Age of Enlightenment. The question that directs my readings of the massive and long-flowing literature

on this topic is: what were we thinking? What conceptions underlay the hostile occupation and seizure of others' lands?

There have always been incursions and conquests by one social group into the territory of others driven by forces that have widely and diversely been the subjects for speculation (Eisler, 1987; Fromm, 1973; Schmookler, 1988). Indeed, many have looked to the ubiquity of biotic invasions (Elton, 1958) for a metaphor if not an explanation of this propensity (Lorenz, 1966). Scratching the surface of historic and contemporary settler Canada soon reveals the same key motivating factors, the three P's of power, profits, and proselytizing. All were alive and well in the celebration of empire I grew up with (and I would contend, continue on in thinly disguised forms to this day). Understanding these goes a long way to grasping the ideology about Natives and their relationship to non-Natives, in which I was immersed as a young person. A fuller narrative of my own immersion in the "cant of conquest" (Jennings, 1975) constitutes Chapter IV below.

It would be only in my slow awakening to settler colonial history and trans-history decades later, that I would begin to ask, why?—what drove and still drives one social grouping—be it a small Neolithic tribe or a huge "enlightened" state—to invade and exploit others and their lands? It is an important question because almost any conceivable justification for the most ancient invasive colonial actions lives on to this day.

I am persuaded by those arguments (e.g., Pagden, 1995) that suggest how full-scale invasive colonization usually begins with less aggressive economic motivations wherein one nation needs and seeks resources more abundant elsewhere. Indeed, it is commonly suggested that the early contact period, at least in North America, between Natives and newcomers, as Trigger (1985) calls them, could be seen as a time of mutual benefit (Fisher, 1977; R. White,

1991), the embodiment of Adam Smith's and David Ricardo's ideas about comparative advantage among peoples leading to amicable free trade. In the contemplations of Immanuel Kant the forging of such ties would even evolve into a "perpetual peace" (Kant, 1795/2010, also see Pagden, 2005). But these halcyon days seem everywhere to have been of relatively short duration, superseded when the militarily superior trading partner was ready and able to seize what once had been traded for. Enmeshed with European expropriations of natural and even human resources, seems always to have come rationalizing ideas of racial superiority and the responsibility to "save" those backward, godless "people without history" (Wolf, 1982). In this, it was tactically important to see non-Europeans as children homologues (Nandy, 2009) sorely in need of extensive, ongoing tutelage. Or, from another but related perspective, indigenes were to be equated with women, who, back home in the ironically named "motherland," were less intelligent, more emotional and in continuous need of supervision, given their inferior gift of reason. The "othering of women" in early Europe foreshadowed the stereotypes to be used later in justifying colonization of another "inferior," the indigenous inhabitants of desirable lands. "The gendering of America as simultaneously naked and passive and riotously violent and cannibalistic represents a doubling within the conqueror, disavowed and displaced onto a feminized scene" (McClintock, 1995, p. 27). A woodcut from the early era of the invasion of the Americas (Figure 2.1) well captures this masculine European viewpoint. The figure of the explorer whose name would eventually be used for the entire hemisphere, Amerigo Vespucci, is wakening the lethargic feminized America from the long sleep of unreason, while in the background a human leg is roasted on a spit.

Treating Natives as children and the commingling of gender and colonizer stereotypes, like much else from the early modern period, still seeps into contemporary settler thought,

Figure 2.1. Galle's 16th-century engraving, *Amerigo Vespucci discovering America.* From the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, Netherlands. Retrieved from https://www.rijksmuseum.nl/nl/collectie/RP-P-1904-1028

including my own. Decades before Columbus' first "discovery," of the "New World," Pope Nicholas V issued a bull authorizing the King of Portugal "to invade, search out, capture, vanquish, and subdue all Saracens and pagans" (as cited in Newcomb, 2008, p. 84). By throwing "pagans" into this justification, His Holiness opened wide a rationale for the ensuing centuries of brutal, dispossessing incursions of Europe all around the world.

With the added experience and momentum of pan-European Crusades into the Middle East, it could be fairly said:

> The European Christians who sailed to the coasts of the Americas, Asia and Africa in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries came from a society that was already a colonizing society. Europe, the initiator of one of the world's major processes of conquest, colonization and cultural transformation, was already the product of one. (Bartlett, 1993, p. 314)

Thus when distant overseas contact happened a decidedly new orientation was taken, in accordance with those papal directives, and driven by ever-increasing mercantilist appetites. While the celebrated voyages of 15th and 16th century explorers to the "New Worlds" of North and South America were financed in the expectation of riches, they were legitimized significantly by papal bulls, including the "Doctrine of Discovery" which sanctioned "Christian" nations' seizing territory of non-Christians (Newcomb, 2008). Thumfart (2009) is persuasive in demonstrating that the early international law that made "free trade" a militarily enforceable right, was deeply theological in its origins. Indeed, Christianity's central text, the Bible, is permeated by the ideology of entitlements to others' promised lands, and these have long been used to inspire and justify European colonialism (Prior, 1997; Warrior, 1995). Certainly there are compelling "biblical warrants" (Harrison, 2005) for spreading the Word by whatever means necessary. This begins early in the Old Testament when Abraham is dispatched as patriarch of the chosen people into the promised, albeit already occupied, land of Canaan (Genesis 12: 2). In Psalm 2 (King James Version) comes a divine but, for the un-chosen, ominous promise: "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thy inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Then, Christ's final directives to his apostles just before the ascension: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matthew 28: 18-20). When God's "Word" transmuted into scientific rationality during the Enlightenment, the switch in subject matter never interrupted the proselytizing and civilizing mission of Europe to the "lower races."

Today, as the mainstream churches, ones responsible for what turned out to be disastrous impacts on the spirituality and material well-being of Natives, line up to apologize, money

remains both a dominant motive for non-Natives and a proxy faith to be proselytized, here in Canada by neoliberal advocates, White (Flanagan, 2000; Kunin, 1998) and Indigenous (e.g., Helin, 2006).

Such ideology still pervades everyday settler thinking, spurring on racist presumptions about how modern settler governments are coddling Native communities and individuals: while extreme, the following kind of comments are commonly found in letters to editors and online discussion of news articles:

> Everyone should be treated the same. Natives want special treatment (so) give it to them. Give them their land. Then build a fence around it. And treat it as a seperate (sic) country. I'm so sick of them getting stuff for free and their leaders and their friends spending it all on them selves and not taking care of the people they represent. I say end the Indian act give them land give them money then tell them you have choice be native and live on reserve and don't leave reserve. Or be Canadian and have same rights and laws as everyone else. (Anonymous, 2012)

The anonymous correspondent of today merely echoes conceptions and prescriptions for dealing with primitiveness, for the poverty and squalor of Native societies when first encountered, that runs through accounts and philosophies of the encounter that rationalized forcing "them" to change (or disappear). The most celebrated minds of the Enlightenment and post-Enlightenment, diverse and conflicting in so many ways, yet oddly converged in a diagnosis of and prescription for non-European societies. Whether it was John Locke, "the Father of Classical Liberalism" laying out the precepts of property law that would rationalize occupation of poorly cultivated lands (Arneil, 1996); Immanuel Kant ranking the world's races and relegating the Native Americans to the lowest rung of humanity (Kleingeld, 2007); Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, deploring imperialism yet viewing it as serving a useful "double mission" (Wolfe, 1997) of preparing backward peoples to become the potentially revolutionary proletariat; or the champion of liberalism and women's rights, John Stuart Mill, yet conceding, even advocating firm European rule, " 'a mode of government . . . as legitimate as any other, if it is

the one which in the existing state of civilisation of the subject people, most facilitates their transition to a higher stage of improvement' " (as cited in Jahn, 2005, p. 607).

Here, the paradox is foregrounded of the so-called Enlightenment as a time of ostensibly ascending reason that coincides, indeed provides roots for, an era of brutal globalizing oppression. The purported best minds back in Europe, so preoccupied with freeing humanity from traditional religion and superstition, were openly justifying tyranny elsewhere. Seen superficially, there is a consistency to rooting out traditional beliefs by way of helping non-White masses out of their squalor and ignorance. But of course, this required gigantic acts of purposeful disregard, not only for the cruel physical effects on such subaltern populations, but also blindness to their cultural and land wisdom. The intricacies and completeness of the hegemonic-thought system of White overlords and conquerors has been most directly exposed and critical works of scholars from non-European backgrounds. A strong, but incomplete list, other than those of North American indigenous background whose work will come up in the next section, must include:

- W.E. Dubois whose classic *Souls of Black Folk* (1903/1994) did not neglect the souls of Whites either, but poignantly revealed the devastating impact on the oppressors of living the lies inherent in holding liberal, Christian views while subjugating a whole race of ex-slaves;
- Aime Césaire, a poet and author of Martinique (and later that new nation's president) was among the first non-European anti-colonial thinkers to thoroughly discuss what Europe and Europeans were getting themselves into through their colonial adventures, the so-called "boomerang" effect. "We must study," Césaire proclaims, "how colonization works to *decivilize* the colonizer, to *brutalize* him in the true sense

of the word, to degrade him, to awaken him to buried instincts, to covetousness, violence, race hatred, and moral relativism" (Césaire, 1950/1972, p. 34).

- Franz Fanon, Martinique-born psychiatrist who, while focused on the psychology of the subaltern, the black skin behind the white mask unavoidably, must explore the conflicted and ultimately disabling dynamics of colonizers' minds (Fanon, 1952/2008, 1961/2004).
- Albert Memmi, a Tunisian Jew who, recognizing his unusual status as a member of both the oppressed and the oppressor societies, limns the intricate, and, he says, impossible path for colonizers who "refuse" and try to slip out of their identity and privileges (Memmi, 1957/1965); and
- Edward Said, Palestinian literary theorist and activist, whose monumental work, *Orientalism* (1978), followed by *Culture and Imperialism* (1993), basically founded the field of post-colonial studies by probing the multifarious ways in which European colonizers fashioned interpretations of colonized societies, and enforced these cultural constructions on subalterns.

It should be emphasized that most of these anti-colonial classics were composed to illuminate and even energize the colonized. As Sartre (1961/2004, p. xiv) explained to Europeans about Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, "It often talks about you, but not to you" (1961/2004, p. xiv). Yet, in seeing how others see the colonizing West, they at last hold up the long-ignored mirror that might have spared both the oppressor and the oppressed so much bloodshed and grief.

To the subaltern writers who have talked back to empire can be added several prominent writers of European descent born near the beginning of the 20th century who similarly, scrutinized imperial mind sets and their blow-back on the perpetrators themselves.

- *Octave Mannoni* in *Caliban and Prospero* (1950/1990), a French psychiatrist and long term practitioner whose perspective on the psychology of the colonized was found badly wanting by Fanon, but who indeed may have inspired the latter to write back, but whose portrait of how we "Prosperos" think and are affected by our colonial acts;
- *Jean-Paul Sartre* perhaps the most consistent and pugnacious European anti-colonial of the 20th Century, who employed his concept of *mauvaise foi*, bad faith, in critiquing the violent superiority of colonizers and how it corrupted and dispirited the colonizers' home country: "standing at a respectful distance, you no feel eclipsed, nocturnal, and numbed. It's your turn now. In the darkness that will dawn into another day, you have turned into the zombie" (Sartre, 1961/2004, p. xlviii);
- *Hannah Arendt,* whose essay on imperialism (1968) similarly puzzled over the gross inconsistencies between liberal, progressive Westerners' ideology at home versus overseas brutalities, again describing how colonizing behavior and mind-sets boomeranged back on Europe itself.

In this brief overview of classic perspectives on the colonizer mind-set, which covers a dauntingly diverse array of thinkers based in both colonizer and colonized societies, there is yet this commonality: all recognize that what may have begun as a simple if global grab for lands and resources, grew ever more complex, violent and, ultimately, degrading for the colonizers themselves. The economic rationale infusing colonialism always segues into colonial insistence on dominating and *changing* indigenous people, for their own as well as the modern state's good. The other side of this coin, the idea of the shiftless, lazy, promiscuous, and probably drunk Native who contributes nothing and takes everything from the modern economy was also always

there as a stereotype long before, during, and after my childhood. Such weakness and inferiority was an invitation for right-thinking imperialists, whether back in the "mother country" of empire or settlers and their descendants to this day, to intervene to do something for "the poor Indian."

We whom I call empathic settlers may rail against such stereotyping and the sloganeering it leads to. But that is what most of us were born in to and raised by: illiberal dogma about "those Indians," sustained by our own unearned enjoyment of their land's wealth, energized by faiths, religious and secular, which demeaned the Natives and necessitated us taking them on as problems (cf. Dyck, 1990), as the White Man's burden.

And grows up immersed in settler popular culture and consciousness.

> The migrant's adopted home is never home, but the migrant is too changed to be welcome in her own country. Only in dreams will she see the skies of home. (Germaine Greer, as cited in Porteous & Smith, 2001, p. 57)

If the thematic issue in the last section was the mind-set I was born into, here we shift to the more specific world of settler colonialism that gave me beliefs, heroes, ceremonies, and mythologies about Whites in the "New World," the enthusiastically embraced cultural fare of a boy growing up far from anything like a frontier, yet so immersed in its teachings. Settlers are defined by having arrived, themselves or their ancestors, from a faraway home nation, their way made ready by invasion and dispossession of indigenous lands, a founding act of theft and violence (T. Alfred, 2005; Veracini, 2010, Wolfe, 1999). Unlike traders and explorers, these people, including my maternal ancestors, stayed. The serendipitous—some would argue, deliberately-spread (see Fenn, 2000)—fatal epidemics among Natives and a host of other mortal impacts, and rapidly expanding immigration, settlers in Canada (as in other settler colonial states such as Australia, New Zealand and the United States) soon vastly outnumbered as well as outgunned indigenous populations. This is what distinguishes settler colonialism from more transitory exploitation what Wolfe (1999) calls franchise-colonialism.

My autoethnography of settler-ness and of the relationships between "my people" and indigenous unfolded in a pattern consonant with broader colonizer history: it began and continued throughout my youth with utter ignorance, yet a generally low-level, semi-conscious derogatory stereotype of what Native society was and is about; a not well-informed sympathy followed with some slowly emerging desire to help to mitigate ostensibly inevitable and irreversible trauma, the abhorrent manifestations of the "Indian problem"(cf. Dyck, 1991); then on to some serious guilt, (a "sorry people" stage, see Chapter I) increasing moral outrage and sporadic denunciation of one's own Canadian settler history; and, finally, a growing commitment to play some active part in indigenous decolonization. Beyond that, the goal and topic of my present work is decolonizing settlers themselves*,* a framing that has come to the fore in my intentions, only after many years of a career amidst First Nations.

As in the previous section, when considering underlying thinking of colonialism, we need to ponder, the question *"*why?" What brought European settlers here?—mindful that, to the colonized, it made little difference whether those shock troops were ambitious adventurers, passionate proselytizers or just desperate refugees. But, of course, hand-me-down stories of emigration, old country dispossessions, indeed domicides (Porteous & Smith, 2001) do matter to settlers. Trans-generational, often distorted memories of why so one's "people" took the perilous westward passage, is all we have now in lieu of deep roots of place. The rationale for these imaginaries still affects the invariably strong feelings surrounding any form of decolonization.

There are countless first hand journals and amateur local histories, almost always admiring the motives and struggles of early emigrants. The Native's place in these is usually a sentence or two early on, followed by many pages on the "really important stuff," the story of the settler arrivals. Typical of the genre and one that happens to include my lines of Scottish

ancestry, is *Remember Yesterday: A History of North Tryon Prince Edward Island, 1769-1992* (North Tryon Historical Association, 1993). The region's indigenous people get one mention in the entire two-volume set. They are "the first known visitors to *Tulespik.* Artifacts have been found in the area" (p. 2).

The word "visitors" implies an ephemerality that is nigh delusional (see Leavitt, 1995; Paul, 1993; Prins, 1996)—a commonplace in the continent-wide settler project of erasure. Veracini (2010) numbers the mythology that natives also are settlers among a plethora of transfer strategies aimed at completing supersession: "This version of narrative transfer can also sustain the moral equivalence between settler and indigenous claims" (Veracini, 2010, p. 43).

In the popular history of North Tryon, Francophone Acadians, the first European settlers, tragically deported to Louisiana in 1755, get marginally more coverage than Natives, but neither culture is given anything like the treatment, several pages later, afforded to varieties of pioneer outhouse design! The good folk of North Tryon are hardly unique in their exclusionary retellings. O'Brien (2010) scrutinized hundreds of amateur works in nearby New England, detecting and theorizing a common set of strategies whereby Natives were "written out" of these histories and, by effect, of their own historical connection to the appropriated lands.

Doing this is not some innocent oversight. It is fundamental to the central dilemma for the "imagination and psychology of settler colonialism" (Veracini, 2010, p. 75): how to build one's society of progressive and just principles, while disavowing foundational violence against the land's rightful inhabitants. The purpose of discursively making Natives disappear served the settlers nicely, along with the ubiquitous presumption that this demise was inevitable. Francis Parkman, one of the most widely-read early North American historians, portrayed the Indian-White encounter as a contest with an outcome assured by the Europeans' vast material

and moral superiority: "The Indians melted away, not because civilization destroyed them, but because their own ferocity and intractable indolence made it impossible that they should exist in its presence" (as cited in Jennings, 1975, p. 85). Susannah Moodie, Parkman's contemporary and a Canadian settler-poet wrote:

> The Indian leans on its rugged trunk,
> With the bow in his red right-hand,
> And mourns that his race, like a stream, has sunk
> From the glorious forest land.
> But, blythe and free,
> The maple-tree
> Still tosses to sun and air
> Its thousand arms,
> While in countless swarms
> The wild bee revels there;
> But soon not a trace
> Of the red man's race
> Shall be found in the landscape fair. (Moodie, 1852)

The economically and morally beneficial assumption that the Natives would disappear would be, in terms of more recent work on settler colonialism, seen as the self-fulfilling prophesy of a social formation requiring liquidation, genocide (Wolfe, 2006). To this alarming proposition, my work will repeatedly return**.**

How could these settlers, my ancestors, indeed how could I, as I grew up, fail so utterly to see more of an Aboriginal presence and detect the strengths that withstood genocidal onslaughts? Part of the strategy, with its almost unbearable irony, is to identify ourselves as Native so comprehensively that in the margining of identities, the absence of real Indians soon goes unnoticed (P. Deloria, 1998; R. Green, 1988) A supporting device is claiming to empathize because we settlers have also been the colonized (e.g., Calloway, 2008) or are ourselves descendants of those immigrating to escape oppression (see Veracini, 2010, p. 77).

There are writings that tell entirely different, well-documented and better reasoned stories of the European invasion of Mi'kmaq territory (Paul, 1993; Prins, 1996; Reid, 1995). Unlike the

contemporary amateur historians of North Tryon, the first newcomers could hardly pretend that the people they met were themselves visitors. There was a rootedness seen in the intricate knowledge of, and connection to, the land and, later, a persevering refusal to abandon it.

The ability to hold clearly utterly incompatible notions seems to have been a prerequisite for my settler colonial forbears and, I would find out, myself. We wanted to "play Indian" (P. Deloria, 1998) yet belittle them. Volumes can be filled with derogatory statements and deeds showing fear, loathing and outright hatred. Take for example the real-life Illinoisan frontiersman and legislator, John Moredock, who appears Melville's Chauceresque novel, *The Confidence Man:*

> The Indian-hater *par excellence* the judge defined to be one 'who, having with his mother's milk drank in small love for red men, in youth or early manhood, ere the sensibilities become osseous, receives at their hand some signal outrage, or, which in effect is much the same, some of his kin have, or some friend. (Melville, 1857, p. 233)

That phrase, "the metaphysics of Indian Hating" provided more than just a memorable title for later explorations of this phenomenon (Drinnon, 1980; Pearce, 1957). Through more than half of the 20th century, less overtly adverse discourse prevailed from North American historians. Alfred Bailey's (1969) dissertation on confrontations between French and Eastern Algonkian cultures up to the 18th century provides this archetypical lament for a race who were, obviously and inevitably, dying out:

> Among a people who were thrown suddenly and violently from a communal to a highly competitive society, in which disease and drunkenness contributed to the collapse of morale, and in which their leaders became as a time went on, mere agents for the enforcement of foreign and ill-understood laws, the failure of many individuals to adapt themselves to the changed conditions was bound to occur, and the recklessness of a few who found a desperate relief in drunkenness, murder and rape, was offset by the melancholy and despair of the many who died for the want of the will to live in a land which they could no longer call home. (Bailey, 1969, p. 95)

Another historian, Bernard Sheehan (1969), reiterated classic versions of the Native's inevitable demise:

> In truth as a historical phenomenon, the Indian disintegrated; as an Indian he was not annihilated but he faded culturally into another entity. The crime, if there was one, was the inexorable breakdown of the native's cultural integrity, in part the result of a "conscious policy" and in part the inevitable consequence of competition between two disparate ways of life. (p. 269)

After the tumultuous 1960s with the Civil Rights student and the American Indian movements things began to change. Slotkin (1992) vividly traces the changing ideology and symbolism of Natives as seen in cinema, portraying the massacre of Vietnamese civilians at My Lai as a major turning point. Depictions in "westerns" suddenly changed as seen in the film *Little Big Man* (Millar & Penn, 1970). It was timely and perceptive of Drinnon (1980) to connect by analogy and chronology an unbroken sequence of U.S. policies obsessed with westward-shifting conquest, to the Vietnam War: "the dispossession of Native Americans was the defining and enabling experience of the republic" (p. 461). Drinnon was in something of a cohort emerging in the 1980s of what Vine Deloria Jr. (1987) approvingly termed "revisionists . . . people taking the Indian side of the story" (p. 85). These include Kirkpatrick Sale in his *The Conquest of Paradise* (1990), David Stannard with *American Holocaust* (1992) and Ward Churchill whose many works are themed around genocide as the basis for contemporary North America (e.g., Churchill, 1997). Other scholars who rejected the self-praising heroism of historic America, as found in Frederick Jackson Turner's (1921) "frontier thesis," included Berkhofer (1978), Cronon (1983), Limerick (1988), and R. White (1991). Ethnohistorians Axtell (1985) and Trigger (1985) likewise added to a very forcefully documented sense of profound wrongdoing—and wrong-thinking, etching portraits of early cross-cultural interaction far more nuanced than the stereotypical views of Native as savage, ignorant, and merely victims of a preordained fate. More recent histories similarly assert an always more proactive role for indigenous people (e.g., Kulchyski, 2007). Others attempt to show that Natives were more like "us" than was suspected

in terms of long-term participation in the mainstream economy (Lutz, 2008).[4] The latter perspective, convenient for neoliberal prescriptions for solving "the Indian problem," is consistent with more culturally attuned but still occluded perspectives of ethnohistorians who emphasized the materialistic gains of First Nations in early and ostensibly mutually beneficial trade with Europeans (notably Axtell, 1985; Fisher, 1977; Trigger, 1991; and R.White, 1991). This is a comforting and convenient conclusion for those who would work to make community economic development the main substitute for self-determination (Helin, 2006; Ibbitson, 2012; Kunin, 1998; Wien, 1986)—a kind of project which, as we will see in Chapter V, I was sometimes willfully in the thick of.

Significantly, the authors noted so far in the shifting versions of the shared history of Settlers and Natives have been almost all of European descent. These were important transitional readings for me through the 1980s and early 1990s, but omitted a critical indigenous scholarship that was steadily building on an older and indigenous archive, the critique of colonizers *by the colonized*, captured in oral histories and, with no real breaks, to this day in generations of indigenous texts and tellers. What should make a White person's quest for indigenous versions of colonialism's history easier is the pervasiveness of the topic among Natives. We may have marginalized and conveniently erased them from our awareness, but the reverse is not true:

> It is important for First Nations peoples to tell their stories—and most of those stories are about the past relationship between First Nations and European non-Aboriginals. For First Nations peoples, *history defines the present; it is not something to set aside in pursuit of a better tomorrow* [emphasis added] . . . For First Nations peoples history keeps coming up and it probably always will. (Mercredi & Turpel, 1993, pp. 13-14)

[4] John Lutz's (2008) book *Makuk: A New History of Aboriginal-White Relations*, contains one of the most troubling theses I have recently encountered, as it denies colonial subjugation implying that, until some unfortunate policy changes in the mid 20th century, First Nations were adapting quite productively to the mainstream work and business sector. Its implications seem to be that creative tinkering today can re-inject indigenous people into the neo-liberal economic world, a position broadly consistent with Helin (2006) and neo-Conservative commentators on Native affairs (e.g., Flanagan, 2000).

Intrusions of history, and most often the long, calamitous history of contact with Europeans pervade Native literary works. In fact, these are principal loci for any probing of how indigenous cultures have viewed colonization. Given the inseparability of history-telling from storytelling in traditional cultures, it makes sense that texts such as Lesley Silko's novel *Ceremony* (1977) become material to be reworked as much as any "real" events or musty archive of dishonored treaty promises (Costo & Costo, 1977)—or do they? Does the academic dissection of such works, the inevitable weighting down of spirited representations of historical events merely show again how deeply runs the underlying divide between indigenous and "mainstream" ways of history-telling? The late Native American writer Paula Gunn Allen, who shares Laguna Pueblo ancestry with Silko, wrote: "I believe I could no more do or sanction the kind of ceremonial investigation of *Ceremony* done by some researchers than I could slit my mother's throat" (Allen, 1990, p. 384). This is a profound, worthy, yet hard-to-heed warning whose import came to me all too vividly in my own efforts to tell about a Native man's life (Chapter VI).

Indigenous challenges to White dominant histories logically has to begin with storytellers who had not had the opportunity or debility of traversing the stations of graduate study that would certify them "historians." Among the earliest and most notable indigenous history writers was William Apess, of the Massachusetts Pequod tribe, who published several volumes challenging White supremacist thought, knowledgeably turning the imposed Christian faith back upon its proselytizers:

> But, reader, I acknowledge that this is a confused world . . . If black or red skins, or any other skin of color is disgraceful to God, it appears that he has disgraced himself a great deal—for he has made fifteen colored people to one white, and placed them here upon this earth. (Apess, 1833, p. 55)

This tradition of indigenous oppositional history-writing never ceased. Native scholars such as D'Arcy McNickle (1973) and Rupert and Jeanette (Henry) Costo produced works critical

of the assimilative strategies, treaty duplicity (Costo & Costo, 1977), and the colonizer histories still taught in schools (Henry, 1970). Then in the midst of social turbulence and rights movements of the 1960s, two historical and polemical books made it onto popular best-seller lists: Non-Native Dee Brown's (1970) *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee,* which Native historian and literary critic Donald Fixico (2009) sees as pivotal despite its author's ethnicity, and Vine Deloria's (1969) *Custer Died for Your Sins*.

In the years that have followed these radical wake-up calls for complacent liberal North America, many more indigenous historians have worked to balance the kinds of evidence they have been trained to use within academe, with the powerful, heartful stories of home (Fixico, 2010). For a non-Native, one of the most disturbing to White pride in heroic explorers, "discoverers" and settlers, was Jack Forbes' (1992) *Columbus and Other Cannibals.* By title and content Forbes radically threw back the cant of conquest and the derogatory views of indigenous, positing the metaphor of the legendary northern woods cannibal spirit *wétiko* as a descriptor of the contagious mental illness of Renaissance Europe. "Colonial-imperialist systems seek to create *wétikos*. They recruit them because colonialism is maintained by means of properly controlled *wétiko* behavior" (p. 87).

This conceptual fluidity and seamless boundary-crossing between poetics and historical "factuality" has gained momentum in the last twenty years with many emerging indigenous authors creating new genres to reject the internment of indigenous story within conventional history-writing. Non-Native literary scholar, Krupat (1995) concludes, "some of the most important experiments in ethnocritical historical writing today . . . are coming from the poets" (p. 169). This, as I will suggest in Chapter III, may indicate that "evocative autoethnography" is a fitting methodology for exploring the unsettling borderlands between Native and settler.

Of the historical works about colonizing the Americas by indigenous writers—and I stress my survey is that of a newcomer in all senses of that word—the work of Chickasaw scholar, Jodi Byrd, provides among the most compelling and unsettling contemporary analysis for my purposes. Her recent book *Transit of Empire*, (Byrd, 2011) aims to raise an "indigenous critical theory." What I find striking and so useful in her analyses is how this evolving framework turns back on colonist and settler history over a wide range of contexts. She revisits the story of Captain James Cook, but rather than worrying too much his ostensible fallen Godliness (cf. Sahlins, 1985), she exposes how Cook's project of charting the unknown world led inexorably to a logic of subjugating the Other, turning indigenous people into mere curiosities within a larger heroic endeavor. And to right the wrongs—which are, after all, the wrongs that all settler colonialists continue to thrive by, Byrd looks not to reformist politics but to the unsettling poetics of Maori poet Robert Williams in his contemporary libretto *Captain Cook in the Underworld*. Wandering in purgatory Cook is told of his obligations to Natives, not only the ones his voyages directly harmed but the subsequent oppressed generations:

> For your soul
> to rest good captain, you must meet them, soul
> to soul, until the earth in mercy
> enfold you—until then you're nursing
> a zombie soul forever searching for its tomb. (as cited in Byrd, 2011, p. 222)

The Indigenous scholars who have most influenced my reflections on self-determination and the implications for an ostensibly different and empathic settler are Taiaiake Alfred (Kanien'kehaka), Glen Coulthard (Creeknives Dene) and Carolyn Kenny (Choctaw/Ukrainian/Haida). Indeed, in my final chapter, I delve more into their work by way of relating how my experience "speaks back" to their influential ideas. Here I will briefly note how in one way or another each explicitly or implicitly limns the space of decolonization within

which the would-be empathic settler should act. Alfred is direct in reporting a prototypical interaction:

> A classic question—one I am sure has been put to every Onkwehonwe leader . . . —is this "what can I, as a white person, do to help indigenous people?" Honestly, what does one say to that? "Get the ball rolling on claims by signing over your back yard to us?" "Quit your job and become my personal assistant for free? Stalk and kill the Minister of Indian Affairs?" (T. Alfred, 2005, pp. 235-236)

T. Alfred (2005) then turns from these facetious answers to the words of Malcom X: "Whites who are sincere should organize themselves and figure out some strategy to break down the prejudice that exists in White communities" (as cited in Alfred, 2005, at p. 236).

Coulthard's (2007) exploration of current state-level forms of non-Native response to Native struggles for self-determination has a bearing that can be scaled down to a more personal level, I have found. His deepest concern is that the current fashion for settler states to confer "recognition" on indigenous people will only "reproduce the very configurations of colonial power that Indigenous peoples' demands for recognition have historically sought to transcend" (p. 437). In this warning, aimed primarily at First Nations, I read personally the pivotal importance of building Native/non-Native relationships that abandon such one-sided recapitulations of colonial relations in favor of intrinsic compassion that arises, not because one party decides the other is worthy of being recognized, but because of a shared understanding of historical and ongoing wrongs.

Carolyn Kenny's works devote little time to openly appraising the nature of White colonial hegemony. Instead they are appreciative renderings of the inherent power of indigenous people making their own and their communities' everyday lives better. She especially emphasizes the role of arts in indigenous revitalization (Kenny, 2006, 2012b; Kenny & Fraser, 2012). This orientation was especially valuable to me in the episodes I will relate of my changing understandings of the emotive and cultural versus the rational and

scientific ways of grasping my deep but often troubled friendship and connections with a Gitxsan artist. From Kenny I learned not to look for weakness in indigenous leaders and communities, as has been the settler wont to do, but to at the strengths inherent in the smallest struggles.

But these teachings came so much later. All around me as I grew up I had watched the cowboy and Indians shows, wore my Davy Crockett hat, and crept stealthily through the thicket of real and literary woods, in full knowledge of the dangerous and disappeared Native.

Yet also with a father, a European Jew, who fled the Sho'ah. Is it more than mere background to this autoethnography on settler mind-sets to bring up my father's path? That he fled the Nazi invasion of his homeland in 1938 and eventually immigrated to post World War II Canada? The dislocations of 20th century wars created a significant flow which, nonetheless in sheer numbers and indigenous impact was small, compared to the settler invasions of the Americas in the prior 400 years. I interject this for more than biographical completeness and not to make any claims or implications to a shared victimhood of having been oppressed equivalently. This "me-too" claim to having suffered and been colonized, is one the more irksome and incongruous tacks Canadians and other settler colonists use as rationalizations for continuing occupation of, and enrichment from other, now displaced peoples' property. This is not at all my position. Instead I concur with Loomba's (2005) straightforward dismissal of this "we're-subalterns-too" sort of special pleading:

> White settlers were historically the agents of colonial rule, and their own subsequent development—cultural as well as economic—does not simply align them with other colonized peoples. No matter what their differences with the mother country, white

> populations here were not subject to the genocide, economic exploitation, cultural decimation and political exclusion felt by indigenous peoples. (p. 14)

My purpose in connecting my settler-ness and family story related to the Sho'ah, instead, is to join conversations about the complexities of settler thinking as, sometimes, heirs to historic trauma yet, as descendants of keen genocidal perpetrators.

While far more recent than the great tragically foundational holocausts of the Americas—colonial incursion and slavery—the Sho'ah experienced by European Jewry and other racialized and marginalized peoples by the German Third Reich has led to a vast array of texts which I will not even try to cite, let alone highlight. In the process the very word "holocaust" became capitalized and narrowed in meaning from a conflagration to exclusively signify the 6 million well-orchestrated deaths of European Jewry as well as others such as Romani, other ethnicities, homosexuals, and the disabled. Counted among them were my grandfather, two aunts and an uncle as well as untold cousins.

The appropriation of that word was accompanied by a strange insistence that this carnage was in all ways historically unprecedented (e.g., Katz, 1994). One only can wish that this were true. In more recent decades, the term "Holocaust" has often been applied to the horrors perpetrated on indigenous peoples as well as to the endless stream of genocides that happened long before what I will henceforth call the *Sho'ah,* the Hebrew word for calamity. Several full-length books as well as shorter articles have been published that explicitly apply the term "holocaust" to the genocidal invasion and subjection of indigenes. I will focus on several related to North America, but there are now many other general works on the tight links between colonialism and genocide internationally (Moses, 2008) and in specific settings such as Australia that Russell Thornton, in the preface to his detailed documentation of the population decline

among Natives in the Americas, speaks of how these brutal incursions would be perceived by its victims:

> For them [the American Indians] the arrival of the Europeans marked the beginning of a long holocaust, although it came not in ovens, as it did for the Jews. The fires that consumed North American Indians were the fevers brought on by newly encountered diseases, the flashes of settlers' and soldiers; guns, the ravages of 'firewater', the flames of villages and fields burned by vengeful Euro-Americans . . . In fact, the holocaust of North American tribes was, in a way, even more destructive than that of the Jews, since many American Indian peoples became extinct. (Thornton, 1987, pp. xv-xvi)

David Stannard's *American Holocaust* (1992), without in any way downplaying *the Sho'ah,* replies to what could be called genocidal exceptionalism:

> Certainly the chilling utilization of technological instruments of destruction, such as gas chambers, and its assembly-line, bureaucratic, systematic methods . . . makes the Holocaust (*Sho'ah*) unique. On the other hand, the savage employment of trained and hungry dogs to devour infants and the burning and hacking to death of the entire inhabitants, also makes the Spanish anti-Indian genocide unique. (p. 151)

In a preface to another explicit use of "holocaust" for what happened in the Americas, Stannard elaborated considerably on his dismay with efforts to memorialize the *Sho'ah* at the direct expense of other genocides (Stannard, 1997). In *A Little Matter of Genocide*, Churchill (1997) defends the validity of speaking of a holocaust in the Americas and calls indifference to this history, "holocaust denial," a phrase swirling provocatively about at the time of publication, as *Sho'ah*-deniers like Bradley Smith, David Irving, Ernst Zundel and others spread their hateful words (see Lipstadt, 1994). Churchill continued with this comparison even more provocatively when, after the 9/11 attacks, he spoke of the dead as "little Eichmanns" (Churchill, 2003, p. 19). As Byrd (2007) pointed out, this imagery again renewed debate about the uniqueness of the *Sho'ah* and the historic downplaying colonization brought upon indigenous people. Deborah Lipstadt, who had so thoroughly exposed deniers of the *Sho-ah* (1994), blogged, in response to Churchill:

> What the United States did to Native Americans was horrendous. I have not studied it closely and it's not my area of expertise, however, it seems clear that the treatment of the various Native American tribes was revolting. However, it was not the *same* as the Holocaust. The Native Americans were seen as "competitors" for land and resources. There was, therefore, a certain logic—horrible and immoral as it was—to the campaign against the Native Americans. [Please note: I am NOT justifying the attacks.] The German campaign against the Jews had no logic and was often completely illogical. People who were "useful" to the Germans were murdered or exiled. (Lipstadt, 2005)

In response, Churchill called Lipstadt an "Eichmann" too! But of more interest than this acrimony is that again we see the terrible suffering of different peoples turned into a zero-sum game. Moses (2008) furnishes the dramatic and provocative remarks of French-Jewish philosopher Alain Finkielkraut to underscore the gross pitfalls in comparing traumas:

> I was born in Paris, but I'm the son of Polish immigrants. My father was deported from France. His parents were deported and murdered in Auschwitz. . . . This country deserves our hatred. What it did to my parents was much more violent than what it did to Africans. What did it do to Africans? It did only good. It put my father in hell for five years." (as cited in Moses, 2008, p. 6)

Need we fall into such absurdity?—And I ask this not philosophically, but because the subject of my autoethnography will look at the ways in which my own predispositions and praxis have been affected by the forces of my family past and my present setting of praxis. There has already been some traction for the study and healing of social trauma from the American holocaust by transposing insights from the far more extensively researched context of the *Sho'ah* (Brave Heart & DeBruyn, 1998; Tafoya & Del Vechio, 2005). Bartrop (2001) has examined the juxtaposition of "Genocide, Holocaust, Jews, Aborigines, Australians" suggesting that, while many may find this alignment "distasteful, even unfair" (p. 85), it throws a provocative and useful light unto the task of changing settler minds and perceptions of history.

The ideas of Michael Rothberg on what he calls "multidirectional memory" (2009) also point to a potential, constructive alternative to feuding over comparative suffering. Rothberg's subtitle is *Remembering the Holocaust in the Age of Decolonization.* He draws on Hannah

Arendt's (1968) discussion of the so-called "boomerang effect" of the European Colonial experience. This concept was first advanced by the Martinique anti-colonial writer Aimé Césaire (1955/1972) who saw the brutalizing experience of colonialism as preparing the way for the Nazis' "Final Solution," an inexorable turning back of practices of overseas brutality on one's own homeland. Elaborating on this association, Rothberg's intent is to convert the "zero-sum logic" (Rothberg, 2009, p. 3) of pitting one tragic history against another to a "multi-directional" framework where those who have suffered different tragedies see insights into their own and others' pasts enriched rather than diminished through empathic comparison. Not walls, real or proverbial. But "entanglements" of discourse and remembrance are what Rothberg sees as the best way out of the "memory wars."

Beyond indicating the importance of juxtaposing discrete historic traumas, Rothberg does not venture far into prescribing the praxis of escaping such divisive entanglements. Others have. The late Israeli psychologist Dan Bar-On used cross-cutting interviews and subsequent dialogues among the descendants of victims and perpetrators as well as contemporary enemies to enact this connecting (Bar-on, 1990, 1995, 1999). He saw such face-to-face encounters, where the personal biographies are the grist of discussion, as shaking sides in protracted conflict out of the meta-narratives that maintain their separateness. Gabriele Schwab (2010), a German-born literary theorist and psychoanalyst, has extended this work in her exploration of the "haunting legacies" left upon individuals and collectivities by both the *Sho'ah* and colonialism. Born into the traumatic ruins of the Third Reich amidst both parental shock from Allied bombing and occupation and the unspeakable guilt of what Nazi Germany had done, she opens up her own, as well as the literature of others, including both victims and perpetrators of massive historical trauma. In this there is no zero-sum dynamic, but rather consciousness of the lasting but often

overlooked psychic damage of genocide on the oppressors' descendants. To deny or deprecate such phenomena is to ignore a major part of how such inheritors think and, probably, a route to reconciliation. As a settler I do not seek indigenous sympathy for my having descended from those who so drastically traumatized their society; but mutual empathy is ultimately a resource. Schwab's working-through of her story and exegesis of others creative writing clears an exemplary path towards decolonization, not so much for reclaiming as claiming, for the first time, the ghost-populated terrain of the colonizer's self.

It would take me way too many years to learn of my personal connection to Jews and the Sho'ah, which, as I will discuss in Chapter V, had a very protracted slow steady impact on my sense of what I could and needed to do among First Nations. As I did so, the works of Arendt, Bar-On, Rothberg, Schwab and others here mentioned, came to be markers in what was a journey of inquiry difficult intellectually and emotionally.

To mature in the milieu of settler colonialism. At the beginning of Chapter V, I will outline something that puzzled me, at least before I undertook the close autoethnographic examination of my thoughts and deeds that is the main body of this dissertation. Indeed, it is a testament to the power of my settler colonial milieu that, despite engaging with so many who questioned the nation-state on behalf of the downtrodden, I could still not yet recognize how pervasive hegemony over Natives remained. I would have to come into Indian Country in my practice, well before I became aware of how the most dire and tragic instances of community imperilment in Canada arose from a system that had nurtured and benefited me all my life.

The existence of my blind privilege as a form of oppression upon others hardly strikes non-Whites as a novelty, not for the many who have written of the phenomena of White supremacy and privilege, nor for the millions who have suffered from it. One thinks of Fanon's

(1952/2008) *Black Skin, White Masks* for example or, long before that, W.E. DuBois (1903/1994) whose *Souls of Black Folks* unavoidably was also about the soul of Whites. The role of racism in colonization and, reciprocally of colonization as a prefactor of racial discrimination has been long recognized. Several recent papers about the place of settlers have explicitly linked the related field of critical Whiteness and settler colonial studies. Larbalestier (2004) foregrounds Whiteness as an overtly racist construction as part of her concern that using the word "settler" in Australia makes for a comforting gentle image (as in the common usage, "we need to settle down"). Marjery Fee, a Canadian White and Lynette Russell, who describes herself as a descendant of the Wotjabaluk people of Australia, collaborate in a semi-autoethnographic discussion of settler colonialism in Australia. Here, they offer critical reflections on what "Whiteness" succeeds and fails to do in moving "meaningfully beyond the black-White" divide (Fee & Russell, 2007).

Earlier in this chapter note was made of the distinctions that scholars of settler colonialism maintain between that formation and the many more but now largely ended "franchise colonies"[5] (Wolfe, 1999). There the quest for a permanent home, and the concomitant need to erase indigenous presence through genocide and/or dispossession and confinement, was discussed. In considering settler colonialism as a mind-set, an immersive milieu, I find Veracini's theoretical suggestions about settler consciousness and narrative especially provocative (in the positive sense) for my own self-study. Veracini (2010) argues that the settler predicament leads to "paranoiac dispositions" (75) and profound denial. Further, he employs a comparison of the older superseded colonialism likened to the circuitous round trip voyages of

[5] Osterhammel (2005) calls these "colonies of exploitation" distinct from "settlement colonies." I prefer Wolfe's (1999) term because settling and exploiting both went on and continue palpably in settler colonialism.

Ulysses to the settler colonial exemplar of *The Aeneid*. In Homer's *Odyssey*, the psychology and storyline are always about a yearning for and an eventual return home. But the settler's voyage is one-way only and leaves no room for any narrative ending other than sustained subjugation and erasure of those who inconveniently already inhabited the desired new worlds. Reading these chapters on consciousness and narrative projects me into further more detailed questions that turn on how well or not Veracini's theorizing works characterize my own professional and personal experience.

I have also sought resonances in the works of other scholars of settler colonialism, asking myself if the dynamics and statics of prevailing and immersive settler thinking ring true to what I can discern in my own autoethnography. Have I, for example, tried to indigenize myself as a consumer and presumptive emulator of the popular culture and serious fictions I have imbibed throughout my life, as advanced by A. Johnston and Lawson (2000)? Or, to what extent have even the seemingly more helpful periods of my praxis among First Nations partaken of the deep-rooted humanitarian and scientific British settler discourses, described by Lester (2002) as agendas that as much complemented as ever challenged colonialism? Most grimly, if one is a bona fide member of settler colony and if, as one of the field's founders, Patrick Wolfe (2006) suggests, the formation is intrinsically genocidal, in what space can reconciliation occur or how can the settler mind be decolonized without shedding its most defining "qualities"?

Veracini (2010) seems unhopeful in light of the absence of exemplars or narratives of such decolonization while Barker (2009) places the challenge very much within my work's purview:

> Imperial forces exert pressure to ensure that Settlers continue to fill their colonial role; once this process is established, though,we must ask the question of why Settlers continue to submit to a society predicated upon power and control that is so diametrically opposed to the principles that most Settlers claim so strongly to espouse. . .

> Understanding and confronting this motivation on *an individual level* [emphasis added] is key to dismantling the Canadian society of control and the hybrid colonial values that it protects. (Barker, 2009, p. 347)

Such understanding and confronting is foundational to what this dissertation is for. In recent years there have been several key works that have started down the path of decolonizing settler society as well as the minds and mores of individual settlers. One can see—although great caution is needed—reforms at the institutional level as halting progress towards decolonizing settler states. Proffering public apologies—as seen in Canada—might be counted among such efforts, although like others (Dorrell, 2009; Gooder & Jacobs, 2000; Moses, 2011), I am skeptical that the restorative social justice that ought to accompany such performances of remorse, should be counted on. Instead, so much of the seeming remediation of ostensibly past injustices, neoliberal reforms seem often to bring perverse albeit intended results that reinforce colonial hegemony (Atleo, 2008; Coulthard, 2007; Wolfe, 2011). If the collective minds of settlers and their leaders stay firmly though surreptitiously deep-rooted in the colonial and settler-colonial ideology of earlier times, the prospects for change are grim. Veracini still doubtingly, but in a way that opens a path of inquiry towards decolonization, sees a "narrative deficit" for settler decolonization, "no compelling or intuitively acceptable story about what should happen next" (Veracini, 2010, p. 115). This is not to say that there is a dearth of recommended, albeit untried, paths for changing things whether this be fixing the system or the Natives themselves (e.g., Belanger & Newhouse, 2004; Bruyneel, 2007; Cairns, 2011; Hawkes, 1995; Kunin, 1998; Little Bear, Boldt, & Long, 1984; Royal Commission on Aboriginal People, 1996; Voyageur & Calliou, 2003). Yet so many recommendations seem either too incremental to make more than marginal changes in a system where economic and political power remains grossly skewed and Native society suffers accordingly; or, too huge in scope to see how required political support would come from contemporary non-Native society, the majority of whom are,

at best, counted among the "sorry people" (see Chapter I) but, just as likely, among the mass of settlers living comfortably in ongoing denial and even hostility.

In distinct ways, settler scholars living in settler colonial states around the world have begun to see the necessity of looking inward. This work of unsettling and thereby starting to decolonize comfortable settler thinking has begun in Canada and elsewhere. I have taken particular interest here in Canadian sites of such self-transformative analysis but should note the parallel inquiry of many others who have grown up or moved into settler-occupied territories, especially settler-scholars who are trying to look at and decolonize themselves. This would include, for example, Ingrid Huygens (2011), a Pakeha New Zealander who outlines the principal features and prescribes strategies for Pakeha (non-indigenous people of New Zealand) to engage in decolonization practice; Jürgen Kremer, a German-American clinical psychologist, who proposes "ethnoautobiography" as "an imaginative and decolonizing form of inquiry dedicated to the remembrance of sovereignty as motion and transmotion among people of eurocentered mind." (p. 24); and Australian scholar Deborah Rose Bird (2004) who sees decolonization as demanding reversal at the personal level of an ingrained propensity to conquer, a perpetual need to overcome something or someone already present in coveted lands. In all of these, the imperial gaze shifts from the colonized to the colonizer her- or himself.

Interest and commitment in Canada to reframing and changing Native/Settler relations has burgeoned of late at the macro-level where apologies and talk of recognition and reconciliation is, at last, part of the public discourse. Making the political personal when it comes to settler decolonization is my principal focus and here, again, an encouraging growth in scholarship and practice can be seen. Arlo Kempf, a sociologist of education, while probing the

supra-individual features of modern colonialism and post-colonialism, infused his analysis with clear recognition of how stasis and change are fundamentally personal.

> So what I do bring to anticolonialism? I bring various layers of latent racism and sexism. I bring what I assume is a full-scale misunderstanding of the struggles faced by peoples socialized, medicalized as disabled. I bring an overly dismissive attitude towards the oppression of queer bodies. (Kempf, 2010, p. 19)

He concludes an overview of broad, historical colonization by noting the incompleteness of his own personal revelations, and recognizing the totality of everyday experience as the locus where hegemony is repeatedly enacted (Essed, 1991): "The personal gets a free pass in far too many activist and academic endeavours, yet it is the personal in which our lives are primarily embedded" (Kempf, 2010, p. 31). Other recent examples from Canada of settlers using self-study to decolonize self and community include Buchanan (2013), who in studying Indigenous views of leadership, came to see her own "need to engage the cognitive and reflective work of decolonization" (p. 76); Fabris (2012), self-described as a "White Italian male living on Turtle Island" (p.ii) and a survivor of psychosis, one who sees his malady as both a manifestation of White "heteropatriarchy" and a resource for interrogating one's own complicity in colonialism.

Adam Barker, a young Canadian scholar, also locates the needed place of transformational change within the personal rather than predominantly at the macro-political level:

> The vast majority of concrete alternatives that have been or are currently proposed rely upon those in power to 'fix' oppression. This is problematic because the conflicts that arise between Indigenous and Settler peoples are the results of the thoughts and attitudes within each and every person. (Barker, 2010, p. 329)

The collection from which Barker's recent observations are taken also includes a full section titled "the personal is the political" in which further steps towards fully limning the work involved in individual settler decolonization. This includes a thoughtful self-critical meditation

by a White professor on his place, if any, within the larger indigenous struggle (Fitzmaurice, 2010) and a revealing co-narrated "history of a friendship" between indigenous and non-indigenous writer-activists (Christian & Freeman, 2010). Barker (2012) has recently completed a doctoral dissertation which, accurately I believe, he characterizes as a "sort of autoethnography" (p. 23), rich in anecdotes interspersed with theory that centers on land and sense of place. "I explicitly position this research as part of wider efforts by Settler people to act in solidarity with Indigenous peoples through the pursuit of personal decolonization" (p. 22). Barker (2012) explains this tentative status thus: "Throughout these chapters, the autoethnographic pursuit may seem to disappear; this is because of the difficulty of being a Settler person attempting to describe how settler colonialism works and affective Settler attachments to place are generated, essentially from the 'interior' of the dynamic (p. 23). But burrowing into one's own experience, to my mind, is essential, if we are eventually to change ourselves.

To do so would have been an especially significant contribution if anthropologist and long-term worker on behalf of the Secwepemc and Tsilhqot'in tribes, Elizabeth Furniss, had chosen to make her ethnography of Native/non-Native relations even "sort of" autoethnographic. Having worked for local First Nations on research into the residential schools, she turned in doctoral studies and a consequent book, *The Burden of History* (1999) to looking into the small town of Williams Lake and the way its settler inhabitants project a frontier image and pride. To do so, of course, marginalizes indigenous presence and history. Furniss's analysis established insights I found key to the way that settlers on the frontier choose to remember and forget—which also means that alternative, even opposite, courses of empathic settler action are implied. The dynamics within Williams Lake are understandably similar to where I now live, about

3-hours' drive North, and where, thereby, Chapter VII of my dissertation unfolds. Encountering a well-buried story of how the Lheidli T'enneh were cajoled into an unfair deal that led to their forced removal from Prince George was a salient episode in work that decolonized me as well, perhaps, as some of the First Nations. What I am doing is reinstating the everyday actions of everyday settlers as contributions and buttresses for the continuing maintenance of state-directed settler colonialism.

Paulette Regan, now lead researcher with Canada's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, flags a "critical lack of settler self-reflectivity" (P. Regan, 2010, p. 33) in prescribing for means of unsettling settler perspectives. In what appears to be the fullest prescriptive treatment to date for Canada's settler decolonization, P. Regan (2010) aims at nothing less than "unsettling the settler within"—the title of her book. Using primarily Canada's appalling history and current efforts to redress residential school abuse, P. Regan sees the necessity for "non-Native Canadians to undertake a deeply critical reflective re-examination of history and *themselves* [emphasis added]" (p. 8). She suggests that the Truth and Reconciliation Commission which the federal government of Canada established as part of its apologetics for the residential schools—and for which she is now Director of Research—as a key means for doing this. I find myself less sanguine about this likelihood, not only because of the TRC's emphasis on getting at "truths" but not so much on real reconciliation (Flisfeder, 2010), but because of the lack of any compulsion or even strong incentive for perpetrators and other settlers to participate. We seem in this much-vaunted process to have come back to hearing only the pain of Natives in what remains, anachronistically, "the Indian's Problem" (cf. Dyck, 1991). P. Regan inserts what seem promisingly personal vignettes about her journey, her unsettling, using a different print font for brief intermittent asides titled "Reflections." These surface some

of what she experienced in working for the Canadian federal government with residential survivors, their families and communities. The last of these reflections concludes:

> Yet I know from experience that moving from words to action is not an easy task. Then I remember the survivors who set me on this pathway with powerful testimonies that challenged my thinking, gripped my heart, and touched my soul. I remember other settlers I have met along the way, some who turned away in denial and others who courageously stepped forward, faltered, and yet spoke up. I remember these things and I choose once again to struggle to live in truth and to act. *Will you?* [emphasis added]. (P. Regan , 2010, pp. 213-214)

My vantage is different and it is, off and on, twenty-five years of more falter than courage, some speaking up but, also acting in ways, as we will discuss in later chapters, that make me by times proud and as often ashamed. But the answer to that last question, in part comprised by this dissertation, is "yes!"

After working for First Nations, takes aim at decolonizing his own mind. In the mid 1980s, I made a much-delayed figurative landfall in Indian Country. Yet it would take more than two decades there for me to really recognize the ongoing and unapologetic settler colonialism of Canada and at least that long to encounter the idea and ideal of decolonizing one's own mind. But just what is this metaphoric and euphoric state? Decolonization was first used in connection with the global struggle of all peoples subjugated in empires, notably but not exclusively, by a handful of European countries. As a societal-level political movement, modern decolonization is associated with the purportedly heroic and inevitably bloody adventures in Asia and Africa —although nation-states emerged (Betts, 1998) through such processes much earlier in South and Central America. Decolonization in all these places meant throwing off the yoke of imperial authority and replacing it with a government led by the original natives. As this national decolonization unfolded, frequently with disheartening results where a new and no less violent elite took over from the former colonial regime, attention was also paid to the no less difficult labor of expunging colonizer ways from the practices and thinking at a more micro level. Thus,

L. Smith (1999) confronts and presents alternatives to the longstanding colonizing practices of Eurocentric sciences in her *Decolonizing Methodologies*. Other loci where decolonization has been described and/or prescribed include North American "Indian" museums (Lonetree, 2012), of thinking from the minds of the newly decolonized.

The phrase "decolonizing the mind" is probably most associated with the work of Ngũgĩ, Wa Thiong'o (1986) in what was a treatise about African literature and the ways that, without care, the ideas and even the language of the colonizer constrain the minds of subalterns. On that basis, Ngũgĩ vowed to write thenceforward only in his native Kikuyu. Well before his use of the phrase, other scholars who were of subjugated and colonized peoples had wrestled with how to free the minds of the colonized from under the imperial gaze and yoke. One thinks especially of W.E. DuBois (1904/1993) and the idea of a double-consciousness; of Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* with its deconstruction of Hegel's master-slave dialectic; of Césaire (1972/1950), Memmi (1957/1965, 2006) and Nandy (2009). The need for the colonized to be thinking oneself out of imposed otherness is fundamental to so many works on self-determination, liberation and decolonization including ones whose authors were not themselves among the "oppressed." Gramsci (1971), Freire (1974) and Mannoni (1950/1990) come to mind.

While the prime subject of works explicitly or implicitly about decolonizing the mind are rightfully about the colonized, scholars, oppressed and the oppressors, have long also considered the need for a parallel transformation among colonizers including setter colonizers. The awful homology of oppression as it harms the oppressor is there in works that go back to DuBois: "The White-man as well as the Negro is bound and barred by the color line . . . Deeply religious and intensely democratic as are the mass of Whites, they feel acutely the false position in which the Negro problems place them" (DuBois, 1903/1994, p.111-112). Similar are the deformations

Césaire called the “boomerang effect”: that what goes around imperially, eventually comes back in the form of genocidal violence at or near home. The consciousness of colonizers and related forms of subjugators in relation to the colonized has been examined closely by some of the same subaltern authors mentioned as in Memmi’s (1957/1965) analysis of the “colonizer who refuses” (p. 19).

I do not see an easy, common definition from reading within this literature for what a decolonized actually mind looks like. I have little doubt from my experience and that of others such as Barker (2010, 2012) and P. Regan (2010) that it begins with “unsettling” deeply-lodged presumptions, thought that “saying because it comes without saying” (Bourdieu, 1977, p. 172). This multi-layered concept of “unsettling settlers” is consistent with modern ideas about any kind of significant mental transformation ranging from Lewin’s (1946) precepts about “unfreezing,” Schön’s (1971) argument against the virtues and achievability of a stable state, or Mezirow’s (1981) idea of requisite “disorienting dilemmas,” acute crises in which one’s world is significantly and often irreversibly shaken up. That I came through enough of these should become apparent in later chapters.

In this chapter I have simulated a condensed life journey, suggesting without pushing arguments very far, how thinking about each of the heuristically separated phases converse with texts from a wide range of discourses. I have been aware of the artificiality of this conceit, its purpose being more expository than explanatory, a way of linking life narrative with relevant discourses.

Chapter III: Un-Settling Methods

> All great journeys begin when one closes one's eyes and looks within.
> (Nandy, 2009, p. 305)

There is intentional ambiguity to the title of this chapter. It reads "unsettling" in part to draw attention to a dilemma deeply embedded in any analysis of a situation involving oppression of one people by another. Overwhelmingly, the oppressors have been the ones to develop methods of inquiry by which the "other" and relations with that other are studied and storied. In the context of colonialism, Eurocentric methods of inquiry carry inherent and ineluctable predispositions to vindicate and perpetrate dominance (L. Smith, 1999). It has been this way since first contact: we Whites held the pen, dismissed, and even attempted to eradicate oral traditions that told different stories than the "cant of conquest" (cf. Jennings, 1975). What might be explained as arising just from utter perplexity on both sides of "history's most astonishing encounter" (Todorov, 1984, p. 4) became much less innocent as exploration gave way to colonization (Asad, 1973; Wolfe, 1999). Dakota historian Vine Deloria Jr. put this most vividly: "Into each life, it is said some rain must fall. Some people have bad horoscopes, others take tips on the stock markets . . . But Indians have been cursed above all other people in history. Indians have anthropologists" (V. Deloria, 1969, p. 78). Clearly, inquiry that aims to run against the grain of oppression inherits a troubled history, complicit in and supportive of, the dispossession of countless millions. If such were the methods of colonial settlement, then we must seek something else, something opposite, oppositional . . . unsettling.

But the title of this chapter also marks my intent to locate methods that consciously strive to break from and disrupt conventional understandings passed down for so long and so elusively as to be almost invisible. My premise, as discussed in the previous chapter, is that the lives and work of would-be empathic settlers are immersed deep within milieus that, without great and

yet-to-be specified kinds of efforts, make us unaware of the colonial orthodoxies we live by. Or, once again, as Bourdieu said so pithily, writing of such ensnaring *doxa*, much "goes without saying because it comes without saying" (1977, p.172). We question least the things we have always seen—and been.

To describe the methodology I have chosen requires discussion of the nature of "data," how it was gathered, and the framework used to interpret it. Saying this makes it seem that one gathers data first and seeks meaning amid the results subsequently. But the means chosen for interpretation more often shape data-gathering, especially in qualitative research where there is much more to be seen than can ever be written up. Nonetheless, I begin this chapter with a discussion of stories as data and then move to my principal story-gathering methodology, autoethnography

The (Re)Turn to Story

The data that I bring forth consists primarily of stories, an admission which, if made thirty years ago, would have raised eyebrows and skepticism. The ubiquity of story telling, its place in one's earliest childhood, and its reach into the most ancient memories of every culture, would make it surprising to speak of its return or the narrative[6] turn. "Was it ever really *away*?" one may ask skeptically. Indeed, contemporary postmodern thought would suggest that even the most abstruse blackboard scrawls of quantum physics equation are just stories (and when one

[6] Throughout this dissertation I use the words "story" and narrative" as synonyms. To do so is not universally accepted within the broad community of scholarship focused on these devices as data and method. Sobol, Gentile, and Sunwolf (2004), for example, approvingly note how "traditional storytellers" often "exhibit a self-conscious gag reflex at the rampant substitution of "the N-word" for their own cherished logo, calling it a sign of pretension and over-intellectualization" (p.2). Other scholars, however, see narrative as more encompassing term, with the advantage of being free of the hard-to-shake connotation of the story with the fictional. Still others like one of the leading scholars of education who uses story-as-method, Jean Clandinin, goes back and forth, sometimes agreeing that narrative is bigger and more inclusive, other times suggesting that one can use "story" in preference if one "wishes to be modest and unpretentious" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1991, p. 259).

wades through best-sellers like Hawking's *A Brief History of Time,* the narrative brilliance of a top-flight physicist's mind certainly emerges). And yet, it was not long ago that one of the most imaginative literary thinkers of the 20th century, the ill-fated, Walter Benjamin sounded a lament for the storyteller:

> Familiar though his name may be to us, the storyteller in his living immediacy is by no means a present force. He has already become something remote from us and something that is getting more distant . . . the art of storytelling is coming to an end. (Benjamin, 1936/2006, p. 362)

The ways in which Benjamin was both right and wrong illuminate the reasons for the emergence, much later in the 20th century, of stories serving as basic data of inquiry within numerous disciplines. The justification for his fears about traditional storying could be seen, as the century unfolded, in the loss of the immediacy of narrators interacting directly with listeners, typified by the child who, like I, was far more familiar with the exploits of some fictitious TV version of a "cowboy" than with of his own father's stirring connections to the Sho'ah. Yet in the past several decades the (re)turn to story as the basis for social inquiry has been unmistakable (Polkinghorne, 1987; Riessman, 2008). If, in fact, one of the commonalities of postmodern critique is a rejection of grand stories or metanarratives (Rosenau, 1992), then clearly small local and personal narratives make sense as means of unsettling things.

In the aftermath of the so-called paradigm wars (Reichardt & Rallis, 1994) from which an energized and creative qualitative social science emerged, stories came into increasingly good currency embraced by many academic disciplines and professional practices. This was seen in areas such as education (Clandinin & Connelly, 1989), organizational development (Boje, 2001), leadership (Bennis, 1996; Gardner & Laskin, 1995) and social activism (Gilliam, 2006).

One of the convergences that has added momentum to the arrival of story-based research has been the realm of psychotherapy and self-help: getting at one's story, and getting it out for

discourse with others, came to be seen, right from the inception of Freudian analysis, as a major route to healing. In response to the idea that incoherence and subterfuge about one's personal history are primary reasons for unresolved trauma (Caruth, 1996), there has been a renewed use of the story to recover one's life and even make it better (Frank, 1997; Hoffman, 2004; Mattingly, 1998; Pagnucci, 2004; Randall, 1995). This has coincided and interacted with heightened attention to life story studies generally (Bertaux & Kohli, 1984; Chamberlayne, Bornat, & Wengraf, 2000). Whether to improve understanding of "ordinary" lives (Lieblich & Josselson, 1997; Pasupathi, Mansour, & Brubaker, 2007), traumatized ones (Caruth, 1996) or how individual narratives interconnect with broad historical events (Andrews, 2007; Bar-On, 2006), there has been a downpour of story-based inquiry in the last three decades.

Getting personal and telling stories as a non-indigenous person interacting extensively with indigenous culture, offers, *a priori* improved connectivity to that profoundly narratively shaped world (Corntassel, Chaw-in-is, & T'lakwadzi, 2009). Stories, no doubt, were no less vital to my forbears many generations ago whether in Scottish crofts or Eastern European shtetls. But even the most wounded of colonized aboriginal people are far less distantly removed now than we settlers are from old oral traditions whereby relationships, politics, exchange and life passages were all "managed" (Archibald, 2008; T. King, 2003). To shift from discourse that flows linearly from rational, positivist, distanced, enlightenment thinking, to getting to know and share one's own convoluted personal and cultural past in stories with others, may well be among the most important possible bridges between the settler and the native.[7]

[7] Two well-known cross-cultural communications processes I have worked in were based on storytelling: Saunders' "sustained dialogue" which in a prescribed early phase involved telling stories about how inter-ethnic relations affected everyone's life (Saunders, 1999); and Dan Bar-On's "Story-Telling In Conflicts Dan Bar-On Dialogue Training" in Hamburg, Germany (Bar-On, 2006).

Autoethnography

The principal data gathering in this work is autoethnography, which, as I use it, is most simply defined as studying social phenomena and contexts with oneself as lens and one's experience as what's being looked at. This version of autoethnography is only one of several seemingly distinct genres of research that use the name; we will come later in this chapter to describing the distinctions as well as overlaps in these forms. It may help in this to first consider why autoethnography of all stripes has emerged at all, emphasizing it as a response to serious misgivings about its older kin, ethnography.

The autoethnographic flight from colonial ethnography. A popular introductory text to ethnography refers to its practitioners as "professional strangers" (Agar, 1996). This aptly describes the character of ethnographic research as practiced for its first century. While ethnographic-like activity has been traced back to Ancient Greece (Skinner, 2012), its immediate direct ancestry is usually linked to anthropologists who ventured among indigenous tribes in the late 19th and early 20th centuries (Adler & Adler, 1987). In this genealogy, Malinowski's extended fieldwork among the Trobriand Islanders is always cited as pivotal. Ethnographers whose origins were more from within the discipline of sociology rather than anthropology studied less far-flung communities, by the 1920s many of them connected to Robert Park and his "school" at the University of Chicago (Deegan, 2001). But in subsequent decades ethnography remained most closely associated with anthropological ventures usually into exotic, albeit European-colonized lands.

Whether afar or at home, ethnography grew up as a study of the remote, conducted by professionals who figuratively kept their distance. Intimate narratives were sought from "native informants," but the intimacy was not shared. Ethnographers might live for months or even years

among indigenous "primitives" or hang-out at the impoverished margins of European or American society, but the mode of operation, broadly speaking, was for the ethnographer to keep a long arm's length from the subjects. To do otherwise, was to risk one's scientific detachment, even to "go native," an infamous hazard to be vigorously avoided.

Although generally seen as empathic to the indigenous culture, the famous ethnologist Franz Boas well exemplifies the prevailing attitude of epistemic superiority and the inevitable onset of less subjective, "primitive" thinking:

> Thus, in primitive culture the impressions of the outer world are associated intimately with subjective impressions, which they call forth regularly but which are determined largely by the social surroundings of the individual. Gradually it is recognized that these connections are more uncertain than others that remain the same for all mankind . . . and this sets in the gradual elimination of one subjective association after another, which culminates in the scientific method. (Boas, 1904, p. 238)

In the decades following World War II, the distanced scientific study of other peoples began to come under fire from within as well as without, part of a broader crisis brought on significantly though not exclusively by anthropology's intimate connection to colonialism (Lewis, 1973). The predominant pattern had hitherto been for White researchers to probe only non-White lives, if not in service of, then at least under the protective wing of, colonial occupiers. As Gough (1968) put it in the title of her paper, one of the first to make the link explicit, anthropology was "the child of imperialism." This was the case both in protracted albeit impermanent colonies of exploitation, but also in the settler colonies whose Natives needed to be studied before the essential project of physical and/or cultural obliteration (Wolfe, 1999, 2006) was completed. In the latter, ethnography, as principally the distanced scientific study of the subjugated, lasted a little longer than in colonies that stopped being colonies. There, without the old umbrella of safety that imperial force could guarantee, the study of other humans needed to

be rethought and that occurred vigorously in the discipline, spurred by the necessity of getting along with independent states now led by former research "subjects."

Concurrently and related to this loss of ready access, anthropologists started thinking hard about their positionality and the complicity of their discipline with inequality generally (Clifford, 1983). Some of the prominent earlier practitioners in the field had in various ways empathized with the plight of the oppressed, their trauma of modernization (as exploitation had formerly been called) even while remaining faithful, as the famed Boas insisted on, to the positivistic paradigm of not getting too close (Wax, 1956, 1997). Now, this attitude was being superseded by quite the reverse of what Boas said in the quote given earlier: "social surroundings" as subjectively experienced would become a valid and important tool and antidote to colonial presuppositions. Levi-Straus went to the heart of the ethical dilemma of getting close and yet staying aloof:

> Anthropology is not a dispassionate science like astronomy, which springs from the contemplation of things at a distance. It is the outcome of an historical process, which has made the larger part of mankind subservient to the other, and during which millions of innocent human beings have had their resources plundered, their institutions and beliefs destroyed while they themselves were institutions and beliefs destroyed while they themselves were ruthlessly killed, thrown into bondage, and contaminated by diseases they were unable to resist. Anthropology is the daughter to this era of violence. (Levi-Strauss, 1966, p.126)

The largely internal demand for changing this was given added force by the public exposure of cases where anthropology had been drafted into the service of new imperialisms, whether in support of counter-insurgencies in Southeast Asia (Jorgensen & Wolf, 1970) or, in the alleged mistreatment of Amazonian forest tribes and concurrent ecological devastation (Nugent, 2001; Tierney, 2000).

It is against the backdrop of this shifting research ideology that the several species of "autoethnography" emerged. Whatever the differences within this new methodology, each is a

reaction to, and largely a rejection of, the distancing of researcher from researched, whether geographic, interactional or both. In being so, whether knowingly or not, autoethnography is also itself part of the breaking away process of ethnography from its historical roots, an effect of and its own move, I believe, towards decolonization.

Variants of autoethnography. With the inevitable blurring at the edges of distinctions made in categorizing any new research approach, I distinguish three variants of autoethnography which share founding motivations:

- Autoethnography as the ethnography of those who have previously been merely the colonized subjects of research;
- Autoethnography as inquiry into the culture of the researcher's own group;
- Autoethnography as self-study by the researcher examining social phenomena using her own role, feelings, actions etc. as data and lens (this being the form closest to what I use in this dissertation).

The distinctions are presented mainly for discussion purposes as the first and second clearly overlap and there is no reason in principle that all three could not go on in one study.

Chronologically, the first usage of the term, *autoethnography,* in scholarly peer-reviewed publications was within the first sense above. Heider (1975) drew the prefix "auto" from the word autochthonous, meaning native to a particular place. He did field work among the already much-studied Dani tribe of West New Guinea, and decided to ask a sample of the population (primarily children) an unusually open-ended question: "What do the Dani do?" In this he may have been inspired by the famous organizing question from Geertz's (1973) "thick description": that is, what do one's cultural informants think they are "really up to?" (p. 15). Limited as Heider's way was for putting this question to the Dani, it broke sharply from most ethnographies

wherein, to that time, the outsider-researcher just observed others' behavior and then answered the question of what "they do," herself. Compared even to participatory and community-based research approaches emerging at that time (e.g., Jones, 1970), Heider's study was only very marginally "auto."

It should be noted that an even earlier usage of autoethnography as a cultural account by a member of a colonized society is mentioned by Hayano (1979), who recollects first hearing the term in 1966 at a seminar by Sir Raymond Firth, an anthropologist. Firth was referring to research done in the 1930s by Jomo Kenyatta, who would later be Kenya's first Prime Minister. Kenyatta had studied his own tribe, the Kikuyu, under the academic supervision of Malinowski (Kenyatta, 1938/1971).

Used this way, an even earlier version of the native-as-autoethnographer arose along the same British Columbian coast, indeed among the same tribal groups with whom some of my own work took place, as discussed in Chapter V. In what became the classic ethnographic mold, the famous German anthropologist Franz Boas kept clear detachment from the "Kwakiutl"[8] subjects: "There is no indication whatever . . . that he tried to take part in their daily life and become personally acquainted with the people" (L. White, 1963, p. 49). However, and in contrast, Boas had recruited and trained for far more extensive fieldwork than he would ever experience, a Tlingit, George Hunt, who had grown up in the territory of the Kwakwaka'wakw. Hunt's years of fieldwork foreshadowed by many decades the now more widespread indigenous research done primarily by people about their own culture (Berman, 1996). The divergence between Boasian objectivity and Hunt's emic understandings of the people he had grown up among may be

[8] More properly known now as the Kwakwaka'wakw (see MacNair, 2004). The latter term is a new construction in the traditional language, meaning all who speak Kwa'kwa'la, while the former was never truly more than one of the score of such communities.

inferred from this poignant and apparently unanswered plea, sent to his employer after years of work and reading Boas's interpretations: "there are so many mistakes . . . that I think should Be Put to Rights Befor [sic] one of us Die" (as cited in Berman, 2000, p. 54).

Over the years, the idea of autoethnography as the voice of marginalized people telling their own culture broadened. Mary Pratt (1992, 1994) is among the best known among non-indigenous researchers who have struggled to bring such autochthonous accounts to the fore. She explains autoethnography as follows:

> This term . . . refers to instances in which colonized subjects undertake to represent themselves in ways that engage with the colonizer's terms . . . If ethnographic texts are a means by which Europeans represent to themselves their (usually subjugated) others, autoethnographic texts are *texts the others construct in response to or in dialogue with metropolitan representations* [emphasis added]. (M. Pratt, 1992, p. 9)

This version of autoethnography is intentionally located in the methodological borderlands between European and indigenous knowledges, but stays far from what Jomo Kenyatta did so many years before. In M. Pratt's version western scholars keep holding the proverbial pen but now, ostensibly, more as transcribers than as primary interpreters. The empathy achieved thus may be compared to the much older practice of non-Natives "assisting" Native "autobiographers"—the so-called "as-told-to" genre (see Valandra, 2005). Most of such accounts, however "true" to the events, reprocessed Native words to fit the underlying values and mind-set of dominant narratives, inevitably featuring "progress" and assimilation. In a forward to Krupat's (1985) study of such "autobiographies," Eakin comments how such texts become "a further dispossession . . . of the already dispossessed" (Eakin, 1985, p. xvii).

The second but related variant of research, labeled "autoethnography" from the earlier list, starts with Hayano (1979), who began by distinguishing his usage from Heider's (see above) and also, by implication, from the approach that became more associated with Mary Pratt. For him, autoethnography meant, "how anthropologists conduct and write ethnographies of their

'own people' " (Hayano, 1979, p. 99). While this sounds consistent with M. Pratt and her successors, Hayano focused on cultural insiders in American and Europe. He was not alone nor the first ethnologist to look homeward for subject matter. Indeed, Malinowski had spoken of the home-coming of anthropology while providing guidance to a project in England in the 1930s called "mass-observation" (see Buzard, 2003). In this, ordinary people studied their own communities and workplaces. In America, urban and rural sociologists had studied the marginalized and the eccentric since the 1920s (Deegan, 2001)—be this at the racetrack, the pool hall, bars, the waterfront and among the hard-dirt farms of the dust bowl. Based on this empathic outsider-participant observation, a few who were already members or readily accepted into such groups began to utilize their special advantages of access and acceptance.

The third of my list, and the most personalized approach to qualitative research labeled "autoethnography," has been defined by Chang (2008) as "a qualitative research method that uses ethnographic methods to bring cultural interpretation to the autobiographical data of researchers with the intent of understanding self and its connections to others" (Chang, 2008, p. 56). Precursors and studies which can retroactively be called autoethnography, abound. These segue gradually from poignant ethnographies like Rosaldo's (1993) in which anguish over his wife's tragic death is bravely juxtaposed with the grief underlying the rage of Ilongot headhunters. Rosaldo does not speak of autoethnography, but he certainly used himself as a clearly visible lens. Similar is Ruth Behar as the "vulnerable observer" who concludes: "Call it sentimental, call it Victorian and nineteenth century, but I say that anthropology that doesn't break your heart just isn't worth doing" (Behar, 1996, p. 177). At least by this measure, my work as an empathic settler among British Columbian First Nations lays claims to the worthiness of anguish, as will be seen in subsequent chapters.

It is no great distance from Rosaldo and Behar to the work by Carolyn Ellis, probably the best-known current exponent of the emotive and personal genre of autoethnography. Her scholarly account of experiencing personal tragedy was published (Ellis, 1995) before she adopted the term, "autoethnography." Trained in mainstream sociology, Ellis at the time called this an "experimental ethnography." She recounted and analyzed her own feelings and actions as her professor and lover succumbed to emphysema. Except for a passing footnote reference to Hayano (1979), the word "autoethnography" is not mentioned. But shortly after this publication, Ellis along with several others, including Arthur Bochner (often her co-author and later, her husband), Denzin (1997), Reed-Danahay (1997) and Spry (2001), began its explicit usage. It should be noted that several years before any of these scholars began to speak of autoethnography, was advocated and exemplified in what seems an entirely neglected analysis: John Fiske, a scholar of media studies argued that "Autoethnography may offer a way of coping with the theoretical, ethical, and political problematics shared, in very different ways, by both high theory and empiricist (or imperialist) ethnography (John Fiske, 1990, p. 90). He said further, that he never understood the meanings of his own living room until he wrote an autoethnographic piece!

Chang (2008), having reviewed primarily this form of autoethnography, provides a useful summary definition: "a qualitative research method that uses ethnographic methods to bring cultural interpretation to the autobiographical data of researchers with the intent of understanding self and its connections to others" (Chang, 2008, p. 56). This is—or seems—a long way in focus and purpose from making room for the voice of the subjugated other. It is a path fraught with dangers, real and perceived, of solipsism or narcissism—concerns that must give pause for someone like myself, a member of the dominant, often arrogant settler class, in a continuing

hegemonic setting. Eliminating the indigenous has long been our literary as well as material stratagem (Said, 1993; Wolfe, 2006); guarding against settler autoethnography merely following in this tradition is a moral and intellectual necessity. I will come back to this hazard and how I attempt to avoid it, often in the present work. Let us now briefly look into the core ideas, practices and application areas of autoethnography in the later, Ellisian[9] sense, as well as criticisms, some quite harsh of the approach. After that, I will be in a position to explain the form of and rationale for the autoethnography I have used in my study and conclude with notes on ethical considerations.

My approach to autoethnography. To say that the principal method used here is autoethnography does not move very far towards explaining just how information has been obtained and in what forms. Leading lights of Ellisian autoethnography have been purposively postmodern, often flouting the shaky norms of earlier social research. This steadfast nonconformity has led, at least on first glance, to a diversity of ways by which the self, at once studying and studied, emerges. Commonly, publications from this genre of autoethnography begin with vernacular, conversational or even outlandish seeming narrative. The custom of opening with sentences that orient the reader quickly to the main subject matter is forsaken in favor of an artistic, performative or, as Ellis (1997) designated it, "evocative" style. The message is clearly that one is entering an unapologetically subjective realm that expressly rejects positivist, one-and-only-one-truth metanarratives. A few examples of opening lines of refereed articles illustrate the genre's—dare I say ?—conventions:

[9] Using Carolyn Ellis's name as a designator of the main form of autoethnography that I am using does not imply that I believe her work to be the best exemplar of the genre, but reflects her prominence. In fact, as will be seen in the text, I have not followed her approach closely nor do I find her defenses of it necessarily fully convincing.

> Mmmm . Sandy blond hair. Strong arms. Laugh lines. Three by each mouth corner. His eyes were the ocean. A soft voice, sparkling with barely contained joy. His name was . . .
> His name was . . .
> His name was . . .
> Well, shit. I know it started with a *J*. Jason? John? Jeff? Jeffrey? (Pinney, 2005, p. 716)

> In 1937, give or take a year, probably on a Monday, but in any case, long before I found you, I put on my Red Ryder gloves, stuck my Tom Mix cap gun in my belt, and rode my stick horse down the rickety steps off the back porch and down the trail past the chinaberry tree to the washhouse. (M. Richardson, 2003, p. 303)

> My partner, Art, turns the TV on to CNN and we watch as a middle-aged, Black man speaks to a reporter a few hours after the levees broke in New Orleans. The camera pans to a close-up and we see the eyes of a person overcome by fear, loss, and uncertainty as he speaks:
> The storm came. The house split in two.
> I told my wife to hold on.
> She said
> you can't hold me. (Ellis & Bochner, 2006, p. 429)

Earthy language, emotive ideas, writing in the present tense to envelop the reader in the author's here-and-now, and a tendency to dive directly into narration, without elaborating on the rationale and purpose of the work, all characterize this approach. In many cases this evocative style continues throughout the publication, leading some readers—I include myself—to feel usefully transported to a realm of existence close to some inarticulable "truths." Others are far less enchanted and have directed at such texts an array of invectives that run from self-indulgent, narcissistic, solipsistic and, more plainly, just not real inquiry (Delamont, 2007, 2009; Hemmingson, 2008).

While Ellis and other emotive autoethnographers succeed, for me, in doing what they set out do—go beyond words and achieve empathy with the narrator and her unique experiencing through vivid communication—I feel uncomfortable and even disoriented with research that never clarifies its purpose or maps the path of its development. I have found Chang's (2008) stepwise roadmap for the practice of autoethnography far more enabling than constraining. Here,

it lends structure to summarizing the main data-finding strategies I will use. Chang's main categories: "personal memory data," "self-observational and self-reflective data" and "external data."

Getting "personal memory data" entails chronicling my upbringing, youth and career as it pertains to the themes of settler identity and the incumbent relationship, however much concealed, with the indigenous other. Reliance on memory is one of the most contentious issues, not only in autoethnography, but, more generally, in autobiographies (Eakin, 2011; Schwartz & Sudman, 1994) and life story research (Andrews, 2007; Josselson, 2004). Notoriously questionable in terms of their validity and even truthfulness, memories are subject to conscious and unconscious manipulation, so much so that one has to take quite seriously Renza's (1977) remark that "autobiography is the writer's attempt to elucidate his present, not his past" (p. 3).

But verification, or rather unverifiability, of personal stories is not a unique problem to autoethnography in comparison to any recollection and recitation of lived experience. It is curious to me that, although the burgeoning use of "life history" methods—"the turn to the biographical" as Chamberlayne et al. (2000) call it—goes on attending to, but not slowed by, the challenge of recall accuracy, there is far more suspicion of life stories told by the researcher herself. If I interview and obtain the life story of a Native elder based on that person's unwritten memories, and subsequently use that, why is it inherently more trustworthy than "interviewing" myself? Autoethnographers, in fact, have directly addressed the challenges of using memory in their work where few if any other "artifacts" are available for corroborative purposes. This has included the idea of autoethnographic self-interviewing (Boufoy-Bastick, 2004; Crawley, 2012). I do self-interviewing in this study, mindful of the limits in personal (as in social) history to ever

knowing "the real truth." This means continuously balancing the hermeneutics of faith and suspicion (Josselson, 2004).

In her first fully realized autoethnographic work, albeit unnamed as such, Ellis (1995) provided a description of her transition from realist ethnography to what, at that time, she simply called storytelling. It is a rich account that explains the reasoning and difficulties behind this change, and along the way, provides very specific guidance on how to use recollections methodically and transparently:

> In writing from introspective and reconstructed field notes, I used a process of "emotional recall," similar to the "method acting" of Lee Strasberg at the Actor's Studio . . . To give a convincing and authentic performance, the actor relives in detail a situation in which she previously felt the emotion to be enacted. I placed myself back in situations, conjuring up details until I was immersed in the event emotionally. Because recall increases when the emotional content at the time of retrieval resembles that of the experience to be retrieved . . . this process stimulated memory of more details. (Ellis, 1995, p. 310)

This has been part of my approach and it is enhanced by particular attention I have paid to studying myself in Chapter IV as an "audience" or consumer of selected television programs, movies, books and songs that were personally emblematic and formative in my perspective on colonialism, settlers and indigenes, through those years. I situate my interactions with media and popular-culture representations of the nature of colonial or settler-colonial settler presences and indigenous absences inside a life story. Watching a boyhood favorite movie, like *Lawrence of Arabia* (Spiegel & Lean, 1962) or listening to an iconic folk song such as Gordon Lightfoot's "Canadian Railroad Trilogy" with its image of a vast and empty land awaiting development, are both evocative and informative of how I felt and thought decades before I had any direct engagement with First Nations. Incorporating the critique of popular culture into analysis of colonial or settler-colonial mindsets has been used elsewhere, for example, in the works of Denzin (2002), Veracini (2011) and Young (2003). My approach is also inspired and to extent

imitative of the work of John Fiske (1990) as he watched himself watching television programs, although in this he was not coping with the fact that the viewing took place decades before!

Personal recollection is also a principal source in later chapters, as my post-secondary education and early to mid career moved in an unplanned but retrospectively discernible sequence from biologist to mediator and then to advisor and administrator for First Nations. For this part of my work, events are somewhat easier to chronicle and supportive documentation exists albeit not anywhere as completely as would have been the case had I foreseen my current research! However, with the advantages of greater immediacy and an abundance of possible vignettes to explore, come hard choices of selection. Take a multi-decades swath of a professional life with its nigh countless episodes, and the real danger exists of intentionally or semi-consciously cherry-picking the data of experience to prove some predetermined argument. I could do so in a way that reinstalls my early self-conception as some sort of faithless missionary doing unimpeachable good for the "poor Indians." Or I could choose differently and thereby present myself as a clumsy redneck in a good-guy guise, perpetrating the colonizing work of mainstream settler society. In-between, but perhaps closer to the latter than the former, I have focused on troubling incidents, ones from which there is always the most to learn and even self-transform. I have also used writing itself to guide me into unexpected corners of my career among First Nations. By that I mean that, although I stated with some iconic, for me, situations rife with "disorienting dilemmas" (Mezirow, 1981) and thereby optimized for learning, I let my writing direct me, as much as I directed it. I tried to stay very open to the dialectic inherent in improvisational reflection and had numerous moments when details of events and new ways of interpreting them came only as I sat at my computer writing up what, moments before, had seemed dreary, quotidian detail. I want to underline this productive if dizzying

strategy as a primary means because it has significant ethical implications against which precautions are especially important. If, more or less, I am unearthing key episodes as I write; in fact, using the writing itself as autoethnographic research, much like a self-interview, there is a good chance that other people whom I had never expected to be in the cast of my stories, do suddenly come on stage. It is impractical to think of stopping the writing-as-research process immediately on such emergences and arranging for the usual required steps of ethically writing about others. The result, in my work is that I have had to try to learn what I can from the spontaneously arising recollections and then ensure that key ethical precepts such as guide the way that I continue writing (and thereby researching). If I cannot get those permissions—mindful of the dubious practice of retroactive, then I must, and did often, forego excellently illustrative case materials, ones that would have shed important light on my empathic settler development, but far too much light on others. I will have more to say on the unique challenges of autoethnography below.

"External Data" in Chang's generic terms mean sources such as interviews with people who ostensibly have some vantage on one's self and life; "textual artifacts" including written documents, published or not, by or about the autoethnographic self, visuals such as photos and videos, as well as literature review. I did not in the end use interviews except those that occurred with Tom Mowatt, as discussed in Chapter VI. Other forms of external data are used here: I have dredged up poems that I wrote, as well as dreams from a journal I briefly kept the year I first began to work for First Nations. I also rely to an extent on writings, some published, that punctuate and reflect on my career (Cassidy & Dale, 1988; Dale, 1989, 1999, 2005, 2013; Dale & Kennedy, 1981) as well as various autobiographically-driven papers undertaken in my

graduate work at Antioch University, most of which foregrounded my direct experience working with First Nations.

Why, then, autoethnography? Having located and described the variant of autoethnography which I have chosen, I turn now back to summing up the rationale for my choice. First, we have seen how this approach tries in many ways to shake itself free of epistemic shackles, ones that were entangled with colonialism itself (L. Smith, 1999). Multiple devices have been invented or drawn in from the traditionally more "creative" arts and letters to not only evoke, as Ellis (1997) would say, but *provoke*. In a word, the practice is palpably *unsettling*. And we need that.

This is especially so for those who hold on to standards of evidence and validity carried into social sciences from the mainstream practice (or perception) of the physical sciences. The subjugation of the indigenous has been greatly assisted by positivistic science, whether that manifests in the salvage ethnographies that started in the 19th century (Gruber, 1969), in the supplanting of native healing by discriminatory White health care systems (Kelm, 1998), or in the presumptions of superiority of scientific to traditional knowledge of ecosystems (V. Deloria, 1995), and the resultant smug appropriation of resource governance (D.C. Harris, 2001). It has not been my main purpose to flout the norms of mainstream science, but if the inclusion of atypical data acquired and/or "processed" in unconventional ways makes for unsettlement, all the better.

Worthy as I believe the rationale of choosing methods for their disorienting ability may be, there are more specific and no less important reasons why autoethnography is used here. One of its primary uses has been to access niches and experiences of life that are private and sensitive (Philaretou & Allen, 2006)—growing up with a mentally ill mother (Gee, 2009) or with a parent

considered to be mentally handicapped (Ronai, 1996); having eating disorders (Tillmann-Healy, 1996); being a strip-tease dancer (Pinney, 2005); the death of an intimate (Ellis, 1995); and, coming out and living as a gay or lesbian (Ettorre, 2010; Gust, 2007). These and many other of the areas researched through autoethnography confront social taboos that would normally discourage inquiry. It is hard enough to talk about such experiences or passages, and even harder to find "informants" who agree to be interviewed. Even when willing "subjects" can be found, undiscussable issues confound the researcher's claim to the fullness and veracity of what has been told. These challenges are always present but the more taboo the topic, the greater the problems of accessibility and empathy when studying others. Racism and the presumptive subjugation of ethnicized others most certainly is among the more uncomfortable experiences a person can have. And if that person, of settler stock in a modern settler society, nonetheless, has put himself on the front line working, he wants to believe, on the side of indigenous people, there may be well-practiced avoidance and denial mechanisms hiding any fragments of the mindset that sustains colonialism.

It has been my experience, in fact, as I casually explained the emergence of this research topic to other long-time empathic settlers, that the reaction, inevitably, has been in the form of applauding my efforts and remarking that, yes, they too had seen how *other* professionals working for Natives, were still struggling with such hegemonic demons. None of these conversations showed any recognition that the person herself or himself might still be incompletely decolonized. Such feelings and behaviors in myself and witnessed in empathic settler colleagues reveal an interpersonal undiscussability which argues for using data gathering and analysis with myself as the main "informant."

Finally, I feel that self-revelation, as is most possible by autoethnography, is a key to the "recovery" process that decolonizing the settler mind requires. The venerable, if battered, Freudian premise of healing oneself by surfacing repressed ideas is still seen as foundational to contemporary approaches for confronting trauma (Caruth, 1996). In fact, there is increasing good currency in the view that reflecting on and relating one's story to others is an essential path towards a kind of adaptive stability—homeostasis in Eakin's (2011) usage—the ability to learn and change without utter loss of the self. This has been posited at both the personal level (e.g., White & Epstein, 1990) and the political (Andrews, 2007; Bar-On, 2006; Lykes et al., 1999). Further, Eakin (2011) emphasizes the role of autobiography in making sense of one's *future* as well as the present and the past. As we experience and remember, our protean storyline becomes rife with possibilities of how things may turn out, down different roads at least partly of our choosing. This yield of prescience from self-study is surely vital in conscious efforts to fundamentally change one's course as decolonization of the settler mind must be.

Ethical considerations in a settler's autoethnographic research. Autoethnography, no less than other social research, is ultimately not primarily about self, but about socially significant issues with the researcher as much lens as sole participant. Unless one is writing of situations of truly bizarre solitude, others will come into one's autoethnographic story: "writing about yourself always involves writing about others" (Ellis, 2009, p. 13).

In the work that follows, with the exception of Chapter VI, I have quite intentionally worked to keep the "research participant" or "subject" to that minimal number of one, i.e. myself, aware that there can be no story about the settler mind-set and identity without a cast of others, many of whom are indigenous. In Chapter VI, in fact, which is the only chapter that brings another person, who is Aboriginal, strongly into the narrative, one of the main lessons

pertains to the dangerous ground of Whites recounting Native realities. I tried to do that, not for this dissertation, but for an earlier piece of research and writing within the doctoral program. The chapter will confirm that in so doing I recolonized both my Gitxsan friend and myself. This happened in spite of having subjected the work to prior, formal ethical review and having obtained a collaboratively prepared and signed consent form.

That all happened before I began on this dissertation underscoring the importance for my professional work and this writing, of eschewing White-settler writing about Natives. This was born in mind as I went through the improvisational writing process (see above), meaning that many of the potential episodes that bore interestingly on the challenge of decolonizing the settler, could have no place in this analysis. Further, it has meant that, in those parts of the story where individual or groups of Native people figure, I have written, revised and re-written it to ensure that I am not inferring their views or attributing perspectives to them, no matter how confident I may be that I understood. Other precautions have included leaving out identifying details of episodes and the use in a few instances of pseudonyms as an added defense against identifiability. Finally, I have used the simple but unsettling test suggested by Medford (2006):

> As we write, we should imagine our subjects sitting in the front row at our conference panels, reading our journal articles like newspapers on their morning commutes, or pouring over the pages of our academic texts before they go to bed at night. We should write as if our writing was accessible to all. (p. 862)

I tried to do this, mindful, though, that this is just a thought experiment, one that, again, privileges me to project, however briefly, into the ultimately unknowable of others' minds and sentience. Again, the main step used has been to *not* write about First Nations people but to turn the mirror around on me, on the ways I have chosen to interact and the thoughts behind such choices. Respecting others as opposed to "othering" them (Krumer-Nevo & Sidi, 2012) is as essential to the writing of this study as it is to the broader social vision of decolonizing us all.

Chapter IV: Growing Up Settler

> There is no steady unretracing progress in this life; we do not advance through fixed gradations, and at the last one pause: —through infancy's unconscious spell, boyhood's thoughtless faith, adolescence' doubt (the common doom), then scepticism, then disbelief, resting at last in manhood's pondering repose of *If*. But once gone through, we trace the round again; and are infants, boys, and men, and Ifs eternally. Where lies the final harbor, whence we unmoor no more? In what rapt ether sails the world, of which the weariest will never weary? (Melville, 1851/1974, p. 448)

> And I believed, perhaps like you, that history was a myth. Until a series of encounters with the Here and Now gave a sudden urgency to my studies. Until the Here and Now gripping me by the arm, slapping my face and telling me to take a good look at the mess I was in, informed me that history was no invention but indeed existed—and I had become part of it. (Swift, 1985, p. 46)

> That there is no final or adequate narrative reconstruction of the prehistory of the speaking 'I' does not mean we cannot narrate it. It only means that at the moment when we narrate we become speculative philosophers or fiction writers. (Butler, 2005, p. 78)

> A brave young man with a trembling word,
> "What am I doin' here?" (Verne, 1960, from "Please Mr. Custer")

What Am I Doing Here?

What am I doing here, in this chapter, in this life? Autobiography of sorts, but a carefully themed and selective one, not at all my whole life story in the limelight, but focused on the lingering aftermath of one of history's great atrocities—the invasion and subjugation of the so-called New World and its insinuation into settler life. I want to describe and analyze "the making of a settler," a contemporary settler. Legion are the musty old archives of journals and memoirs of the first generations of those who left Europe and explored or made their new homes as a front guard of colonial taking. Fewer, but now emerging, are accounts of being a settler in the 21st century (e.g., Lynne Davis, 2010; P. Regan , 2010) and rarely are these much more than a celebration of the White narrator's epiphany into empathy. My experience has not been so continually upward or uplifting.

As I traversed a career of working for and closely with indigenous peoples in not-so-post-colonial Canada, shedding, I sometimes thought, the skin of the paternalistic invader-settler, I found that the "here-and-now" of my practice was never so free of the past as I had thought, hoped, and expected to be possible.

The puzzle I seek to deconstruct is how hegemonic drives so blatant in the first waves of Europeans to this continent endure into the changing times of political incorrectness to applaud conquest, into the personal era of my empathic work with "the colonized"—which will be looked at in later chapters. I take, as strongly indicative, my response to watching a film in 1992, *Far and Away,* the story of dirt-poor (literally) Irish immigrants to America in the late 19th century (R. Howard, Grazer, & Dolman, 1992). In the closing scene after an exciting array of mishaps and setbacks, and the concluding vast and heart-stopping scene of the "Oklahoma Land Run" of 1893[10], hero, Joseph Donnelly (played by Tom Cruise) at last stands on his "own" piece of land and proclaims loudly, "This land is mine; mine by destiny." Sitting, watching this finale in Sandspit on Haida Gwaii in 1992, I could feel, as the director no doubt wished me to, a rush of approbation, relief, yes, unrepentant gratification in Donnelly's dream fulfilled. Yet, what I was watching was a European newcomer declaring faithfully the cant of conquest (Jennings, 1975) that has underlain land taking in the Americas for five centuries.

I did not pause for a moment then—by that time, well into my career on "the Native side"—to ask how that particular piece of Indian country came to be this hero's right, as he said, "by destiny." A closer reading would have revealed how that land in the "Cherokee Strip" came to be available for these stampedes of thousands of White settlers. And I could have learned how,

[10] The disposition of "public land" in Oklahoma in the late 1800s proceeded via a raucous and often dangerous process whereby land-hungry would-be settlers would line up and then on signal race across the grasslands to

indeed, the phrase "Cherokee Strip" even came to be, as this is the name for a tribe whose traditional territory lay far to the east from Oklahoma. With the other of the five "civilized tribes," the Cherokee had been forcibly relocated half a century before from the southeastern USA on the infamous "Trail of Tears" (Ehle, 1988; Gilbert, 1996; Perdue & Green, 2005). All of which cries out the underlying question of how the U.S. Federal Government ever came to hold lands, eventually transferred to the Civilized Tribes and then to White settlers. What people prehistorically owned and occupied what came to be known generically as "Indian Territory"? And how did they lose it? Probably the Wichita tribe was displaced by Comanche, Osage and Ute, whose prowess grew with the advent of European rifles and horses (Gibson 1984). But the problematic provenance of what Joseph Donnelly claimed "by right" was something I neither knew then nor ever attempted, at that time, to comprehend.

One could keep on with this tracing, this time forward, to the calamitous fate of settlers like Donnelly and his descendants when several decades later their farming practices and bad luck with the weather combined to create one of modern times' most devastating anthropogenic environmental disasters, the Dust Bowl (Worster, 1982). This drove many such settlers, as told in fiction in Steinbeck's novel, *The Grapes of Wrath,* west to occupy a California, already cleansed of much of its indigenous population (Lindsay, 2012). One could add to this cascade of tragic ironies, the popularity in the 1950s of a wholly sanitized celebration of Oklahoma's ascent to statehood in the eponymous popular musical by Rogers and Hammerstein. The cultural interweaving of stories, fictional and not, infused with colonial history though inexplicitly, is suggestive of just how immersive settler colonial fictions can be in erasing the blunt realities of foundational violence and theft.

We will come back to this engulfment, but my main point now is that young Joseph Connelly the mythico-settler-hero, was indeed fulfilling a destiny, a manifest destiny (e.g., Stephanson, 1996) that, by that name or otherwise, had led to the occupation and land seizure, unjust, as well as illegal, of North America including where I was living, Haida Gwaii (even in 1992 still officially named the Queen Charlotte Islands). Concurrent to my unhesitant delight at Connelly's ostensibly well-deserved triumph, I had been seeing myself as an agent of cross-cultural education, working to persuade the non-Native resident leadership of Haida Gwaii of the historic transgressions underlying Haida demands for at least a fragmentary return of their sovereignty (Dale, 1999). A revisionist crusader, yet one who, it seems, still instinctively sided with the historical forces that perpetrated anti-indigenous injustice! Thus the puzzle we come back to and the purpose of this chapter: where did such resilient pro-settler, pro-colonial thoughts come from? How could the man (me) who would later celebrate the steady, slow growth of appreciation for the rightness of the Haida position (Dale, 1999) empathize so automatically with a notorious land grab in 19th century Oklahoma? Most simply, and no doubt correctly, the answer that comes is: I was raised "that way." This chapter examines what "that way" was.

Immersed in Our Historical Milieu: Can the Settler Really Decolonize?

Before I open up and look hard at my early formative years, there is a need to outline the analytic framework to be used in working through a themed life story. Human psychological development has been a target for an enormous array of distinct disciplines and cross-disciplines. Everyone, scholarly or otherwise, has a view on the transit from newborn to maturity and beyond. When it is one's own life, it is especially easy to ramble on, emboldened by one's seemingly indisputable authority on "what *really* happened" and this easiness is why telling one's life is fraught with hazards, hazards of memory's fallibility, of personal historical

revisionism, intentional or not, and also from the overabundance of competing theories about the trajectory. There are always more than enough explanations for any road taken. Vast literatures exist under such headings as "socialization" or "enculturation' and in numerous disciplines, not to mention in the realm of Creative Literature[11], on how a life is affected if not molded by particular environments. At one pole of thought on this is that we are, as Omar Khayyam via Edward Fitzgerald so beautifully put it, in his creative translation of the *Rubaiyāt of Omar Khayyam*

> No other than a moving row
> Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
> Round with the Sun-illumined lantern held
> In Midnight by the Master of the Show; (Fitzgerald, 1859/1954, p. 184)

At the other extreme pole is the idea that from an early age, if not infancy, we are self-constructing existential agents, radically free to be the story we choose, even if the settings and circumstances are not so optional. Indeed, the typical autobiography claims such autonomy, at least implicitly, often portraying the self as defiantly struggling and usually overcoming the strictures of his or her environment. This is what Eakin (1999) deems "the illusion of self-determination" (p. 43).

As my use of the word, pole, implies, there is and must be room between the versions of complete determinism and the existential, fully free agent. This chapter seeks the subtle but powerful influences, which penetrate, I believe, the thinking of even the most empathic settler-colonist. Yet, it would be both depressing and inconsistent with my experience to see myself caught inescapably in the web of that cultural formation. Such utter impotence cannot be accepted as an excuse for blundering forward like an automaton in conveniently self-serving

[11] I use this capitalized phrase to include novels, short stories, poetry as well as the ever-more frequent and intriguing crossovers between fiction and non-fiction. It is certainly not meant to exclude scholarly research writing from the domain of creativity!

hegemony. Where my imperatives on this lead is somewhere in between, indeed towards a dynamic conception of the self in relation to his/her immersing society, well captured by Jo-anne Fiske (1990) whose "excursion into autoethnography" explores "the idea of a symbolic environment that is constructed by a social agent out of socially available resources, and that equally constructs the agent as a social member" (Fiske, 1990, p. 88). In sociology, some have theorized and studied the topic of "individualization" in which, in the face of an always-present commanding social and institutional setting, each person deploys her choices: "The decisive feature of these modern regulations or guidelines is that far more than earlier, individuals must, in part, supply them for themselves, import them into their biographies through their own actions" (Beck & Beck-Gernsheim, 2002, p. 2).

The field of life-history studies (Chamberlayne et al., 2000; Rosenthal, 1993) with its direct focus on the intersection of macro-social-worlds and micro-life-worlds, has evolved towards a balanced, dynamic understanding of how personhood arises from the interplay of forces we can and cannot control. It aims for "creative bridging of the macro-micro gap" (Heintz & Krüger, 2001), emphasizing the choices that individuals make as they face historical and social forces, opportunities and constrictions. The perspective I choose to write from here is that this interplay is largely about the growth of agency: the ways we look at things as a small child may be largely beyond our control, but as youth unfolds, misattributions about Native and colonial realties become less pardonable. Which connects back to my bemusing moment when as a 43-year old experienced professional in cross-cultural mediation, in 1992, I could still be elated by Settler Joseph Connelly's so-problematic assertion, "This land is mine; mine by destiny."

My Approach in This Chapter

In this chapter, I have undertaken a forced remembrance of things past, not the whole of my biographical profile, but of salient memories of what seem like the most influential texts and experiences of my formative first 20 years vis-à-vis Natives, Native/Settler relations and colonialism. A few asides may help to answer questions this procedure raises.

The approach I have taken to identify and seek out the significance of "teachings" from half a century ago, and longer, a kind of archaeology of the self. When archaeologists attempt to reconstruct how a long-ago people lived and thought, they resort to fragments of durable artifacts. After all, they cannot know the humans and communities more directly. They dig in the ground primarily to get a sense of people who are no longer. As Ingold (1999) wryly remarks, "The problem, it appears for archaeologists is that they are always too late" (p. ix).

To a significant degree, I am in the same position. Norman Dale, the young child, the adolescent and the maturing youth, is almost as gone from me, as Neanderthals are distant from archaeologists. What tangibly remains, in my case, are such fragments of my past's material culture as films and TV I used to watch, stories read to me and later by me; songs I heard and sang, and the traces of significant public events to which I was witness. These, in addition to fragmentary direct experiences, fragmentarily recollected that bear in some way on the question: how was I shaped into, and shaping, my settler self?

I began this work with a sense that my first twenty years were but thinly connected to topics of Natives, Native-settler relations and colonialism. In contrast, I found there was really more there than I could cover. In first stabs at writing about growing up settler, I found that I was really interviewing myself, trying to do so with the same balancing of respect and skepticism, or

as Josselson (2004) inspired by Ricouer's terminology called it, faith versus suspicion. The self-interview may implicitly be what any autoethnography relies on (Crawley, 2012).

From talking to myself unsystematically I concluded a more direct formal interview was needed, looking in a more structured way, at selected, salient topics through dialogue with a younger me. And this is what happened.

Growing Up Settler: An Interview With My Younger Self

> I think we are well-advised to keep on nodding terms with the people we used to be, whether we find them attractive company or not. Otherwise they turn up unannounced and surprise us, come hammering on the mind's door at 4 a.m. of a bad night and demand to know who deserted them, who betrayed them, who is going to make amends.—Joan Didion from "On Keeping a Notebook" in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem (1968)*

We scheduled the interview for very early in the morning. Having known this young man for so long, if not so well, I knew he also would be up in this quiet time of a summer dawn well before we would be disturbed. And he liked his coffee strong and black, un-coincidentally just like me.

He arrives punctually. He is about my height but quite a few pounds lighter. We shake hands awkwardly and at my suggestion he sits down in my office Lazy-Boy chair, a steaming mug of Starbucks beside him.

Figure 4.1. The author in 1967 (aged 18).

While I got my laptop ready for recording and checked my e-mail, I saw that he was looking around at all the books in my office and also glancing over at the computer screen as if a run-of-the-mill MacBook was a major oddity—which of course it was to him. Most teenagers these days are nonchalantly adept with all the bells and whistles of a much more sophisticated

system—but not my interviewee. Now he was staring and I had to briefly explain how and why, to paraphrase his query, the typewriter was connected to a television. Before it got too geeky however, he drew back and said, "Well we're not here to talk about your gadgets. I'm the topic, eh?"

Yes, I confirmed, adding that I also was trying to find out something about myself to which he raised an eye both quizzical and knowing. I'd practiced for this moment and thought back to training I had in life history interviewing with Dan Bar-On in Hamburg a half dozen years ago. His was the minimalist approach of just saying enough at the beginning of the interview to get the subject, or as he called it, "the biographer," going and then speaking only as necessary. Yet, as I plotted this protocol, I had doubts that my re-encounter with the subject after such a long time could be held to so one-sided a non-conversation and so jumped in with my preamble, accepting that this might go anywhere.

The world I was thrown into.

Old Norman:

As I told you in my invitation, I would like to explore your childhood and youth with emphasis on the connection to indigenous peoples whom for a long time were called Indians.

Young Norman:

Why Indians?

Old Norman:

Can I just say for now, without getting into a long tangent about it, that that's my field? I have spent most of the last three decades working for them or as a facilitator helping them in struggles with other groups like government and industry. As we talk, more of this can come out but let's talk first of your personal background, okay? Let's get that down for starts.

Young Norman:

(*nods, albeit with a puzzled look)*I was born in Prince Edward Island in 1948 but the family soon moved to Ottawa and then Montreal. My father was in the Royal Canadian Air Force so we shifted around a bit.

Old Norman:

He wasn't from Canada, right?

Young Norman:

No. *(Somewhat impatiently)* As *you know* he was a Czech who fled the Germans when they invaded the Sudetenland in 1938.

Old Norman: *(Explaining the approach)*

Sorry for what may sometimes seem obvious questions but I need to get it all down in the transcript so that others will understand.

So, your mother's background?

Young Norman:

She was of Scottish ancestry; most of her people came over from the Highlands, forced from their homes by the enclosures movement. We had lots of relatives on Prince Edward island, and always spent summers at Aunt Pearle and Uncle George's, a little farm at Cherry Valley. That was really what we called home. It was the constant, the one sure thing

Heidegger's (1962) concept of thrown-ness—*Geworfenheit*—has struck me since I encountered it first in an undergraduate course, as a powerful and anxious way to grasp the perils of identity and freedom. We are not born into a milieu of unlimited cultural potential, nor the freedom to grow up learning and believing the way things "really are." For me, if not written in stone, then written in sand, were prenatal experiences of a seventh generation Scottish mother and newly-arrived Czech-Jewish émigré father, and, of course, their "tribes" and ancestors immediate and distant. Heidegger's thrownness, to be clear, is not only about that initial most determinative accident of one's birth but what we are then submersed in every day unto life's end. But let us briefly focus on the initial world into which I was thrown. In this I will be first specific, highlighting the stories of my parents, both of which are infused with themes of loss of home and also, it turns out, concealed identities. Then I turn to the broader identities I was born to and which have figured so prominently in the social discourse of my lifetime—gender, race (Whiteness) and others.

My mother's ancestors were all Scottish, or so we thought for many years. We also believed that her line of ancestors came to Canada mainly in flight from the brutal annihilation of tiny rural hamlets in the "Highland Clearances." And thus I was raised with such ideas that the

Campbells had betrayed "us" at Glencoe (Linklater, 1982) just as the lairds would shamefully turn their backs on tenant crofters (Prebble, 1963) somewhat later. Veritable refugees, I would still many years later look—as others have done more systematically (Calloway, 2008; James Hunter, 1996)—for parallels between the plight of First Nations and our own lost and mourned home. These analogies of suffering, as Veracini (2010) points out, serve a function of self-justification for colonizing another's land, and set the stage for in many other ways replacing the indigenous with one's exiled self.

In fact, our forebears migrated primarily from a number of lowland townships, and, like many ambitious young Scots (Bumsted, 1987, 2001) probably did so voluntarily seeking that "better life" across the ocean. Most Highlanders were Roman Catholic. My mother's people were Protestants, indeed long-ago converts to one of the most austere break-away sects of Presbyterianism, the Free Church of Scotland, into which I was un-fruitfully baptized. We grew up in what seemed self-contradictory, concurrent thralls of English royalty's pomp and circumstance and an unsubstantiated yet strong sense of having come from a line of evacuees. In fact, the emigration from the Scottish lowlands where my ancestors were mostly from was not to seek refuge but economic betterment (see also Landsman, 1999).

Old Norman:
Having Scottish roots was pretty important around your home, then?
Young Norman:
More when we were 'home' on PEI. I remember our spinster aunt had loads of books about Scotland and the tragedies the Highlanders had suffered. We went all the Highland games events and she even bought me a chanter so I could learn the bagpipes!
Old Norman:
So there was a feeling of having been driven away from an ancestral homeland?
Young Norman:
Definitely!

Old Norman:

Who caused this?

Young Norman:

The English and the traitor Campbells. I remember there was a family in our Montreal neighborhood named that and I had a hard time feeling friendly what with the betrayal at Glencoe!

Old Norman:

Yet, if I remember correctly, you and your family were pretty loyal to the British Crown, real fans of the monarchy and the British connection, no?

Young Norman:

Yes, I see where you're going and it doesn't seem to make a lot of sense. But the Coronation of Elizabeth II was the big event, in fact the first one I remember, repeated again and again in newsreels show at school as well as movie theaters in 1953, before we even had a television. A few years later, the 1959 Royal Visit was a big deal. We saw her open the St. Lawrence Seaway and a month later, got real close when she attended the harness races in Charlottetown. Really a childhood highlight!

Settler colonialism, while originating in our more ordinary understanding of what is to colonize, becomes a matter of considerably more complex drives, motivations and fears (Veracini, 2010). The European, who ended up in Imperial India or along the coastal fringes of Africa, might have envisioned a lengthy career but for the most part, never doubted an eventual homecoming to the "metropole" or motherland. Where that connectivity was impaired, the expatriate came into "the horror, the horror" of "going native" in mysterious violent dark colonial spaces. But the political and psychological dynamics of the newcomer, who never leaves, never intends to, indeed, eventually is born to what is now a numerical majority of invaders of the Others' lands, is far more complex and ambiguous. The disposition our family had towards both a mythical Highlands refugee status and fidelity to things English including the monarch is more understandable in terms of these messy dynamics. "Ambivalent emotional strategies relating to location and origin are thus one consequence of settler colonialism's inherent ambiguity" (Veracini, 2010, p. 21). My family's self-righteousness and oblivious occupation and enjoyment of indigenous lands, could be founded on both the idea that "we too

have suffered" but also that Britain had every right to taking over the hitherto vast and empty spaces of North America.

Buried family secrets and their Disinterment.

Old Norman:

You were upset when the old Red Ensign flag that Canada flew was replaced by the current red maple-leaf one, weren't you?

Young Norman:

I felt that we were being forced to abandon our heritage because the French didn't like the symbol of the Union Jack in the corner of the old flag.

Old Norman:

Yet wasn't that same Union Jack the most trenchant symbol of Empire under which so much of the world including what we now call Canada was subjugated, often brutally?

Young Norman:

(Shrugging though pensively) I still hate that it happened.

Old Norman:

So do I and yet I'm all wrapped up in now decolonizing work these days! But I would like to go back to your father. You said he was a Czech. Of course that part of the world has many different ethnic and religious groups. What do you know about his religion?

Young Norman:

Our mother said his denomination was not one seen much over here, "the National Church of Czechoslovakia," she once told my brother.

Old Norman:

Hmm. Never heard of that one

Young Norman:

Me neither and I once tried to look it up but, found nothing. (pauses for a few seconds) Last fall—or, sorry—the fall of 1966, my brother and I visited his sister in Boston. There were "Happy New Year Cards"—something I'd never seen before on her mantle. And she referred to the fact that she taught Hebrew part-time. One and one make two, I guess.

Old Norman:

You mean he was?

Young Norman:

A Jew. Yes, I think . . . yes, he was Jewish.

Old Norman:

Quite a secret to have kept from his kids.

Young Norman:

Tell me about it!

Old Norman:

So, his fleeing Czechoslovakia was not just about the dangers of a foreign invasion. He must have had a suspicion about what the Nazis had in mind for the Jews.

Young Norman:

(*Almost inaudibly)* Yes!

On my father's side the flight from the old country was far more recent and far less controvertible. What we, his children were not told, was that he and his family were Jews, inhabitants of the ill-fated, lost shtetl community of Velcky Bherezny, then in eastern-most Czechoslovakia, but annexed to the U.S.S.R. and now within Ukraine. We did hear stories of Velcky Bherezny, the Czech folktales, the comings and goings of gypsies - just not the Jewish part of it.

Mine was never a Church-going family, in part because my mother hated the fundamentalism, the creepy fire-and-brimstone sermons of that Free Church. But when we asked her—for some reason we knew better than to ask my father—what denomination he was, she answered "a European church that we don't have in Canada." Thus the concealment of my father's Jewishness was sustained so that only in our late teens did the pieces fit together and we correctly surmised his religious identity. In fact, the first time I heard my father explicitly say he was Jewish was when I helped with his admission to a hospital for surgery in 1996—I was 48! I have puzzled—and there was no alternative to puzzling for he would never discuss his background or why he hid it for so long—as to what lay behind this secrecy. I do not know to what extent it was like Kurt Lewin's (1941/1948) ideas about "self-hatred in Jews." This phenomenon was recognized long before the Sho'ah and is also theorized for other groups who have been the objects of historic racial and ethnic violence—which would include indigenous

people in settler states. I will come back subsequently to the possible connection between this paternal denial of identity and the underlying drive in me to become a proactively empathic settler. Here, the point is that I was not openly exposed to the personal side of the then recent genocide. That important secret was kept from me, leaking—the literature of child-psychological development and of Holocaust descendants might say—into the chilling phenomenon of a parent's agony passed on without being named.

To return briefly to my mother's side, there was also an enormous though highly individual secret that remained skillfully kept until I was middle-aged. For my siblings and me, military brats, whose domicile changed more often than we wanted, our perceived real home was the farm where my aunt and uncle lived in Prince Edward Island. It was the fixed leg of our journey's compass. We had no surviving grandparents, but my aunt was 23 years older than my mother. Our going each summer to their farm was like entering a Norman Rockwell scene, where the aging proxy granny and grandpa welcomed us lovingly. Then, after both my aunt and mother were deceased, in 1993, my siblings and I learned almost by accident that that elderly "aunt" was actually my mother's mother, our biological grandmother. Her family of "sisters" and their children (our cousins) had staunchly "protected" us from the long-ago shame of my mother's illegitimate birth, our "aunt's" imprudence, and, thereby the existence of a whole wing of hitherto unknown lineage. In fact, our purebred Scottish pedigree was now halved as we discovered, again in middle age, links to a family whose traditional self-account was that, "the forbearers were French Huguenots who fled from France during the religious persecutions . . . escaped to Holland, then to the Isle of Jersey . . . before crossing the Atlantic to America." (North Tryon Historical Association, 1993, p.198). That family became Loyalists to the British Crown when America fought for independence and were designated "United Empire Loyalists"

as they fled to Prince Edward Island. Indeed, the family was more *bona fide* repeat-refugees than my mother's Scottish ancestors turned out to have been.

Of course I could belabor the immediate family world into which I was thrust in 1948 at a more voluminous length, but let us summarize: significant background that spilled into my youth and beyond was of a settler milieu, peopled with both ambitious immigrants and some forced evacuees. Equally important, core aspects of both parents' familial identities were subject to resolute concealment in hopes that my generation would be spared humiliation, shame and perhaps even future ethnocide. I now ask myself: could part of my attraction to working with indigenous peoples be the reversed place of cultural and personal history that they typically had had? Early Canada and its churches attempted to obliterate their Indian-ness, to cast away who they were and force on them an assimilative and inferior identity. This contrasts with my upbringing where my legacy was also expunged but by my own parents and a supporting cast of relatives. When my father's brother visited us once from Israel, when I was thirteen, I asked him why so many of my father's kin chose to resettle in Israel. Cunningly, he stepped into my father's (and mother's) project of hiding paternal ethnicity, saying, "Well, Norman: our family had a lot in common with the Jews." As colonial programs such as residential schools openly sought to "kill the Indian in the child," my family successfully ensured that Jew in me could never be even born. Later in this work, I will delve further into these several crypts, recognizing here only that when ancestral stories are not properly buried and mourned, the unfinished business of earlier generations continues to haunt, and to make a mystery—even onto oneself—of our choices and actions (Schwab, 2010).

Peter Pan and the Picanninis.

Old Norman:

You mentioned the Coronation as a very early and memorable media event for you. I understand that another favorite of yours was the story, film and stage play, *"Peter Pan."* I'm interested in

your recollections of this because it would have been a very early exposure to representations of that time of Indians.

Young Norman:

Oh ya! First thing comes to mind? Tiger Lily! I remember she had me spellbound and though I couldn't have been more than 6, I'd have to say it was lust.

Old Norman:

What about the other Indians of her tribe? They were called the Picanninis.

Young Norman:

Really? Bad name. But, ya, they were scary but not as much as the Pirates. It was different, they. They didn't seem very smart and their cruelty came from just being odd not greedy and cunning like Captain Hook.

Old Norman:

Can I read you a poem I wrote recently, thinking back about Peter, Tiger Lily, and the Picanninis?

Young Norman:

Fire away!

Trying to Be Peter – Unpublished Poem by Norman Dale

"Your earliest memory?" asks the shrink I saw in '85
for sure nothing about Indians.
That croquet set, got for my fourth birthday, and
Whose bright colored balls never saw the light of day
Closeted in our land-less apartment,
Until one military move too many
Took them all away.
Pry as he might,
That shrink would never find the Indian in *my* mind's cupboard
But now, I poke around
Seeking clues of redemption.
Peter Pan book, screen and stage, unrelinguishable fantasy of endless freedom
In the background—where else? —the Picanninnis,
Dubious Aboriginals of *Neverland,*
Perpetrating kiddy fears,
As in a different way for me even at six,
Was Tiger Lilly, helpless brown maiden,
Waiting to be saved by my alter ego Peter.

Far too pretty, *"most beautiful of dusky Dianas . . . belle of the Piccaninnies, Coquettish . . . cold and amorous . . . by turns"*[12]
Piques motherly Wendy
Who maintains *"her private opinion . . . that the redskins should not call her a squaw."*[13]

Could I ever be Peter, all puffed-up and puffing peace pipe with heap Big Chief,
Though a mere boy,
more than ready for his Piccannini baptism as
" 'Great White Father' . . . as they grovelled at his feet"[14]

'Picaninni,' is from conquistador Portuguese for our own Never New Land,
forever pequeninos, "small children."
And Peter, cool and hep to native ways
More at home in others' homes than they were themselves, those ghostly unsettled,
We, great, White, ever-burdened.
Some will call us flâneur, nimble boundary-hoppers,
Like Lawrence of Arabia, like my father.
How I wished!

I surmise that a main "take-away" for me from *Peter Pan* was the notion of a White person, even a boy, being able to navigate the culture of and relationships with Natives, achieving preternatural leadership status.[15] He saves Princess Tiger Lilly and so easily becomes "the Great White Father" with the attendant "groveling" by the Natives, servitude that would never have come so smoothly in early contact, but fulfilling a wish, a belief of natural deference to one's betters.

He adapted easily to their culture, understood their ways enough to exercise such leadership while, of course, there was no reciprocal cross-cultural mobility among the Natives. Thus, he could stand confidently with the gigantic Chief, undoubted master of the Other's

[12] Barrie, J.M. (1911, p. 82)
[13] Barrie, J.M. (1911, p. 151)
[14] Barrie, J.M. (1911, p. 151)
[15] The play and movie versions of Peter Pan have been examined as exemplifying the "White imperial imaginary" (Brewer, 2007) and, in a distinct, though complementary serious but playful analysis by B. Miller (2001) who sees British Columbian settler society as collectively like Peter Pan holder having conveniently vague memories of how "Neverland" became their home.

ethnicity. Peter was obviously enjoying this role and his ease of transitioning in and out of it. I would see this again in the admirable fluidity of T.E. Lawrence as depicted in the movie *Lawrence of Arabia*, (Spiegel & Lean, 1962) and then in my father in his role in Nigeria, 1967.

Their pidgin language, ineluctable and childish misuse of pronouns ("Me Tiger Lily") is the wallpaper for the natural assumption of power by White Peter Pan over the eponymous "little children," i.e. Piccaninny whose name is their permanent identity and thereby the "White man's burden." They can be allies, much as First Nations joined variously with the French and English in eastern North America in the 18th century, or sided with North or South in the later U.S. Civil War. Significantly, when these alliances were no longer vital due to one side or another prevailing, the tribes became first superfluous and then an outright obstacle to the manifest destiny of the winners (Axtell, 1985). The stage was set for setter colonials to make the Piccannies vanish and then lament their "inevitable" passing! And who can fill their niche? Well, of course, even small White boys used to wonder, "what makes the red man red?" [16]

Cowboys, Indians and frontiersmen in movies and on TV.

Old Norman:

As I reflected recently on your childhood and youth—you'll pardon me for doing so, I know—I actually came up with quite a few "texts" that relate to Natives, or more generally White colonialism. I'd like to run a few of these by you . . .

Young Norman:

(Interrupts) . . . I don't really recall much about the history textbooks we had in grades 5 and 6 except that they told a pretty consistent story of how brave and determined the pioneers had been in a savage land—that sort of thing.

Old Norman:

Oh, sorry, I am using "text" more generally in a way that a philosopher named Derrida (1967/1976) used it to refer to pretty well any visual or verbal presentation that we can

[16] This was the title of song within the Disney cartoon version of Peter Pan (Disney, Geronimi, Jackson, & Luske, 1953). and is packed with stereotypes and demeaning apocryphal explanations of indigenous culture.

experience. So I mean films, fictitious and real stories, songs, even paintings and the like. But of course, a textbook is also one kind of text. So please continue.

Young Norman:

Strange use of that word! But, anyway, like I was saying there was one history book called Canada Then and Now and also a book my older brother had which I used sometimes for extra information so that there'd be more in my essays than just parroting back what the school book said. Lower called it "Colony to Nation" I think.

Old Norman:

Yes, I know that one and it's a good one to think about because its title said it all. It was how Canada went from being under British direct rule prior to 1867 and slowly but surely to an autonomous state. That was Lower's (1946) and many other White Canadians take on decolonization, steady upward arc to independence. However, at the very same time the Canadian government was ruling the Natives imperially. Did your history classes deal with that or explain how and why Indians lost control of the lands that they exclusively ruled and possessed?

Young Norman:

I guess the rationale was never clear but we certainly weren't taught that Indians had forms of government and ownership. The whole continent was the Frontier, the Wild West and the European came to make something of land that had been uncultivated and under-used. We were taught that the place was vast and largely unoccupied.

Old Norman:

So back to the media for a bit. "Cowboys and Indians" was a focus for many kids growing up in the 50s and 60s. Sometimes it was a role-playing adventure, sometimes just something to watch, a genre that dominated what kids of the time watched in TV and at movie theaters, Can you talk a bit about your recollections of "Cowboys and Indians"?

Young Norman:

I was really into it, for sure. I had cap guns in holsters and dozens of toy figures, mostly cowboys a few Indians and an assortment of others like modern soldiers and football players. They'd all get into the battles I made up.

Old Norman:

What about TV and the movies?

Young Norman:

Yes, my favorite shows on radio and then television were about cowboy heroes like Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy. And of course the Lone Ranger which—'cause I now you'll ask—was the only one where an Indian, Tonto, was featured

Old Norman:

What did you think of him?

Young Norman:

He was just another sidekick—all the TV cowboys all had though usually they were comical. Not Tonto. I really only remember that he had few words and, as you know, they were in broken, pidgin English. But he was no fool and sometimes even saved the day.

Old Norman:

Did you ever take the turn of playing Indian?

Young Norman:

No one did.[17] They were make-believe, just imaginary figures moving about unseen in the woods.

In 1955 my family lived in Ottawa and we became about the first household with a TV, the advent of which led to my immediately enhanced albeit ephemeral popularity among boys in the neighborhood. About the same time, a gaggle of us 6 or 7 year olds played, as so many of the time did, an unscripted (we thought) game, many times a week of "cowboys and Indians." Of its little repeated plots I recall very little. There was an abandoned railroad line close by, and I do remember it was a lumpy terrain well suited to feigned ambushes of the cowboys by the Indians or vice versa. The same theatrics were possible back in my bedroom as, like so many young boys of the era, I treasured a cast of plastic figures of cowboys and Indians who could be brought out of their paper bag and cast into puerile confrontations where the good guys always eventually beat back the savages. Thus my little "toys of genocide" (Yellow Bird, 2004) could perform the canonical master narratives, crudely recomposed by me, and thereby becoming so deeply ingrained in my young psyche. The plots we concurrently watched on TV or at Saturday afternoon matinees were vital guides and inspirations to our own creative play-work, reinforcing the inculcation of Settler mentality.

[17] Interestingly, well after this self-interview took place, I came across some commentary by the indigenous writer, Thomas King to a very similar effect: "When my brother and I were kids, we would dress up and play cowboys and Indians with the rest of the kids . . . Now that I think of it, I don't remember anyone who wanted to be an Indian (T. King, 2012, p.21).

My first favorite was the self-proclaimed "King of the Cowboys" (we never doubted or questioned this bizarre claim to rank), Roy Rodgers. He was soon to be supplanted for me by television and cinema heroes whose exploits were of a far more overt colonialist theme. Most salient was the Disney version of Davy Crockett, based on a real-life "frontiersman," a serialized TV program that anchored what became a fad where most small boys wanted and, as was the case with me, got someone to buy the iconic "coonskin" hat. The first and for me most memorable of the series was titled *"Davy Crockett: Indian Fighter"* (Disney & Foster, 1955) first telecast in late 1954 when I was six. Seen almost 60 years ago, (and revisited on YouTube), I can be absorbed by the foreboding atmosphere as Crockett tracked, tricked and, ultimately defeated the Creek Indians by outdoing them in their own woodlands skills.

Among the most revealing moments in the series came at the beginning when Crockett's "side-kick" arrives at Davy's log cabin to accompany the hero on a dangerous mission against the Creek. The Creek have inexplicably (at least in the TV program) gone on the warpath. On the steps of his log cabin, Crockett says farewell to his family. His wife, characteristically in the weak, naive but female part in such heroics, begs him not to go. His reply encapsulates the rationale for warfare against the Indians.

> You're a mighty pretty little woman, Mrs. Crockett, but you'd be a terriful (sic) looks with your hair all scalped off . . . And the boys wouldn't look so good either. Don't forget the Creeks massacreed (sic) every man, woman and child at Fort Mims. (Disney & Foster, 1955)

The peril of a non-White, devious bloodthirsty enemy, one that would be recreated soon in Southeast Asia (Slotkin, 1992), chilled me wonderfully. There would, of course, be no deeper examination of the specifics of this historically based "massacree" nor of the pervasive unarticulated mystery of just why so many tribes had such murderous hatred for nice people like

Crockett's pretty wife and cute children. This "puzzle" would not be revisited for many years, not in popular culture nor by me.

Let us now expatiate,[18] as I could not have done so many years ago, when Crockett's exploits and the threat of inexplicable violent Natives came at me over the TV. There was, indeed, a ferocious confrontation in 1813 at Fort Mims, an outpost several miles from what is modern Atlanta. But it was but one chapter in what has been described as the most vicious of the many "Indian Wars" of the 19th century. Simply put, this war was armed resistance by one faction of a tribe that was more typically agrarian and peaceful. Notwithstanding, the Creek or Muscogee would later be considered one of the so-called "five civilized tribes" from the Mississippian culture of the southeast. They were related to and often allied with the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Seminole. Two decades later they all would be removed to Kansas and Oklahoma, exiled, with the other "civilized tribes" of the southeast along the "Trail of Tears" (Ehle, 1988; M.Green, 1985), thus belatedly sustaining the fears of leaders like "Red Stick" underlying the Creek War.

The Creek War came after several centuries of severe social disruptions from the diseases and invasions of Europeans. These incursions appear to have been ramped up as the young American nation became engulfed in war, once again, with the old "motherland" of Great Britain.

> Sensing the noose of British imperialism tightening, the U.S. government sought unadulterated maritime commerce as well as the fulfillment of an expansionist ideology (what later would be called Manifest Destiny) in the "Old Southwest" of present-day Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. (Black, 2009, p. 202)

[18] I do not like this word's sound, but I like what it means, especially its etymology, which is related to "space" in the sense of having or taking enough space. It means to walk about, and to look far more carefully and broadly than I could have then at the landscapes of direct experience and popular culture. In this instance, a TV representation of more or less real events be compared to a late 19th century monograph on the Creek War (Halbert & Ball, 1895/1995).

This led the U.S. federal government to encourage a significant influx of new settlers to the region, resulting in further dispossession and resistance of indigenous tribes. Crockett, in real life, became fully involved in the Creek War, needing probably very little encouragement as his grandparents were said to have been killed by Creek and Cherokee (Derr, 1983).

Probing more into the traces back and forward from the Fort Mims massacre, brings to light what, for me as I am now, is an unsurprisingly complicated web of disputed causes, effects and blaming. That Fort Mims bloodbath, after all, had been preceded by an ambush of the Red Stick faction of the Creeks at Burnt Corn Creek and would be followed by a surprise attack on a Creek encampment at Tallushatchee. Undetermined numbers of those proverbial eternal innocents "the women and children" took place at both Fort Mims and Tallushatchee. One easily becomes absorbed in the tragic details and in the unsurprising settler-American historic markings of these events whereby the Fort Sims event is commemorated as the "most brutal Indian massacre in American History" (Fort Mims, n.d.), while Tallushatchee is merely deemed a "battle," as was the similar attack at Talladega, even rationalized as having actually "rescured friendly Creeks."

Of main interest here are not the rights and wrongs of a bygone war, but rather the absence of any complexity in versions of these battles, lensed through Davy Crockett, the Indian Fighter. I learned back then not only a very limited single-minded perspective on the rightness of settler seizures of Indian country, but, more subtly, that the occupation of this continent could be understood without complexity or nuance: there was no great puzzle in justifying colonization and White hegemony were to be justified. Those were bloodthirsty savages inexplicably attacking poor settlers who wanted nothing more than a bit of farmland. All was as plain as my young, White, face in the mirror, dressed up in my coonskin hat.

Nor would I have to be too troubled by the distance between the Montreal area and the wild frontiers over which Crockett, like Roy Rogers was popularly nicknamed "the King." For the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC), seeing in Disney's Crockett, a good thing in terms of public popularity, and perhaps, as a foretaste of its later nationalistic penchant for "Canadian content" came up with our heroic equivalent: Pierre-Esprit Radisson (Bigras & Gauvreau, 1957). I came to that program already a spectator-veteran of the Creek War, so to speak, and, so, was predisposed to accept the enigmatic hostility of Indians *qua* savages. Away from the television, I was beginning to be taught the triumphalist and heroic version of early Canadian settlement; this while living squarely in the midst of many of the heroics of the 16th and 17th centuries. When we played our "Cowboys-and-Indians" games in nearby woodlands, it was almost exactly the territory where the stealthy and vicious Iroquois had long ago rallied and planned their "unprovoked" attacks.

The textbooks we read in grade school (e.g., Dickie, 1958) covered a litany of famed assaults and the courageous Jesuit martyrs as well as protagonists like Adam Dollard des Ormeaux who, though vastly outnumbered, held off the Iroquois at the Long Sault in 1660 on the nearby Ottawa River. In 1689, the Iroquois struck an unfortified village whose name was immortalized in the epithet for this event, the Lachine Massacre. And there was 14-year-old Marie-Madeleine Jarret whose precocious legerdemain foiled another surprise Iroquois attack in 1692 at Fort Vercheres a few miles east of where I grew up. The woods of our bland Montreal suburb seemed to me to still reverberate with the war cries of this most fearsome tribe of eastern North America, "the "great 'bogeyman' of seventeenth century Canadian history" (Brandao, 1994, p. *v*). The TV series, Radisson brought this all to life titillating boyhood forays into the little copses of birch near to our subdivision. Nor did my friends or I make any connection

between these legendary savages and a reserve village several miles to the west then called Caughnawaga—now known as Kahnawake. Driving by that well-fenced village as a child I could only feel disappointed at the lack of evident wigwams and circle fires.

Radisson, like Crockett, was a real-life frontiersman, or as they were known at the time, a *coureur-de-bois,* a runner of the woods. He eventually worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, exploring and setting up networks for fur trade that extended well into modern day Wisconsin. In the TV series, the Iroquois, like Red Stick's Creek faction in the U.S. south, were unequivocally vicious. Unfortunately, and unlike for Disney's Davy Crockett, there seem to be no archives of the program that would allow comparison. I do recall a sense that the authentic hostility between the French and the Iroquois was rendered in a more complex fashion than the Creek War was in Crockett. Probably this was to an extent that at age 9, when the series was running, I did not grasp much of this complexity, falling back not always effectively on reading Radisson as identical to Crockett. In fact, he was far from it though his skills may have been more problematic for the Iroquois than Crockett's were for the Creek Tribe.

Based in part on his lengthy captivity by the Iroquois, Radisson—not unlike Peter Pan perhaps—"knew the Indian," understood how to sit in counsel with leaders of a wide range of eastern and Midwestern tribes. This expertise, according to Fournier (2002) may well have been instrumental in extending native-non-Native alliances far into the continent's heartland—and this was certainly one of the threats that worried and motivated Iroquois. Brandao (1994) explains the purported Iroquois ferocity towards the French in terms of hemming the tribe in and eventually usurping the land, as well as strengthening historic indigenous enemies such as the Huron. Radisson, and even Crockett though to a lesser degree, had the ability to deeply understand indigenous people and turn that woods wisdom to the benefit of colonization. I saw in them as I

did with Peter Pan earlier and, as I would with T.E. Lawrence, as portrayed in Lawrence of Arabia, admirable and related qualities—adaptability and empathy, albeit put to the purposes of steadily advancing domination. The trap of misusing such insider cross-cultural awareness is one that I have not always been able to avoid, as subsequent chapters will show.

Indians in the funnies.

Old Norman:

What coverage do you remember about Indians in the news when you were growing up?

Young Norman:

Honestly, I can't recall a single news story in any specifics. It wasn't until Indians started joining inthe various protest movements of the 60s that I heard anything at all.

Old Norman:

Were you a kid who would read the newspapers?

Young Norman:

A bit of the front page but then I'd go right to the comic strips and the sports.

Old Norman:

Anything on Indians there? What about the characters in the "funnies"?

Young Norman:

Well, the Lone Ranger was one of the regular strips and, as you know, Tonto was his sidekick. I never thought of Tonto the way people later talked about him as just a stereotype. He was a hero too. Then again, I don't recall much now at all about that strip. The only other Indian character I can think of was a strange little guy in the strip, "L'il Abner." I don't remember his name but he was always scowling and making moonshine, Kickapoo Joy Juice, it was called.

My father would literally laugh out loud most every weekend when the long version episode of the comic strip "L'il Abner" would appear. I wasn't so devoted, but it was a regular stop in reading "the funnies" with its vibrant colors and flamboyant constellation of odd characters. It would also be exaggeration to say that the one indigenous figure in this mixed bag of weirdness stood out in any way for me. A diminutive, always scowling and stereotypically-red Indian named "Lonesome Polecat," would occasionally be featured in the supporting cast but no more so than others like Joe Btfsplk, with his permanently attendant black rainy cloud, Evil-eye

Fleegle, Big Barnsmell, or for that matter the Indian's partner in making moonshine, the very hairy, Hairless Joe. A preposterous, humorless Native amidst all these caricatures would do what now I recognize was assigned to so many indigenous figures of popular culture: provide a backdrop, and carry, as it turns out, an array of meanings that contributed, like Tonto in the Lone Ranger series, to a majoritarian sense of rightness in taking over a continent from such demonstrably inferior near-humans.

Lonesome Polecat served this purpose admirably. Though his was the one tribe—the Polecats (which is vernacular for skunks) that never surrendered to White incursions, yet he is lonesome because in fact the whereabouts of the rest of his tribe is not at all clear. Instead he hangs out with a huge White man, making and selling illegal liquor known famously[19] as Kickapoo Joy Juice. The association of the one native in the strip with alcohol fit well with the common presumptions of that time—surviving more to this day than we might care to admit—of the drunken Indian. Natives-and-booze—the association is close to automatic. And much could be said also of the name, Kickapoo that was attached to the liquor Lonesome Polecat made. For unlike the imaginary Polecat Indians, the Kickapoos were a real-life tribe of the Midwestern woodlands, well known for being—quite like the Polecats—strongly resistant to treaties and assimilation (Gibson, 1976). They joined with the famous Shaawanwaki leader, Tecumseh in his eponymous rebellion of the early 19th century. The resistance was unsuccessful and the Kickapoo eventually relocated to their present day locales in Oklahoma and Kansas.

Naturally, I knew nothing of this as comic-reading child. Like much of what I consumed for most of my growing-up years, there was a more complicated and less heroic (for the White

[19] Capp licensed the name to a soft drink company, which still produces the product, a non-alcoholic citrus flavored carbonated drink. The logo still has Lonesome Polecat (in a rare burst of smiling) and Hairless Joe hovering joyously over a wooden va.

settlers) counter-narrative that had been ignored, omitted, invisibilized, something to discover only half a century later when I sought to be empathetic to and part of indigenous decolonization struggles.

Mascots.

Old Norman:

I would like to go back to you reading the morning newspaper. You've talked about the comic strips. What about sports? Were there any Indians?

Young Norman:

Well not so much on the news as when I read up in record books there were two very famous Indians, Tom Longboat, a distance runner from Canada and Jim Thorpe an American football player. In the sports I followed as a kid, there was only George Armstrong, the captain of the Toronto Maple Leafs. He wasn't a standout in my mind but I do remember they called him, "The Chief" and it looked the part, I mean his face was pretty Indian-looking.[20]

Old Norman:

What about the names of teams, so many were tribes or used other words otherwise associated with Indians.

Young Norman:

Oh ya, lots. I always loved the Chicago Black Hawks sweaters with the noble-looking warrior. And I could name quite a few more like the Milwaukee Braves, Washington Redskins, even the Edmonton Eskimos.

Old Norman:

Did using such names ever seem odd or inappropriate to you?

Young Norman:

Huh? *(then, in a tone of annoyance)* Not at all! It wasn't meant badly. It was like an honor.

Professional and quasi-professional sports have made the comparatively recent word, mascot, widely familiar. Yet its quite recent origins in sorcery few would realize. A mascot is a person, later often a non-human, who brings good luck. By the time that major league and college sports teams were becoming foci of popular devotion in the first decades of the 20th

[20] George Armstrong's mother was Ojibway. Towards the end of his career, some media coverage was given to the effects of his ethnic identity on his career in hockey (Armstrong no longer ashamed, 1967).

century, the mascot also would become the name given to the team. Amongst those a very long list emerged of using the generic term, Indian (and in a few cases, the misnomer, Eskimo) as well as closely associated terms (Chief, Warrior, Braves), specific tribes (Illini, Seminole, Cherokees) and sometimes even the name of prominent Native leader.

My awareness of these choices was utterly un-political and, until much later in my life (paralleling perhaps the consciousness of mainstream America and Canada), I could see no harm coming from these appellations. In fact, in many of not most instances, the choice of an indigenous-related mascot seemed once to me as both an honoring of these (I assumed) disappeared folks, and also recognition of their symbolic value as brave, fierce combatants. The Chicago Black Hawks' name-etymology was one I knew even as a child. The team's first owner had formerly been a member of the 86th U.S. Army Infantry Division in World War I and that group was nicknamed "Blackhawk Division" after a leader of the Sauks of present-day Illinois. Makataimeshekiakiak ("be a large Black Hawk") had led several woodlands tribes as allies of the British in the War of 1812-14 and later steadfastly (and unsuccessfully) resisted colonial incursions in what came to be known as the Black Hawk War. Though he espcaped it, his band was brutally massacred at Bad Axe on the Mississippi after which Black Hawk poignantly explained his people's resistance: "Rock River was a beautiful country. I loved my towns, my cornfields and the home of my people. I fought for it" (inscribed on a roadside monument about the Battle of Bad Axe near Sauk City, Wisconsin). But when I grew up cheering usually against the Chicago Black Hawks I knew not the man they were named for, the dispossession of his people nor the words he had used so simply and beautifully to explain his warlike repute.

A quick glance at the large array of indigenous-based names for sports teams (List of sports teams, n.d) reveals the full range from this noble savage connotation to mocking and

demeaning imagery. Indeed, the scurrilous and caricatured Lonesome Polecat or very similar depictions has been re-adopted by such teams as the former Sioux City Soos for their sports logos.

A widespread though far-from-complete purge of Indian mascot names occurred in the 1980s and beyond. But on the sports pages I would open dutifully each morning in the late 1950s and early 1960s, there was almost an inundation of such variegated imagery. And what consequences can be surmised of such exposure? There is a now-substantial literature on how mascotry impacts indigenous people (Laurel Davis, 1993; C. King & Springwood, 2001; Pewewardy, 1991). Fryberg, Markus, Oyserman, & Stone (2008), for example, reviewing studies of this phenomenon, conclude that whether or not the imagery is demeaning or pseudo-heroic, mascot stereotyping had "a negative impact on American Indian high school and college students'' feelings of personal and community worth, and achievement-related possible selves" (pp. 215-216). But what of the potential negative effects of these symbols on non-Natives whether these be confirming a narrow view of indigenous reality and presence, or reminding us daily of the exploitative use of an ostensibly conquered people? Research indicates that even among well-educated young adults such mascotry triggers negative stereotyping and may even impact the self-efficacy and academic performance of college students from caricaturized ethnicity (Freng & Willis-Esqueda, 2011). Beyond this, the mascot usage of Native identity can be seen also as an instance of making real peoples into a caricature, trivial or otherwise. This Veracini (2010) includes among the diverse strategies all helping settlers to make Natives vanish as real, political beings: "simultaneously recognized and negated, the other becomes a fetish for the self . . . without ever acknowledging (the Other) . . . as a full-fledged subject" (Temiz, as cited in Veracini, 2010, p. 87). My inference in regard to my own learning is that I was eating up

such passing yet ubiquitous imagery with my morning cereal or as a steady spectator of television and live sports. This generated a dull but stable background noise, usually unnoticed, but inculcating constricted understandings on who Natives were, how they were to be valued, and what their destiny as a people was to be.

Indians and colonialism in the fiction I read.

Old Norman:

What about the names of teams, so many were tribes or used other words otherwise associated with Indians.

Young Norman:

Oh ya, lots. I always loved the Chicago Black Hawks sweaters with the noble-looking warrior. And I could name quite a few more like the Milwaukee Braves, Washington Redskins, even the Edmonton Eskimos.

Old Norman:

The Dale family was one of avid readers, at least compared to many others in the community of Preville where you grew up. Can you say a bit about the books you remember reading as you grew up?

Young Norman:

I guess you are most interested in ones about Indians and here again it's mainly a matter of what I didn't read. I was aware of some of the classics like *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Deerslayer*, but I only "read" them in the format of the old Classics Illustrated comic books. And even in that format they never got my attention like King Arthur's nights or Jules Verne stories.

Old Norman:

What about books in other colonial settings like Rudyard Kipling's or even, arguably, ones where colonialism factored in somehow, like Great Expectations?

Young Norman:

Huh? Great Expectations? Let's come back to that 'cause that surprises me to be on your list. Kipling was big and so were Jack London's stories like *The Call of the North* and *White Fang*. We studied *Kim* by Kipling in Grade 7 or 8 and I did really bet absorbed by it. Wrote a book review that got a perfect mark though I don't have it of course.

Old Norman:

Just a word on *Great Expectations:* You do recall that Pip's life was permanently altered and his sights set on rising to a much higher station in society by the secret financial support from Magwitch, the escaped convict he once helped?

Young Norman:

Sure. And by his job as a playmate for Estella at Miss Havisham's. What's that got to do with Indians?

Old Norman:

Not Indians, colonialism. Magwitch was transported as a lowly prisoner to Australia and ended up making it rich as farmer there. A settler.

Young Norman:

That's right. I kind of forgot that. I never saw the connection but I think after Pip goes through all the struggles trying to save his benefactor—who dies—and is starting life anew, he also goes abroad to other parts of the Empire for many years. That sets up his final reunion with Estella.

Old Norman:

So both Magwitch and Pip get on in life eventually by being in the colonies. Back to Kim: do you recall why it was so riveting for you.

Young Norman:

A bit. Kim was what just about any young boy would want to be, an adventurer, a traveller, someone who got schooling and yet could blend in completely to whatever setting he was in.

Old Norman:

The cross-cultural flâneur again!

Young Norman:

Sure. I'm just thinking of another book that blew me away when I was about 16—Conrad's Heart of Darkness. Now there's anti-colonialism front row and center!

There is no need here to survey the colonial rootedness of classic literature from the Victorian era: Kipling's personal history, a boy brought up in Indian largely by indigenous women, but then removed for several formative years to an unhappy education and living circumstances in England, is well known (Nandy, 2009). He contributed to ongoing discourse on colonialism the damning concept of the "White Man's Burden" which was actually a poem written didactically (and prophetically) for the fledgling imperialist nation of the United States (Kipling, 1899/1994). Sent to his friend, the recently elected New York governor, Theodore Roosevelt, its message was that America should assume rule in the Philippines with the same wisdom and spirit of charity that Britain had been governing India and other possessions

(Brantlinger, 2007). While Kipling has been justly considered as paradigmatic of the colonial ideology (McClure, 2005; Nandy, 2009) contrasted in fact to Conrad, as seen especially in the portrayal of imperial depravity in *Heart of Darkness*, the novel *Kim* (Kipling, 1900/1984), then and now strikes me as a good deal more complex than the author's presumptuous poetic advice to Roosevelt. The colonizers were depicted in almost consistently negative terms as bullies, while the real flair of the book comes in the sympathetically depicted wise Tibetan Lama and the generous if rough-handed horse trader, Mahbub Ali. Together they, not like the British superiors, clergy and schoolteachers, are rather the young boy's true mentors, for which his devotion and respect is apparent and steady. The author who elsewhere counseled colonizers to serve "(y)our new-caught, sullen peoples, half devil, half child" portrays indigenous characters, as McClure summarizes, "neither as innocents nor as demons, but as human beings, complex and difficult, to be approached with sympathy, respect, and caution" (McClure, 2005, p.152). Thus while remembered, quite fairly, as an unabashed pro-imperialist, Kipling was torn—as I am—with inclinations born of irrepressible empathy for the colonized, but heavily mixed with ingrained, White privilege and arrogance. Josef Conrad—whose *Heart of Darkness* (Conrad, 1899/1989) profoundly affected me, especially as, soon after reading it, I travelled to Africa—is also full of ambivalences, despite my (and many people's) first impression of his strong anti-colonialism. Yes, from the very outset of the novella, his unnamed narrator is analogizing early Roman Britain to the Congo region and echoing statements Conrad had made years before, rebuking White presumptions of superiority. Yes, the brutalities of the various colonial companies in exploiting ivory and the Natives are made bloodily evident. Yet, in *Heart of Darkness*, indigenous presence is always collective, shadowy and in the menacing background: no individual African character develops at all and the one memorable cameo role is the

"manager's boy" who puts his "insolent black head into the doorway to announce in a tome of scathing contempt: 'Mistah Kurtz—he dead.' " (Conrad, 1899/1989, p. 193)

My purpose here is not to add furtively to the longstanding voluminous commentary from post-colonial critics of either Kipling's *Kim* or Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. My method is only to explore, so many years after the fact, traces these may have left on my developing mind. And like the authors, it is about ambivalences, what Bhabha (1994) would assert is the leitmotif of all colonial thinking. Fearsome as he was, Kurtz was someone I could admire and, even at times later in my life, feel empathy towards for his having succumbed to being too influential a "guest" in someone else's world. And Kim was yet one more, perhaps indeed the most successful exemplar, of that culture-spanning White ability to embed so deeply in indigenous culture as to be heroically better "at it" than the natives themselves (i.e. Peter Pan, Lawrence of Arabia. He was even to be nicknamed "Little Friend of All the World"—and what fifteen-year-old boy in the 1960s would not have blushed proudly to be so called! When many years later a Kwakwaka'waxw leader would say "Norman is one of us," I could bask in such an aura, resonant of my boyhood aspirations embodied in Kim, Peter and Lawrence.

Politics in the Dale household.

Old Norman:

You've indicated that politics was talked about a lot in your family when you were growing up. What do you remember as major issues?

Young Norman:

Even as young kid I remember that the national political scene was discussed. Also—and maybe this is my earliest memory—when Hungary was invaded by Russia in 1956. Of course my father being from Czechoslovakia made that very important. I do remember the rise of JFK and later his assassination. We watched the inauguration spellbound, and also, in shock, the 1963 funeral and surrounding events.

Old Norman:

What about the Civil Rights movement and the emergence of so many former colonies in Africa in the early 1960s?

Young Norman:

It was pretty steady on TV about the Civil Rights. But I don't remember the family talking about it though we all saw it going on. Some of it like the burning of the Birmingham School and the marches were more prominent. As to the new African nations, we studied it a lot in school but there was no background about how hard it was for independence to be won. It was more like, "gee wasn't Britain nice the way they helped these countries reach the point they could run their own nation."

It would not have struck me back then that, while ours was a family where politics, including national and international affairs were avidly discussed at the dinner table, two so major historical developments as the U.S. Civil Rights Movement and the formal decolonization of so many former colonies, really did not stand out for us. The events could not be missed especially of the ever-mounting prominence of protest movements in the southern U.S. states. I do recall the images from the school desegregation in Little Rock, the first African-American student entering "Old Miss.," George Wallace defiant on the steps at the University of Alabama. Though we did not discuss it all that much, there was full, if somewhat tacit support in our household, for the African-Americans' struggle and opprobrium for the rednecks. But such attitudes did not apply in our backyard and the swelling demand in Quebec for French Canadian language rights. To us, that was an entirely different thing; comparing the English-Canadian hegemonic position in Quebec to the racists of "Dixie" was unfounded, we disdainfully thought (Vallières, 1967/1971).

In mentioning JFK, who was a hero—so much so that I remember at 13 trying to comb my hair so I looked like him and his brother, Robert—another strong theme emerges, one not pursued with my selfsame interviewee—the powerful imagery of frontier. Well-prepped for feeling positive about frontier rhetoric, by the Davy Crockett ("King of the Wild Frontier") craze and other television programs like *Death Valley Days* and *Wagon Train*, the repeated use of this evocative imagery by the first politician my generation could really identify with, was

compelling. Kennedy's nomination acceptance speech (1960) and the well-remembered inauguration in 1961 explicitly used frontier mythology to frame his presidential agenda. Consider the acceptance speech in Los Angeles:

> For I stand tonight facing west on what was once the last frontier. From the lands that stretch three thousand miles behind me, the pioneers of old gave up their safety, their comfort and sometimes their lives to build a new world here in the West. They were not the captives of their own doubts, the prisoners of their own price tags. Their motto was not "every man for himself"—but "all for the common cause." They were determined to make that new world strong and free, to overcome its hazards and its hardships, to conquer the enemies that threatened from without and within. (Kennedy, 1960)

Anything that was to be accomplished later, whether in foreign policy or landing on the moon, could be inspired by and considered a natural extension of the noble settlers' instincts and actions. This would, of course, include, the Vietnam debacle which scholars such as Stannard (1992) would subsequently see, consistent with Kennedy's oratory, was entirely consistent to the conquest of the west and Native Americans.

At the inauguration Kennedy asserted America's support for decolonization elsewhere, with a thinly-veiled warning to the Soviet Union: "To those new States whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny." At that inauguration, we also watched in admiration an icon of American letters, Robert Frost, recite a poem which, revisited today, is a stunning anthem to settler colonialism's abiding mythologies. Titled "The Gift Outright," it lyricized the entitlement early settlers had to America even before they physically arrived: The land was ours before we were the land's" (Frost, 1942, p. 27). Later in this paean, Frost would refer to the territory as one hitherto "unstoried, artless, unenhanced," consistent with the notion of "terra nullius" a place devoid of any significant human and cultural inhabitation.

To say, all these years later, that Kennedy's prose and Frost's poetry were fully recollected would be much exaggerated. I went on with my life, growing up, forgetting specific words and

events, not thinking of any of it much until my current dissertation work. But it is plausible that such powerful and historic oratory bolstered an already nicely developing settler mentality, endorsing how predestined "my people's" presence in North America was. Commingling such talk with remarks about decolonization and civil rights meant also that there would be no noticeable discrepancy between these worthy goals and the seizure of America from the indigenous.

Rescuing Kahn-Tineta Horn.

Old Norman:

Let me ask you this: when you were growing up until you reached college, did you ever meet any Indians??

Young Norman:

I am pretty sure that I never did. In fact, except at Chinese restaurants where there were Orientals of course and on trains where the porters were all Black, I don't remember people of color at all. My uncle would buy wooden potato baskets from "MicMac squaws," who came around to his farm. But I just don't remember seeing them. And we used to go to an Indian tourist attraction on PEI now and then but if the staff were native, they sure didn't fit my expectations. Back near Montreal I recall our family driving by Caughnawaga a Mohawk village, but since there were no tipis we weren't all that interested. So, yeah, pretty much a lily White upbringing!

Old Norman:

So what did being White in the 1950s and early 1960s mean for you?

Young Norman:

Honestly? I never gave it a thought. I think it's pretty normal that we took everything for granted and if someone was a little different then they were the oddballs.

Old Norman:

Like who?

Young Norman:

Well, it's interesting you mentioned "White" because I remember a relative on PEI who, when we came down one summer, a little proud that we could stumble along in French, he teasingly but so quickly that I felt it wasn't the first time he said something like this, barked out "Speak White!" I also remember that lots of people back then used the expression "That's real White of you" as a compliment.

Old Norman:

Sounds now like a pretty racist bunch in rural PEI back then.

Young Norman:

(Indignantly) No, they were damn fine people, the salt of the earth.

Old Norman:

Okay, fair enough. So, the French Canadians were really the main ethnic group that existed as "the Others" when you were growing up?

Young Norman:

And how! I really resented them. In the early 1960s they started agitating for equal treatment of the French language and culture in Canada. And that movement just gained more and more strength as the decade passed. Like I said earlier, we lost the flag because of this and eventually as the mainly French Quebec government pushed, French became an official language equal to English. This had been unimaginable just a few years before. We used to mutter under our breath, "we conquered you on the Plains of Abraham."

Old Norman:

So since there was a conquest, then the idea that French Canadian nationalists had that they were an internal colony was more or less accurate?

Young Norman:

(Sounding quite emotional, now) I don't think they were ever treated *all that* badly. They were left to keep their language and religion in 1759. We'd had a couple of French-Canadian Prime Ministers all before this, long before Pierre Vallières (1971) wrote about French Canada as "White Niggers of America." What an insult to English Canada and to American Blacks who had really had so much to be legitimately angry about!

Old Norman:

I guess I've really touched a nerve here. It is interesting that in 1963, when the federal Canadian Government set up a Royal Commission to look into the growing unrest in Quebec, the terms of reference referred to the English and French as the "two founding races." This seemed to legitimize in a way how people like Vallières talked. At the same time the phrase so blatantly excludes indigenous peoples from this act of "founding."

So let's get back to your earliest contact with anyone who was Native.

Young Norman:

Actually this is going to all fit together, the French and Indian stuff. When I was in second year McGill, 17 years old about, I was at a public event where a famous and beautiful Mohawk activist was guest speaker. At that time, everyone was pussyfooting around about calling the French, the squeaking wheel that they were. Not Kahn-Tineta Horn. She called French Canadians the biggest racists anywhere and told about how she and other Mohawks were beaten up just for going into a bar not far from where I lived. The host of the meeting got up and insulted her saying she'd only been invited to show a text book example of bigotry.

When the university student newspaper covered this, they also insulted Ms. Horn. So that's when my career as someone writing letters to the editor began—I shot back that McGill had been racist themselves in the reaction to a guest, a Mohawk. I like to think Kahn-Tineta—who was quite famous at that time—may have somehow seen what I said.

Old Norman:

Sounds like she was tough enough to look after herself—probably didn't have to rely on a kid's rebuttal to hold her own.

Young Norman:

No doubt, but I felt good. It was like my coming out as a bit of a college rabble-rouser!

Old Norman:

And also Norman Dale's debut as an empathic supporter of Indians?

Young Norman:

(Quite hesitantly) I guess. But you know, looking back, I think my rage hadn't much if anything to do with her being Native. I had no idea of what her political movement was about, what issues Indians had generally with how they were treated by Canada and Canadians. But, for me, she had riled everyone because she spoke the truth about all the bitching and demands of Quebec and French Canada. We needed more of that and to see them attempt to muzzle her really got to me.

Old Norman:

So it was Norman to the rescue, like Peter Pan for Tiger Lilly? I mean, did it make any difference to you that she was, as you said, beautiful, a professional model, a real life Indian princess?

Young Norman:

I can't argue much with that. I was a teenage boy and, so yes, despite her obvious ability to take care of herself, I probably was seeing her as the pretty brown damsel in distress.

Old Norman:

Don't feel bad. What you say is making me wonder about how many times with Native people, beautiful or not, I also viewed myself as the gallant White rescuer, ready for the burden that White colonials like Kipling (1899/1994) think is always theirs to bear.

When I began this dissertation, indeed even as I began this interview, the idea of multiple intersections of identity (and out-group resentments) was consciously put on the back burner. It was necessary background but kept brief in relation to my main focus on imparted understandings of the Native, Native-White relations and colonialism. Yes, I knew I was born and raised squarely in the most dominant categories of a so-hierarchical world—white skin, male gender, no seeming confusion over my heterosexual identity and, in terms of ethnicity, a member of the English Canadian minority in Quebec, which had always been the political and culturally

prevailing group (Natives were not even in the picture, for me). A good story, but not one for here, not now, I thought.

But the flow of discussion led inescapably to uncover an earlier way of my thinking, one I can hardly be sure is now fully consigned to the past and which entangles with, even dominates my identity as a settler. As a youth—I would say in fact until 1973 when my consulting work necessitated significant interaction with French Canadian nationalist intellectuals and advocates—I was bitterly prejudiced against French Canada and its demands. What had once been probably inevitable out-group tensions (Sherif, Harvey, White, Hood, & Sherif, 1961) because the minority of French in our suburban subdivision went to different schools than my peers and I, changed into the major issue of the day not only in Quebec but for all Canada. The rise to power of a very progressive and culturally- aware new provincial government in 1960 precipitated a sequence of changes which—given the complacency of the resident minority of Anglos in Montreal—was a rude shock. Quebec began to push for cultural autonomy, special status and a nationalist and eventually separatist faction emerged as a significant force, so much so that in 1967 President Charles de Gaulle of France, visiting Montreal's world fair, famously —or infamously, as we *Anglaises* thought—exclaimed "*Vive Le Quebec Libre!"* (Axworthy, 2013). Looking back now, I see my youthful reaction (in several senses of that word) to that so-called "Quiet Revolution" as quite similar to that of Whites in the Southern U.S. of the same period, staunchly believing that an inequitable status quo was working fine without all this agitation.

As the interview indicates, it was into this, and primarily in this milieu that I took my first public stand, ostensibly to call attention to the rude treatment of Kahn-Tineta Horn, but not really motivated by any awakening to the plight that was her issue. I had previously been aware of Ms.

Horn's highly public statements and actions, her role as a Native rights advocate. But it was only when hearing her in person that I became aware of her passionate antipathy towards French Canada, for me at the time, an all too rare public rebuttal to that ethnicity's strident and mounting grievances. Her words were like sweet music to my highly prejudiced awareness. While I applauded the exposition that these self-proclaimed "white niggers" were themselves perpetrators of racial injustice, the event, the fact that I had a letter published in the *McGill Daily*, did not set open my eyes in any palpable way to the issues that would come to preoccupy me two decades later—the mistreatment of Natives and the struggle for their liberation from a persistent settler colonialism.

More subtly, this part of the interview begins to surface the gendered nature of my youthful preoccupations. Earlier fragments of the interview brought out the appeal evoked in the cartoon image of Tiger Lily in Disney's Peter Pan. Briefly mentioned in another part was the song, enthusiastically learned, played and sung, "the Squaws Along the Yukon" and this in turn recalls a much less innocent absorption of a presumption among young men, at least where I lived in Atlantic Canada in my late teens, that a trip to some of the more remote indigenous communities could be a sexual adventure, one which, fortunately none of my circle of friends ever pursued to my knowledge. Yet I do recall obscene hyperboles about young Native women in Cape Breton and Labrador. And for me at that time there seemed nothing wrong with what was clearly a myth well depicted, for example, in the L'il Abner strip about Princess Minihahaskirt and her startling, unrequited infatuation for the White man, Hairless Joe. Our pub talk anticipated nothing less than such enthusiasm, which I believe we all implicitly associated with the real desperation of reserve Natives to escape their poverty at any price. The sexualized dimension of colonialism, a subject now well- if belatedly-travelled (e.g., Stoler, 2002), was

alive and well in our sophomoric daytime wet-dreams. The woodcut (reproduced here in Chapter II, p. 39) could as well be any of me and my dissolute buddies, realizing their sexual fantasies among the conquered subaltern females of poor rural reserves!

Thus 18-year old Norman's his first real memory of Natives and, certainly first real "performance" related to the grievances of colonized indigenous people, is seen as more complexly motivated by feelings distant from real understanding, empathy for indigenous peoples per se. I spoke up for Kahn-Tineta Horn at McGill in 1966, less out of support for the issues important to her and Native struggles generally, and more from an odd motivational mix of bigotry against French Canada and assumptions about the helplessness and sexual appeal of indigenous women. In this we can recognize that far from a budding empath in decolonization struggles, I was invested with outright hostility to the ostensibly colonized Quebecois and with inward feelings that were gendered and retrogressive to the Natives I so seldom saw face to face.

Popular music about squaws, scalping, and demise.

Old Norman:

You became quite devoted to folk music and guitar playing later in high school. Can you say a bit about Indians as they appeared in some of the music you played and listened to?

Young Norman:

I know there were a few popular songs before I got into playing—like "Running Bear" and "Please Mr. Custer." The lyrics were pretty predictable stuff about "Happy Hunting Grounds" and scalpings. One of the first songs I learned on the guitar was called 'The Squaws along the Yukon.' It seemed harmless back then, but I'd bet some of the words wouldn't go over big with you now.

Old Norman:

Such as?

Young Norman:

Well just the chorus which ended "the Squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me." It kind of implied that the singer is okay with 'squaws' because he's generous and hasn't got real high standards.

Old Norman:

Yes, and that plays into a lot of stereotypes about gender and race or ethnicity. It's as if Native females were just killing themselves—sometimes literally—to have a White man love them. Coming back to music; your favorites were Canadian folk singers Ian Tyson and Gordon Lightfoot, eh? Did they write songs about Indians?

Young Norman:

Actually one of my all-time favorites to listen to and play was an Ian Tyson piece called "The Renegade" (Tyson, 1967, track 10). It was set in BC where Ian was from and told the story of an Indian who had rejected White civilization and was being hunted down by the police. He ends up charging them, firing his gun into the sky. They shot him dead—as he knew they would.

Old Norman:

That's a very common theme in White understandings of the inevitable demise of the noble but doomed savages, the Native people. It's in history school-books, as well as art, literature and scholarship. You spoke of Gordon Lightfoot. What do you think of his depiction of Indians?

Young Norman:

(Pauses; ponders for a few seconds) Honestly –I think of any Lightfoot songs about Indians

Old Norman:

What about his almost legendary tribute to Canada composed for the celebration of the nation's centennial in 1967, "Canadian Railroad Trilogy"? (Lightfoot, 1967, track 11).

Young Norman:

I know those lyrics by heart; I'm sure he made no reference to Indians at all in that song.

Old Norman:

Precisely. The way I look at now is they were rendered invisible in songs like the Trilogy. That's also a recurring leitmotif in settler depictions, the convenient and necessary disappearance act of the land's original owners.

Young Norman:

Why do you say that? *(Somewhat flustered).*

Old Norman:

You remember how the opening and closing stanza begins? There's a powerful sense of an empty, beautiful country, "too silent to be real," just awaiting the advent of the railway and the settlers it transported. Seems pretty clear to me: though non-Europeans, the Natives, were already present (by implication – "long before the White man"), yet there was only emptiness, the mountains, "standing alone," the whole place seeming "too silent to be real."

Young Norman:

So the Indians were present by being absent?

Old Norman:
That's right. Make them into ghosts whose existence is hardly real. It's another common "strategy" of justifying the invasion and land-grab.

As I finished High School (1965) and went on to McGill University, my passion turned to folk music and learning to play guitar. I began to write songs, emulating the styles of the emerging "folk generation" led by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez and in Canada by Ian (Tyson) and Sylvia (Fricker) and singer-songwriter, Gordon Lightfoot. In preparation for interviewing my younger self, I went back to this old musical treasury, asking to what extent Natives and settler colonialism figured in the repertoire. Almost embarrassingly, I realized that I could still remember most of the lyrics from earlier pop music where Native racial stereotyping prevailed, songs like the "Apache" (Lordan, 1960), "Running Bear," (J. Richardson, 1959), "Mr. Custer" (Verne, 1960); and "Kaw-Liga" (H. Williams & Rose, 1952). But how was it, I wondered, that folk singers and composers who were so famously probing and protesting social injustice, also missed Natives almost entirely. The invisibilization of the Native was something now fully apparent to me in Gordon Lightfoot's (1967, track 11) *Canadian Railroad Trilogy*, a tribute to those who "made Canada" This song had been commissioned by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation from Gordon Lightfoot for performance on New Year's Day, 1967, the first day of Canada's centennial year (CBC Digital Archives, n.d.). Lightfoot chose the building and completion of the first rail line across Canada as the anchor for this saga. In so doing, no doubt inadvertently, he chose a sector whose encroachment on Native people's communities and traditional land use was endemic. Most famous or notorious was the role of railroad surveying and development in triggering the Red River rebellions and the rise and fall of Louis Riel, a Metis leader whose place in Canadian history is still the subject of debate (Braz, 2003). Numerous other conflicts, almost always resulting in Native displacement, continued into the

20th century including cases close to my current domicile in Prince George (McDonald, 1990; Vogt & Gamble, 2010) and which became part of the focus of work described here in Chapter VII. But from their origins in the 1880s to today, railroads are Canada's "National Dream" (Berton, 1970) and have been seen as the most fundamental ingredient of nation-building since the country's earliest times. It was this generally unchallenged presumption that drew Lightfoot to the subject matter to commemorate Canada's founding through the construction of a railroad from sea to sea. Re-listening today, from a deliberately anti-colonial perspective, I am struck by the imagery implying that before the railway and the access it gave to settlers, the land was empty. It is the doctrine of *terra nullius* (A. Pratt, 2004; B. Richardson, 1993), territory virtually unused where the "green dark forests" stand mutely awaiting settlement and development that only Europeans could enact.

An exception—or so it used to seem to me—to this invisibilization, in my experience, was to appear in 1968 with Ian and Sylvia's release of their album *Nashville* and a track called "The Renegade" (Tyson, 1968, track 10). I loved this music and the lyrics immediately and for many years—up into the time that I was working for Native people—considered it a rare and largely unknown gem recognizing what had been done to First Nations in Canada. Here was a tragedy of a lone Native man in the coastal mountains of BC, being chased by the RCMP, and after a night, wounded and drinking high in those hills, he runs down the mountain towards the police, firing his gun at the sky, surely aware that they would shoot him and his sadness would be over.

In the middle two stanzas, I heard for the first time of something called the potlatch—whose fires had been extinguished by federal- government revisions to the *Indian Act* of 1887 banning this culturally vital winter ceremony (see LaViolette, 1973; Sewid-Smith, 1979). The

idea of the White advent as spurred on by evil spirits and the demise of the totem poles "of their fathers . . . rotting in the rain" was also new to me and yet would become central in what I learned for my first indigenous employers. Working for the Kwakwaka'wakw twenty years later, I would learn how memories remained vivid for elders of repression through the "Potlatch laws" forbidding the ceremonies, and destruction and theft, for museums, of traditional art pieces (Sewid-Smith, 1979; Spradley, 1969). I would visit the sites of villages that had disappeared and where a few mounds of rotting cedar marked where the once-honored culturally iconic pole had stood. Steeped in this sense of a people trying to revive their symbols, as they healed their communities socially and politically, I would even be moved to perform Tyson's song for a large mainly indigenous audience at the remote Kingcome Inlet village of one Kwakwaka'wakw tribe, the Tsawataineuk.[21]

What strikes me now, as I interrogate assumptions constitutive of the Canadian settler version of history, is both the overarching sense of inevitable demise and also the implicit references to apparently excessive drinking. The central figure in the Renegade is out on the mountainside evading the police and yet has packed along whisky and drunk enough of it so that the bottle slips through his cold fingers. And in the chorus his defiance to the colonial and assimilating forces that have eradicated his culture is to drink his own whisky, a beverage that has no place in the traditions of coastal First Nations. Today, indeed for the last two decades, cultural renewal has been closely associated with sobriety not exercising a right to make one's own booze (see Duran & Duran, 1995; Jiwa, Kelley, & St.Pierre-Hansen, 2008). Thus, in Tyson's song, even this determined resistor of imperialism can only contemplate a future of

[21] Some further discussion of this episode, including the reaction to my performance, appears in Ch. 5.

more booze, albeit his own home-made whisky, perhaps his version of Lonesome Polecat's Kickapoo Joy Juice.

As for the suicidal ending, as noted it is consonant with settler society's lamentations for a lesser people suffering inevitable demise and/or assimilation. And since it is inevitable, almost a force of nature or, in earlier times, the will of God, then the way is clear for doing precisely what we settlers have always done: occupying the land, extracting natural resources and insuring, at our best, kindhearted palliative care for a lost people. In the end, both the paean to a thriving young country, that speaks as if the land was empty before the White man, and the tragic ballad of just one more rebellious but ill-fated Native, a didactic that I would not have perceived because it was all so obvious, so much a given.

Arabia to Africa: The post-colonial flâneur.

Old Norman:

When I first contacted you, I mentioned the film *Lawrence of Arabia* and that I'd like to ask you to talk a bit about that. I know it was really important to you and though it's not about Whites and Indians, it does concern a parallel situation with desert tribes of Arabs and their relations to a White person who tries to help. So tell me why this one film was so memorable and significant to you.

Young Norman:

Well it was beautiful to look at and the theme song just made it all the more emotional. But I think beyond that, I'd say mainly that I wanted to be Lawrence. I wanted to be someone willing to shake things up for a noble cause no matter how much of a long shot it was.

Old Norman:

What were Lawrence's qualities you admired most and most wanted to have or emulate? .

Young Norman:

Right from the start of the movie—I mean after the opening part where he dies driving wildly along the back roads—he was so cool. The bit where he puts out a match with his fingers without flinching and his assistant tries the same, gets hurt and asks how he did it and Lawrence replies that the trick is not minding the pain. That seems to be an explanation for a lot of what happened to Lawrence out in the desert, not minding the pain.

Old Norman:

Stoical, or at least for a time, a stoic. But doesn't that "cool" break down as things get bloodier?

Young Norman:

Oh, for sure. And that shows another part of what I found so admirable—deep empathy. He seemed to be able to get inside the mentality of the Arabs, to know what they really needed. In a way that's real cool when you know when to be stoic and when to have passion and show it.

Old Norman:

So this gets really interesting because the question is always going to arise when a White person or European helps the people his own country once or perhaps even still colonizes. It's a lot like what I have done working with First Nations in Canada. A lot of it is fighting against big government and industry. And in the midst of that there are lots of times you have to ask: "what's best for the Native community I'm serving?"

Young Norman:

So how do *you* deal with that?

Old Norman:

Often, not all that well! But that's a later chapter in this dissertation I'm working on. For now I just want to puzzle a bit with you about how Lawrence figured he knew what was best for the Arabs. Can you give me an example where this shows clearly?

Young Norman:

One is right near the end when the different tribes have taken Damascus with a lot of leadership from Lawrence. This really upset the British generals and politicians who wanted to be completely in charge. But all the Arab tribes are bickering in a noisy confusing meeting. Then Lawrence pounds the butt of a gun on the table and, once they quiet down, he tells them to put aside their tribal jealousies. And so they begin to divide up roles for managing the city so no one's honor is hurt. So the special thing he knew was that being an Arab was more important than tribes?

Old Norman:

So the special thing he knew better than anyone was that being an Arab was more important than tribal identifty? What made him so sure on these matters? His life growing up as a Brit would have taught him nothing about tribalism. So how did he know best?

Young Norman:

Well he was an intellectual. He'd studied history at Oxford and especially the Crusades. He'd been to Syria as a student.

Old Norman:

Where tension can arise, I have found, is when the White person working with indigenous people, has read a lot of their history and thinks he knows better than any Native not only their history but what it points to. I know that White governments in Canada are always preaching unity to Indians, but that those Natives feel they have been lumped together too much and that what is most important is the cultural identity of their specific tribe. Many years after Lawrence was gone, unified Arab states did emerge and that hasn't exactly made the region peaceful. Maybe Lawrence was wrong, at least in this and maybe in a lot of other actions he pushed on the Arab leadership.

Young Norman:

Well that's certainly different from the way I saw it when the movie came out. It seemed pretty obvious: the Arabs were unified and lacking in a vision, living day to day without a master plan. Lawrence gave them what they lacked: leadership.

Old Norman:

I could linger over that word "master" but let me just ask you: Do you think it ended happily for Lawrence himself and his time in Arabia?

Young Norman:

Oh, no, not at all! I always remember the way he was torn, part of him never wanting the desert again, yet watching almost in agony as he starts for home in a jeep, when he sees a caravan of Arabs riding camels.

Old Norman:

Yes, clearly he was torn and I think deeply unhappy without ever fully understanding the personal internal conflicts these desert years wrought upon him.

This extended inter-Norman dialogue could have gone on much longer because that youth who turned into the old one never could shake his reverence for the enigmatic émigré leader. When I, the much older Norman, watched again for the first time in decades David Lean's film, Lawrence as played by Peter O'Toole, was still astonishingly charismatic. Yet not only did I see, as I would not have at all in 1962, the grating omniscience of this servant leader of the Arabs. I could also see, for the first time, ambiguities subtly implanted by Lean and his writers, many years before postcolonial critics, notably Said (1978), would limn the tensions Lawrence's interventions raised, his multiple identities as both a scholar who "really understood" the Middle East, but also as "White Man Yet Arab" (p. 230). The idea of importing White intellectual brilliance, yet being enveloped if not swallowed whole by the seemingly adoring subalterns one serves, has been perhaps most famously explored in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* a book I read a few years after seeing *Lawrence of Arabia*, on the eve of my one youthful foray into Africa.

Old Norman:

In 1967 you went to Africa where your father was a UN Advisor in Civil Aviation. Did the story of T.E. Lawrence have anything to prepare you for that experience?

Young Norman:

Not really, though it was easy to see oneself as a colonial. Nigeria was only 7 years independent and there were still old colonial clubs to sip shandies at under lazily rotating big fans, with the only Blacks present being the servants. The most striking presence for me was my father who stood out in the crowd of expats as someone who, in a very short time had made unusually close Nigerian friends. Unlike most other Whites he seemed to be able to navigate literally and figuratively across cultural boundaries. He took us on tours of remote areas, bargained loudly and good-naturedly for African art pieces, and, well, just was closer to the ground there. And, yes, I did see him as somewhat like Lawrence in the comfort he obviously felt in these encounters.

Old Norman:

This is kind of echoing what you admired in Peter Pan among the Picannini and also in Radisson?

Young Norman:

Ya, I guess it is. If I had to say briefly what values I have probably passed on to you, old man, it is this quest to be the person who can gracefully transgress boundaries, do it so seamlessly that he can be effective and even a leader—though not called that—among people from distinctly different cultures.

Old Norman:

And do it, of course, mainly for the good of the oppressed, the colonized?

Young Norman:

(Somewhat defensively) Well, yes: that *would* be the idea. My father was able to save some of the Ibo when a horrible massacre broke out in Northern Nigeria in 1966. He disregarded commands from UN Headquarters, which were to keep out of these riots. And he never talked about what he did—my family learned of his rescue work from his neighbors not from him

Travelling to Zaria, Nigeria in July 1967, as a dependent of a UN Agency (International Civil Aviation Organization) employee was hard to arrange. Civil war was imminent between the Federal Government and the Igbo who declared their Eastern territory, Biafra, independent in late May. In fact The Nigerian government's declaration of a police action to retake the east came on July 7, just five days after my mother, sister and I landed.

Despite the clouds and restrictions this tragic confrontation provoked, my father shrugged away diplomatic warnings and took us touring far into the northernmost regions of the country. These were overnight excursions many "ex-pats" (as all Europeans and North Americans in Zaria were called), would seldom attempt. It was in fact the only time I have ever looked into the

barrel of a firearm at one of the many checkpoints established. My father quite loudly told the very young men who pointed their weapons that, unless they intended to shoot us, they should never do this. And they complied. This was but the most dangerous of his almost daily demonstrations of cross-cultural "cool." He was not a show-off, but had simply no compunctions about hostile or friendly cross-cultural communication.

On our first night of arrival, along the two hour journey from the Kano airport to his living quarters in Zaria, the roads were being well travelled by Hausa-Fulani on foot, horseback and camel As we passed, my father would return with great pleasure the unusual (for me) greeting gesture, the arm raised, the fist clenched and shaking. I learned to the same and would be doing this as we toured remote areas of the North, visiting Emirs and marketplaces. In the latter we, as the only White people in the area, perhaps in a very long time, would attract an entourage of laughing children and some adults who would simply follow about, rarely but occasionally begging.

I learned to handle myself a bit like my father, a few phrases in the Hausa language. I recall marketplace bargaining—one never accepts the price named by the seller—where I would hold out on the purchase of some little carved figure for the sake of a few pence, an amount that meant nothing to me but a lot to my counterpart. "They will never respect you if you just buy it," my father counseled. One seemingly- minor incident from all this stays with me. My father, like all ex-pats, had a house servant, Kuruwa (a pseudonym), a man in his late twenties from one of the smaller forest tribes to the south. One evening it was decided that there would be something like a barbecue which was surprisingly rare given how hot it was inside and out. Kuruwa and I collaborated in building the fire, using local charcoal, a commodity that was always being gathered and prepared in tribal villages. Once we had a good flame going, Kuruwa said that we

should go get some more charcoal, which was in a common area a couple of hundred meters away. Used to though hardly experienced with barbecuing at home with a very hard almost coal like substance, I grandly replied that it would not be necessary. I recall well saying, “You’ll be able to cook your breakfast tomorrow on what we have now.” And so, he shrugged and smiled. But a half hour later the coals burned low and as he and I set off to get the further supply of charcoal, he asked me “Do you like *your* breakfast cold?” Even then, I felt the chagrin of having doubted, indeed over-ruled the knowledge this man had of his own native resources. Kuruwa’s home had no electricity. I knew this and that therefore he would have to have had a very exact understanding of fuels for cooking fires. I was rattled not by being wrong but by ever having thought my knowledge was superior and should prevail.

Did this discomfort and lesson survive when, almost exactly twenty years later, I was working for the first time for Natives and even got asked to help with the fire at one ceremony? Perhaps, but in the application of other knowledge in the manifold interactions with settler colonial governments, I would come to discover some of the pain that Lawrence may have in the disconnect between what we think we know inside another cultural context and what turns out to be relevant. In the land of the Kwakwaka'wakw, and later in other indigenous work settings, I was to eat many a cold breakfast.

Now, the house is very much awake. Soon family obligations will intrude on the quiet but lengthy discussion this young man that I was and I have been holding. In fact, the conversation has not been a few hours, but on and off for days. I am drained by the discussion, but feel the call for a civil, more reciprocal ending:

Old Norman:
So before you just fade out of here, Norman, I want to thank you and ask if you have any questions for me.

Young Norman:

Well, I was wondering: wasn't I going to be a veterinarian or marine biologist or something like that?

Old Norman:

I was in Vet college for about three months and found it too upsetting, too much treating animals as if they were just cadavers to dissect. And, yes, I did do a Master's in Marine Biology but later got into the social side of marine problems and from there into conflict resolution, planning, and eventually research on and then working for Indians.

Young Norman:

Quite a winding path. I'm surprised by how things went. Where do you think it all leads?

Old Norman:

For now? I just want to finish writing about the journey in hopes that it can provide a little bit to help other empathic non-Natives shake off their "mind-forged manacles."

Young Norman:

Blake, eh? Well, go teach all those 18-year olds like me! And take care of yourself.

Old Norman:

Thanks. And you too.

Summary of Themes of Growing Up in Canadian Settler Society

I began work on this chapter about "Growing up Settler" a bit worried that, for the very reason that Natives in Canadian settler society have been so minimalized and trivialized, there would not be much to talk about. My childhood and youth, I thought, would be sparse in experiences related to Natives, Native/non-Native relations and colonialism. In the end, this was far from the case. Interviewing my younger self led to tracing and confirmation of several themes that have been identified by students of colonialism and settler colonialism. Briefly these were:

- That in my family background reside both origin myths that valorize my ancestors' having fled traumatic persecution themselves (and hence a rationale for claiming a special privilege of refugee); but also personal secrets that make my identity easily blended into White, Anglo, Christian Canadian stations of privilege while leaving me envying the rootedness of the indigenous;

- That I was particularly drawn to characters, real and imaginary, who could seamlessly move between their own and others' cultures, thereby, at least in appearance, being in the best possible position to shoulder the "White man's burden"
- That I was exposed to more than ample racial stereotypes of Natives and other subalterns, ones that I would find hard, even back in my early years, to identify and acknowledge but which, nonetheless, made privately feeling superior, in a position to help *qua* lead the downtrodden;
- That I was surrounded by popular music that, in my childhood, manifested the most demeaning stereotypes of Natives and, as Canadian culture "evolved," the more subtle yet persistent rhetorical strategies of making the indigenous disappear from history or be "lamentably" killed off;
- That, perhaps most uncomfortably of all, I harbored explicit and implicit feelings in my youth that were clearly denying, indeed opposing struggles of people who felt oppressed (the French-Canadians); these were imbued with racism, and sexualized, disempowering attitudes to indigenous women. Ironically, such shortcomings, as I now perceive them to have been, brought me, for the first time, to stand up for an "Indian maid" —who needed no help from me.

This is a worrying litany, indeed, to have exposed, and may go to the answer in part for the puzzle presented at the beginning of the chapter—that long after I had begun to work empathetically with Natives and in decolonization struggles, I could spontaneously still delight in a film that makes seizure of Indian land heroic and right. It is a ponderous burden. In limning it, my intention is not to make confession and thereby expiate my settler sins. It is to grasp as objectively as possible what I was up against as my career later unfolded. And also, to consider

what other non-Natives who follow my path may have to deal with. To "keep on nodding terms with the people we used to be," (Didion, 1968) as I have had to do in this chapter, strikes me as an essential starting place for settlers who try to decolonize themselves. Otherwise, choices and actions are wrapped up in unexplained mystery, hauntings that "only a process breaking traumatic silence and revealing a buried secret can help to exorcise" (Schwab, 2010, p. 80).

Chapter V: The Incomplete Making of an Empathic Settler

This chapter spans a period of almost 40 years of education and career. It begins with information and reflections on the earlier half of that time span when my involvements with Native people were sparse and transient. The question I struggle with, but do not categorically answer, is, *why?* How is that someone whose work always concerned progressive action for justice—environmental and social—and who lived well off the spoils of a land his settler people had stolen from indigenous Nations—managed to avoid direct engagement in decolonizing work for so long?

After these reflections, we turn to my career in directly engaged with First Nations—my years among the Kwakwaka'wakw (1987-89), the Haida (1990-93) and the Oweekeno, Kitasoo and Nuxalk Nations of the Central BC Coast (1997-2002). By revisiting these extended involvements, my aim is to outline and reflect critically on the ways in which my mind-set changed and the ways in which it remained, albeit often in subtle ways, much within the settler colonial paradigm.

Let us begin with a dream—perhaps as all long journeys must -one I journaled in 1987 as I verged on direct engagement with First Nations:

> I am descending from low foothills with a backdrop now in front of and behind me of a range of high, jagged snow-crowned peaks. I am vaguely wondering how I ever got through such mountains. Ahead where the valley begins, I see a village, which turns out to be an indigenous one. Small children run out to greet me (a bit like what really happened in 1967 when I visited rural areas of Northern Nigeria with my father). Then I find myself in a kitchen with several older Native women and I remember then that I have brought a small salmon in my backpack. I give it to them. One says to another—"call everybody: we must have a feast!" This alarms me because after all it's only one fish and probably no more than 2 or 3 pounds. I protest mildly saying, that there isn't enough for such a feast. But an elder smiles widely at me and says, "There will be enough for all." She points to where I had placed my little fish but now it is massive, at least ten feet long and hundreds of pounds. (From author's personal journal, July 2, 1987)

At the time of this dream, and as the months unfolded, I was doing research on a book that brought me closer than I had ever been to First Nations peoples and their home villages. My interpretation then and for years after was as a prescient foreshadowing of working with fish and Natives. The moral I saw then was that I had more to offer that context than ever before imagined. Looking back now I see something quite different.

I was prepared to begin the story of my progress towards deep involvement with, if not profound enlightenment about, Native peoples at the moment a student walked into my office at the University of British Columbia where I was lecturer in 1985. In his hand was a description of a grant opportunity about aboriginal title and natural resources in British Columbia. It all began there? Well, not really.

Life stories do not have an infinite plasticity in how they can be molded, but neither are they tightly constrained. Not only can several people who appear to have been on almost identical life trajectories emplot their experience differently, autobiographers have at hand so much to recount and so many alternative ways to recount it. In an autoethnography, when one is trying to see one's life into lessons in terms of general social applicability, the choice of plots is crucial. And so, here, that is why I mull over the structuring. While there no doubt could be many more tellings, I think of the interval between the youth of Chapter IV, and my career primarily focused on engagement with and for First Nations as having two predominant possible storylines. I call these possibilities:

In Limbo or Incubation: Two Ways of Viewing the Hiatus, 1969–1989

I want to outline two ways of looking at this extended period of living as a settler in Canada, pursuing a career connected to advancing justice (social and environmental) without thinking or doing much at all about the people on whose lands I lived on, from whose stolen

resources I so richly benefited. Should I describe the period from my ostensible coming of age to my full bore involvement with First Nations as a logical extension of my learned settler colonial blindness to Natives, and to how my ethnic group related to them? Part of the greater settler colonial project (Veracini, 2010; Wolfe, 2006) of eliminating the Native through invisibilization? Or should I see this period as a protracted *incubation* in which, somewhat teleologically, without my awareness, I was piecing together elements of knowing and caring needed in my subsequent empath-settler trajectory? Telling one's story is widely open to multiple versions, the choice of which can affect the life we continue to create (Bruner, 1987; Eakin, 1999, 2011; Randall, 1985). I choose two possibilities from a larger array of alternatives because each rings true; each carries lessons bearing on a settler's struggle to unfreeze his colonialist thinking. Table 4-1 depicts the this period of my life in two ways: a holding period in which I inexplicably managed to not see the connection between my work and First Nations ("In Limbo"); versus a time when I was unconsciously inching towards engagement with colonialism and its effects ("Incubation").

Table 4.1

Two Ways of Viewing Lack of Connection to First Nations (1969-1985)

IN LIMBO	**or**	**INCUBATION**
One narrative frame would see this long period as simply an extension of my early years of settler blindness to Aboriginal presence, the semi-conscious sublimation of unique indigenous realities into those of the mainstream. In this, I note especially frequent missed opportunities to connect consciously to the blunt facts of settler colonial existence. I would think of my first father-in-law showing me proudly		In this narrative frame there is more of the kind of sanguine teleological plotline that many an autobiography adopts: you can see (in this telling) with hindsight how much of what I was doing almost fated me to move albeit rather far along in my career into "Indian Country". Or so it seems. Although my student and professional preoccupations involved significant changes of course, each component proves to be

his small collection of coffee-table books about North American Indians while exclaiming how the plight of these original occupants was our true but neglected national shame (in implicit comparison to the ongoing French-Canadian polemics). I would think also of a brief but memorable encounter with Harvey Feit, Richard Salisbury and their student Ignatius LaRusic, anthropologists centrally involved in the prominent struggle by Cree against the Quebec government's massive James Bay Hydroelectric developments. I might even think critically of my instruction for several months from karate, master, Jim Maloney, a Mi'kmaq, and several very passing encounters with his soon to be estranged and famous wife, Anna Mae Aquash. So many "close calls"! In the mid 1970s I had a contract to coordinate a conference in Cape Breton about the emerging sector of aquaculture. The Mi'kmaq whom like most residents of the region, I would have called MicMac at the time, were among the best-known "pioneers" in community-based oyster growing. Thus, contact was needed with them, but I delegated this part of the work to an associate. I never viewed their experience of an industry that brought a little work to a place where most adults were unemployed, as different from that of other small maritime communities struggling for survival in an era of decline		useful preparation, indeed useful in application later when I would be working with and for First Nations. Here, it helps to simplify those changing foci as follows: a) 1969-1973—ecology with an emphasis on marine ecology b) 1973-1980—coastal zone management, swinging my central concern away form the natural environment to the social environment (and its needs) especially of small rural coastal communities (none of which were indigenous). c) 1980-1986- Mediation, the use of alternative dispute resolution (ADR) to include multiple parties in decision-making. At each fairly discernible transition point, in dialectical perhaps Kuhnian (Kuhn, 1970) fashion, I perceived an inconsistency that troubled my commitment to staying in the old field. The focus on the ecology and conservation of natural systems eventually seemed to be unjustifiably ignoring the well-being of rural folk who depended on the sea. We were then witnessing the demise of fishing communities not only, it seemed, because of the rapidly growing offshore factory fishing fleet but, hand-in-hand with that, a disregard for the intrinsic value and traditional knowledge. The world-renowned marine science capacity of Halifax where I lived, studied and worked did nothing for

in fishing. Then came two closely spaced trips to western Canada in late 1978, both to attend what seemed momentous conferences on topics in which my reputation was being made. The first was in Victoria for a "Shore Management Conference" During this journey I made a side trip to visit in-laws in Alert Bay, my first time in a contemporary indigenous community. I recall feeling the pangs of settler "end of the trail" angst, the dubious lament for the inevitably tragic finale as in Tyson's song, *The Renegade* (see Ch. 4). And as a marker for my arrival I am given and read a book, *I Heard the Owl Call My Name,* (Craven, 1967) en route, gifted to me for the occasion. It too was a sad, pretty little story set among the nearby native village of Kingcome Inlet, in which, the central protagonist, a young, dying priest, finds solace in the native ways his sect had long sought to eradicate. Another trip that autumn was to the first Canadian Social Impact Assessment conference. This brought me for a few days in close touch with the vibrant "community"of scholars, practitioners and actual indigenous leaders who had so recently engaged in the prominent Berger Inquiry (T. Berger, 1976). Here, if following this narrative of settler blindness, I would note how I later relied on quotes from Berger in my own joint presentation		such to-me-sacred places and people. I recall, as especially eye-opening and transformative, an evening when I was delighted to be invited to a meeting of prominent marine scientists. The purpose was to discuss an imminent mega-project extracting power from the massive tides of the Bay of Fundy. The main thrust of the evening session was for elite marine researchers and academics to identify how this could be made into an opportunity to financially support research they were already doing. One well-known marine biologist put it this way (paraphrasing from memory) "We've needed a better taxonomic study of polychaetes for years: this is our golden opportunity to get it funded!" I was appalled by the cynical opportunism and, more so by the implicit and automatic prioritization of their own, often-arcane projects over research more pertinent to social effects Fundy tidal power could produce. Coastal Zone Management initially promised to comprise the social as well as the natural science in a more comprehensive decision-framework. And yet as I became expert at its precepts and made my living promoting this field, I began to see it as a disturbingly totalistic vision, one where not only the well-being but the self-determination of individuals and small groups could be sacrificed to the ideal of a larger organic system with its distinct "needs." While practicing CZM, I began to look for ways for the "little people" to speak for themselves and

(Dale & Kennedy, 1981) yet only to make points that blurred the core findings of Berger's deep and collaborative probing of the unique Northern indigenous context. It could fairly be said that I cherry-picked Berger's report for sections useable in discussing non-indigenous small fishing communities of the east coast.

My proximity to what should seem ineluctably native contexts became more blatant the following year when I brought my several years of study and knowledge of coastal zone management to a contract with Canada's Department of Indian and Northern Affairs. I had been fortunate to score this contract in part because the project connection was the brother of a man whom I had worked for in several initiatives on coastal zone management in Nova Scotia. Despite the explicit word, "Indian" in the name of my client's department, it was the other descriptor "north" that mattered most. The purpose of the review was to see whether the more advanced and applied models of CZM from the U.S. could be useful in managing the vast expanse of Canada's arctic shores. Squirreled away in my thick document was a short section on "Indian Management of the Coastal Zone." While I acknowledged there, that setting up a sound CZM approach based on co-authority was not a "substitute for settling basic issues of jurisdiction" (Dale & McKay, 1979, p.

not be subsumed within the supposed best interests of a larger imagined social system. The big, comprehensive plan was already under attack in the field of urban planning (Altshuler, 1965; Goodman, 1971), which, somewhat serendipitously, I was to get into in doctoral studies. Why, I began wonder should we expect more of the even more tenuous and complex comprehensivity of CZM? The seeming resolution was in alternative dispute resolution (ADR), fair seeking of consensus in situations with multiple values and perceptions (Susskind & Cruikshank, 1987).

So through most of the 1980s, I honed my game of ADR and mediation but soon, once again, the inconsistencies of *this* newly-chosen field with my personal values began to emerge. Just because many parties would inclusively be brought to a bargaining table, this did not mean that their very uneven power and distinct histories could be "checked at the door." Though I'd gone to M.I.T. to study environmental mediation, in my first year doctoral seminar, my faith in that field as profoundly resolving what I most saw as needed began to be tempered. I was asking—in accordance with a pun-ny and not-so-well-followed dictum of the new field—that what we as mediators needed to look for was a *just settlement*, not *just* a settlement. While at M.I.T. I came more under the tutelage of Donald Schön whose main work at that time was on reflective practice. I took that perhaps more with

7.18), I gave no indication of awareness that non-indigenous solutions like CZM can actually divert political attention from underlying and historic grievances. In what now strikes me as a remarkable repetition of the same paradigm—using non-Native frameworks as recommended "solutions" to deep problems arising from settler colonialism, in 1984, now at UBC, I did a long unpublished piece on applying mediation to the Arctic. It had been commissioned by the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee, an environmental group primarily of non-Native academics, as part of a wider program on Arctic Ocean Management. This time, though I never met or interviewed an Inuit person in the course of the work, their name was featured in the title. Unlike my Northern Shore Zone work for INAC, re-reading this, I see frequent recognition of how Inuit values and aspirations differed from the mainstream, where the field of alternative dispute resolution took form. Yet despite this and some cautionary remarks on how indigenous peoples have different styles of negotiating, the report culminates with extensive and enthusiastic recommendations for using and even institutionalizing ADR as a principal means for dealing with the many then-current conflicts over resources in the Canadian North. For paradigms emerging from the		critique than just reflection in mind and eventually, worried my way out of mediation field. Some years later, the publication of a critical book titled *The Promise of Mediation* (Bush & Folger, 1994) gave voice to the concerns that I had long been mulling. I would summarize this lengthy period of frequently changing work and foci as follows: 1. That my career direction was very much dialectic with the contradictions I came to recognize through practice leading me into new zones where the weaknesses of the previous were more explicitly recognized and confronted; 2. That, nonetheless, each of these phases left me with competencies and not-entirely-abandoned professional commitments that were solid preparation (but sometimes blinders) for what I would do when finally making my much delayed landfall in Indian Country. Knowing about ecology in a scientific way was consonant, if at times in conflict with, traditional ecological knowledge (TEK—see Berkes, 1999), a sphere increasingly recognized from the time of the Berger Inquiry onwards in Canada. The ideals, if not applications of CZM, would re-emerge in critiquing non-Native fisheries and oceans management, and skills of principled mediation, while often more distinct from Native approaches to conflict

exciting early 1980s environment of Cambridge, Mass., at least, one size would fit all. In early 1986, I organized an overnight field trip for my graduate Natural Resource Management class to Alert Bay, the first Native community I'd ever visited which was back in 1978. While the students and I met with fisheries and forestry resource planners. learning some of the main issues of their practice, there was also time with leaders of the Namgis Nation and the Musgamagw Tribal Council. Within a year and half I would be working for both.		resolution than practitioners believed, offered some opportunity to advise First Nations drawn into such processes. In these ways 1969 to 1985 can be seen as incubating skills and knowledge areas while developing methodologies that would seem important in my work with Native communities.

The parallel accounts presented in Table 4-1, radically condensing many years of practice and learning, are not necessarily incompatible. Instead, as in any work about one's life, they represent conscious choices of emplotment, each selectively attentive to parts of the proverbial elephant. Both are instructive of who I was making myself into professionally and personally. The "In-Limbo" story extends my continuing bemusement at how a settler raised amidst progressive politics, yet always on the very land seized from dispossessed Native peoples, could have been so blind. The answer appears, at least in part, that this blindness, this erasure is essential (in both meanings: being necessary and also "the essence of") to the settler colonial project. The Incubation story refocuses on how progressiveness, no doubt exaggerated and off-track at times, took me on a dialectical path where the inconsistencies of one pre-occupation birthed the next, correctively, yet all, seemingly leading to the career of direct engagement with First Nations that we are about to explore. To this, we can speculate that the core motivation

behind all of my principal learning and professional preoccupations was a rejection of the cant and doctrine of modern progress. Ecology, scientific and activist, surfaced a widening societal discomfort in the late 1960s, especially among youth, with the "externalities" of progress. Coastal zone management, and a concern for small fishing community survival, attempted to draw attention not only to environmental threats at the water's edge (Ketchum, 1972) but to social inequity of corporate-oriented resource use and management. I embraced this field with an increasingly tattered copy of Schumacher's (1973) *Small is Beautiful*, in hand, the book an iconic and constructive rejection of unstoppable economic growth and greed. And while mediation can fairly be seen as often a palliative, rather than profound means to address social conflict, it always had the promise, right down to the word, 'alternative" (as in alternative dispute resolution) of offering a different way of coping with uneven power in a post-industrial setting.

These attributes are common to and main attractant for me in the seemingly heterogeneous and winding career path that was my 1970s. If so, then what happened next, the professional and physical move into "Indian Country" turns out to be a rather well-travelled route among disaffected westerners since colonialism's earliest days. Idealizing Natives has been a prominent escape since Rousseau's expansion of an early French explorer's "noble savage" concept (see Hames, 2007). This continued into the diverse seemingly empathic engagements of ethnographers—always with the dangers of excess, "going native"—and what S. Smith (2000) calls and well documents as "middlebrow purveyors of Indianness" (p. 213). I found in reading her chapter-length biographies of eight distinct 19th and early 20th century settler Americans who worked and lived among mainly western tribes much that resonated with antimodernist inspirations I had had in early times with the Kwakwaka'wakw. By the late 1960s "playing Indian" (P. Deloria, 1998) was a trend grafted onto youthful disaffection with "the system";

native culture so long imagined to be either, but usually both primitive and doomed, became fashionable at least as appropriated by waves of hippie and later "new age" "wannabees" (R. Green, 1988). While I do not recall of having personally gone in for this movement, yet I was part of a larger group of politically active, left-leaning young professionals who wanted to push back against materialism and racism and would see in Native struggle a new ideological and perhaps physical home. Let us look at the route that got me there.

Experiences in Working With First Nations, 1986–2002

The beginning: *After Native Claims?* I moved from Massachusetts, doctoral dissertation not at all initiated, in 1983 to teach at UBC's School of Community and Regional Planning. This made eluding Native issues harder. Several of the graduate students, whom I taught, though not indigenous, had had experiences working with or for First Nations. They brought these to my main seminar class and in essays and theses. And Native struggles, especially over forestry, rapidly emerged in the first two years of my teaching, as prime examples of natural resource conflict. I taught my graduate level course largely through a frame of conflict resolution (playing to the strength I brought from my own doctoral studies at M.I.T.). This meant drawing as much as possible on hot issues from close by. In 1984 a major conflict erupted on the west coast of Vancouver Island, involving the Nuu-chah-nulth First Nations in opposition to a BC Government-permitted major clear-cut logging venture (George & Dorst, 1985). Not long afterwards, a similar confrontation emerged in the South Moresby archipelago on what was then generally known as the Queen Charlotte Islands (now, restored in name to Haida Gwaii). Both disputes entailed blockades of logging roads, court injunctions, and high-volume political rhetoric. As such, they were ideal examples of the kind of multi-party confrontations that were my stock-in-trade in teaching. In both cases, in addition to including copious clippings and

materials in my syllabus, I made discreet (and unsuccessful) initiatives to play some kind of a mediative role, seeing this as a chance to establish myself and Boston-style environmental mediation in a part of the world where I was unknown and alternative dispute resolution was also unfamiliar.

As I familiarized myself with the specifics of each struggle, I became unavoidably aware that these controversies were not exclusively nor even primarily about ecological fate of forests. They were infused with jurisdictional contentions about who had the right to make decisions about the land. For the first time, I became aware of the longstanding "land question" as it was euphemistically labeled: the fact that most of British Columbia had been occupied by settlers and their governments without treaties or, as Raunet (1984) titled his book about one northern BC Nation's long battle, *Without Surrender or Consent*. Concurrently, after many years of reflecting and debating about the implications of a law case, which I was hitherto ignorant of, the Calder decision, in 1985 the Government of Canada established a Task Force to make recommendations on so-called "land claims"[22] (Task Force to Review Comprehensive Claims Policy, 1986).

It was in this environment that a federally-funded but independent think tank, the Institute for Research on Public Policy (IRPP), decided to commission a study on how settling the land question would affect natural resource development in British Columbia. It was the call for proposals for that one of my graduate students spotted and brought to my attention. He was searching for funding for his own work and thought that a team of professors and students could be assembled to vie for the grant. I was intrigued and hopeful that somehow I could apply my

[22] Subsequent years close to BC Native leaders weaned me of even using the words, "land claims." They rightly resented the implication that First Nations were claiming anything in a manner connotative of when miners "stake claims" on land on which underlying title is with the Crown.

expertise in ADR to the burgeoning land claims issue. Did I think much through this formative period of my future career of the profound, founding injustice: non-Natives long occupying and exploiting lands and resources in what they chose to name British Columbia? As I watched the Nuu-chah-nulth leader, George Watt, wipe back tears of joy at the court decision to suspend logging on Meares Island, did I deeply empathize? I think not, for in revisiting these files thirty years later, not much of a stirring of old emotion can I feel. And the same was true for a conflict that would eventually envelop my practice, the struggle for South Moresby where Haida and environmentalist allies not only blockaded logging but set in motion one of the most nationally- and even internationally prominent movements ever seen from Canada. In both prominent cases, as I had with the Arctic Ocean Management work (see above), I saw these outbursts of formative anti-colonialism, through the narrowed lens of my professional specialty of ADR.

Behind the IRPP call for proposals was a different but also distinctly non-Native concern: increasing tumult over "land claims" could discourage economic investment in BC. The threat loomed of even more numerous and intense battles that would dissuade would be investors from involvement in commercial fishing, logging, mining and energy development. Such was the premise of the call for proposals and, accordingly, also the orientation my research team would adopt.

In the course of fieldwork and writing, what became the priority from a self-interested standpoint, was exposure through interviews and conferences encountering key Native leaders in BC and also in Washington, Oregon and California. Over the course of approximately 10 months, I interviewed about twenty leaders and heard discourse that ranged from perfunctory responses to our questionnaires to rich narratives of history, pain and dispossession. Discursive

and informal stories were shared, often seamlessly linking broad legal, economic, and institutional aspects the land question to highly personal experiences. While *pro forma* and minimal requirements for "ethical" interviewing were followed, I look back on these interactions as embarrassingly naïve intrusions into the story space of indigenous people. I was calling would-be discussants, usually with an introduction from one of the members of an elite steering committee of prominent British Columbians, mainly but not only non-Native. I would fax them a short description of our project and questions, set up and hold the interviews after a preliminary phone call. Most interviews were conducted in person though a few leaders in the more remote parts of B.C. were spoken with by phone. In my work, I recall using, more than feeling, a kind of apologetic demeanour in preambles that acknowledged the long history of White infringements, the changing legal-political environment (which is what was really scaring resource extractors) and our focus mainly on the economic goals and involvements of each leader's Nation in relation to natural resources. While we thus set a boundary on what *our* study was interested in, we ended up hearing much more.

I do not recall a single case of anything less than full cooperation with our intrusions. Absent from the discussion was the slightest hint—as there would be much more than a hint today—of resentment at having yet one more team of White researchers extracting knowledge and leaving not much behind of use to the Nations. I recall mumbling things about how it would be useful for all parties to have greater clarity on what might unfold in the future. The implicit assumption in this and in the work as a whole is that all of "us" are part of one larger economic system and that the swelling population of Native communities especially needed a future with ample business and job opportunities.

This neo-liberal ideology pervaded the work of the IRPP and, as their contractor, for most of the time I spent researching and writing, I maintained that principal orientation. My earlier years enamored of Schumacher's (1973) *Small is Beautiful* and indeed some of my ongoing teaching that challenged the primacy of economic growth was conveniently set aside. In the book's first chapter, in explaining our underlying purpose, we relied on a quote from then-Minister of Indian and Northern Affairs for Canada, Bill McKnight: "I firmly believe that the lost opportunity cost (sic), the lack of economic self-reliance . . . the inability to plan in Canada in the claimant areas, is much greater than the cost of settlement." (as cited in Cassidy & Dale, 1988, p.18). Unsurprisingly, given our primary purpose of soothing investor and bureaucratic jitters, the book's last lines read: "Comprehensive claims settlements would bring more certainty to British Columbia's natural resource sectors. Settlements . . . would not fundamentally change the nature of British Columbia's economy. The province could still rely on natural resource development as the key to its prosperity" (Cassidy & Dale, 1988, p.191).

As I peruse what notes I still have from the fieldwork, I see that someone else would probably judge that our final text reflects what was spoken of—or at least recorded—during the interviews. This primarily economically-related content, however, does not square well with my recollections, subject as these are no doubt, to the perils of time and revisionism. I do recall, though not in detail, painful stories, often ones which to my White and inexperienced perception at that time, meandered significantly from the straight course of the topics we wanted discussed. I recall a tribal council executive director who said that personally he hoped land claims would never be settled, "not the way you White guys think of settling!" He spoke of harm having been done that cannot be just swept away with a bit of cash and the return of small fragments of his

stolen land, as now envisioned in the BC Treaty Process (T. Alfred, 2000). By mutual agreement, my note taking had stopped for these remarks. My memory does not.

Another interview became very personal with the discussant describing his youth, the violence, drinking and the fact that to make a living he had had to leave his homeland far behind. Hemmed in on tiny reserves by the self-serving colonizer rationale that all his tribe needed was a good supply of fish (see D.C. Harris, 2008)—something that was itself very much in doubt then as it is now for "native food fishing," my interviewee had had little choice but to leave. This discussion, and the contact I made through it, proved to be the key to what would become the next leg in my journey into "Indian Country."

As for our book, *After Native Claims?*—I take the now-tattered volume in my hands. I thumb through it. It is understandably dated but still not excusable—if viewed as a specimen of settler academic discourse—for being void of any of the now-remembered emotion of generously-shared time and stories in interviews with people who had suffered directly and indirectly from colonial imposition. I look for, and am taken aback, by the fact that in neither the acknowledgements nor anywhere else between the covers can one see the name of any Native leader, the people who, it turned out, soon after would be my employers, my colleagues, my teachers.

In the course of interviews for the *After Native Claims?* Book, I had discussions with what were very different varieties of White people involved in some aspect of the land question. One of these comprised quite a number of bureaucrats who worked for the federal Department of Indian and Northern Affairs and the BC government. The other was an odder, smaller assemblage of a variety of professionals in a niche that I was surprised even existed: men and women working directly for First Nations. In addition to the obvious differences in mandates that

these two very different settler groups had, I was struck by distinctions in personal energy, enthusiasm and commitment. Almost without exception the bureaucrats seemed jaded and listless in what for most of them had been many years of working at the interface between their agencies and First Nations. Several were of aboriginal ancestry and they especially struck me as cynical about both their employers and about the Native people they dealt with. In contrast, the Whites who worked for First Nations gave off a buzz of excitement, the feeling that they felt lucky to be applying their skills and knowledge on the "right side" of an historic ongoing struggle.

My first encounter with most of these "White helpers" or "honky-phones"[23] as a few of them lightheartedly called themselves came at two conferences held in 1986. At the first, in May 1986, I had been invited to present a paper on co-management, necessitating a rush of interviews, especially with tribal leaders from the U.S. Pacific Northwest. I fashioned a presentation (Dale, 1989) combining this material with both the frameworks of alternative dispute resolution and Donald Schön's work on change in social systems, once again attempting to link up my recent graduate work at M.I.T. with my new west coast setting. More important for me in the long run, I heard and met several Native leaders as well as one "honky-phone" fisheries biologist who would later introduce me to fellow travellers at another conference in Prince Rupert that October. There, again, I gave an invited and, I believe, not much noticed, paper one combining what little I knew of BC coastal First Nations with my old field CZM, coastal zone management. The purpose was to map onto the seething governance rights and co-management ideal in BC, some of the federalist inter-governmental properties of American-style CZM. It seems at that time, that repeatedly I tried to subsume the "elephant-in-the-room" subject of colonial dispossession and

[23] This strange word comes from tacking the American racial epithet for whites, "honky" onto the then-most prominent ethnic schism in Canada between Anglo-phones and Franco-phones.

harm to First Nations within frames where I could cling to some claim of expertise, a strategy that, ironically, my mentor, Donald Schön (1983) had described as "mastery through mystery."

The gathering in Prince Rupert was appropriately far more focused on what then was an imminent move by governments of BC and Canada to initiate offshore oil and gas exploration. My conciliatory notions of how such a development could be made compatible with a re-asserted role for First Nations through CZM was far too moderate: the gathering asserted the need for a moratorium on offshore oil and gas, an idea which lingered around BC until 1989 when the *Exxon Valdez* spill in adjacent Alaska, gave drilling opponents enough ammunition to stave off such development for decades.

Again, the conference's benefits for me personally lay in opening access to interviewees for my *After Native Claims?* work and, in the longer term, contacts who I would get to know and learn from: both honky-phone participants and an array of Native leaders (including several from Haida Gwaii, connections that became key in my work several years later on those Islands). I was particularly struck by the exemplar of those "honky-phones," people with backgrounds similar to mine but making their living and career directly in service of First Nations. The men and women doing this lived in intriguing non-urban settings, with daily access to "exotic" (to me then, at least) Native elders and villages. Most important, they were actively on the side of values that had been central to me for years—advancing the interests of coastal peoples who had been pushed aside by modernity, protection of the wild and beautiful wilderness and coastal ecosystems, defying centralized authority and neo-liberalism. It was as if, eight years after being given the novel, *I Heard the Owl Call My Name* (Craven, 1967), like the protagonist young priest, I too could see the path to an extraordinary and personally-renewing adventure, a mission but of decolonization on the remote stretches of the BC coast. The idea would not have occurred

to me that my joining the indigenous cause could be looked upon, not as or only as, an epiphanous and restorative act, but as a performance of the kind bell hooks describes: "The desire to make contact with those bodies deemed Other, with no apparent will to dominate, assuages the guilt of the past, even takes the form of a defiant gesture, where one denies accountability and historical connection" (hooks, 1992, p. 25). Such denial is fundamental to the settler colonial project and, thus, my entry into a career with First Nations as a decolonizing project becomes problematized.

The owl calls my name: Kwakiutl Territorial Fisheries Commission. The question of how "honky-phones" became embedded in these Indigenous contexts was something I had asked several of them but got vague answers at best. If at all, they told of how providence played the largest role (as I suppose it does in most of anyone's life's unexpected twists). Meanwhile my appointment as a lecturer at UBC ended in May 1987 and it was critical that I find new employment. The stipend for the *After Native Claims?* Book project was small and my employment insurance benefits were running out.

In September 1987, serendipity struck anew and in so poetically-fitting a way. I had been working through refereed comments on the *ANC* manuscript, one of which had queried a very brief section in the fisheries chapter in which I was describing the efforts of the Kwakiutl First Nations to establish their own inter-tribal commission for aquatic management. Therein was a brief and apparently unclear reference to a core traditional principle called "Oweetna-Kula." When I had interviewed several members of the Kwakiutl District Council in northern Vancouver Island, I had diligently taken notes on this phrase that seemed to be important and holistic to several Kwakwaka'wakw interviewees. But my draft reference to this confused reviewers and, I soon learned, myself. It was there in the draft text like a small unfamiliar

ornament that somehow meant "one with the land and sea we own." Calling up one of the people I had interviewed, Wedlidi Speck, the Administrator of the Kwakiutl District Council, I confessed my confusion and professed sincere interest in grasping this idea of Oweetna-kula better. His explanation, embellished with a story that, at that time I would simply not have seen a place for in *my* book, was all I needed. Now I understood—at least enough for my purposes of finalizing this small subsection of a subsection in Chapter 3 of what would become *After Native Claims?*

As we wound down the telephone call, almost as an afterthought, he asked me if I would be interested in working for his Nations. The Kwakiutl Fisheries Management Proposal, which was briefly described in my manuscript, would soon become a reality, he explained, and an executive director was being recruited for the new organization that would be called the Kwakiutl Territorial Fisheries Commission (KTFC). He directed me to a published advertisement. I applied, was interviewed and, one splendid early fall afternoon in Campbell River, was hired. I moved there within a few days. Several months later I put my feelings about this time, this homecoming to a place I was not from, leaving behind the anomie I had felt at UBC and that I had also encountered among federal and provincial officials.

Land Claim, (for WS) - Unpublished Poem by Norman Dale (November, 1987)

After your stories, you said,
I would sleep again
It had been months of *nuits blanches*
Shifting positions and pillows, trying to get comfortable
When it was my life that was not comfortable.

You mixed Kwakiutl legend and birth stories.
Told me what your second wife looked like
When your courage was enough at last to hold her hand.
Also, of the pipeline slush in years up north
Staggering along boondocks street with loose teeth

But then, the bad centuries were suddenly gone.
And . . . you want your country back.

It has fallen to me to analyze what we call your "land claims."
Days, I work for the Indian Agency, on the 20th floor of a monolith
In downtown Vancouver. Owned by the banks.
Owned is not what you can't understand.

There are now twenty or so such land claims, mostly just
one-page memos, pored over by our lawyers.
Shrugged off by assistant deputy ministers,
Fretting pale and puzzled accountants.

But the pilots who bank their shining floats
Over the clouds verging your sacred hills
Understand.

Within their planes twice monthly
I nervously unpack the laptop.
And pretend, for no audience in particular, to be working up figures
for today's negotiations.
How many of my fish will I have to give up when we sit across the table?
Jobs? Sure, we can get you jobs, I say,
But it will cost you fish and hectares.
"Always has," comes the voice from the other end of an endless table.

Then in July comes a plea in the classifieds.
"Salary negotiable, commensurate with experience"
But how do I reckon my experience?
I had no mortgage though old death
Rolled my wrists between his fingers.
Over a wilting field of memoranda, move my eyes.
You could never pay me what I make now, friend.
Nor could you be so cruel to offer what I feel worth.

What do they want, those Indians?
Under brown flesh, they're the same as us.
Venerating the same almighty dollar, whom now I transgress with these daydreams.
Forgive me nothing. Dry me with your vacant stare
From my eastern home where land claims are
Out of the question.

Here amidst the mountains and valleys
Swept by legends, comes no answer,
To comfort blameless Whites
Ignorant of your history, and the faces of Indians
Broken on pale fists.
Ignorant of their history.

In my high office, I have had new thoughts.

I sought again the crumpled newspaper ad that says
"come home" to where you've never been.
The land Boas visited now and then;
The land where his Indian, George Hunt, assembled
Ten thousand pages of the lost ontology, you.

Faintly watermarked on your land claim, the thunderbird;
Less faint the resolve: Oweetna'kula!
At one with land and sea again.
You are back from the Arctic
Sober, stiff and sore.

I print off my letter, wondering how you will look
upon what the courier just left with.

And that night, I slept like stone.

My time with the KTFC was to last until late 1989, two years and a bit from an epiphanous afternoon at Thunderbird Hall in Campbell River. I had just finished the job interview when the hiring committee casually told me that most of the Nations were assembled in a nearby auditorium for a meeting about land claims. They said I might find it interesting. I agreed, thinking it good protocol after which I would drive back south and wait to see if a job offer came. I stepped into a room of several hundred people and hung back as inconspicuously as possible near the exit. Then one of the leaders who was a member of the hiring committee stepped to the microphone and said, "I'd like to introduce our new administrator for fisheries, Norman Dale." The owl had called suddenly—as they always do.

The organization's purpose was aimed at restoring authority in fisheries management to the sixteen Kwakwala-speaking Nations, so long erroneously called by the name of just one of the tribes, *the Kwakiutl*, that even they for a while accepted and used the mistaken epithet. While the now more commonly used collective term is Kwakwaka'wakw, it had not at that point been so widely adopted (McNair, 1986).

Here again I pause the narrative to mull the issue of selecting episodes from several year period. For there would be times uplifting and affirming of a sense of cross-cultural competency and accomplishment and there would be darker days (even months) of disquiet, premonitions of later reflections that I was a man out of place, not quite the boundary-spanning flâneur that Peter Pan, Lawrence of Arabia or Kipling's Kim were. Pick the right episodes and one's being can seem awfully grand or diminutive. In fact, what I select from my days at the KTFC (and the same principle applies to my subsequent long-ish positions on Haida Gwaii and in Bella Coola) are well-remembered "critical episodes" which, at some distance of years now, strike me as revelatory of the schizoid nature of the overall experience. From all these, there is much to be learned about the odd, but not rare, niche of the honky-phone, the empath-settler, striving to be part of an overdue decolonization while still having in himself settler colonialism's dispositions.

My role with the KTFC was that of sole employee (later I had a young indigenous trainee-assistant), assigned to coordinate the early initiatives of a formative inter-tribal organization. The model for this kind of entity was to be found in Oregon and Washington in several organizations that had been set up after the Boldt decision, a powerful judicial affirmation of Native fishing rights (Clark, 1985). I had travelled to these areas and studied these institutions as part of the *After Native Claims?* work. I had delivered a conference paper about them (Dale, 1989) as well as included a condensed description within the book (Cassidy & Dale, 1988, pp. 65-69).

The nuts and bolts of my work for the KTFC consisted of networking among the communities including Kingcome Inlet, the setting for the novel, *I Heard the Owl Call My Name* (Craven, 1967), looking for and at the problems that the member Nations of the KTFC faced arising from what has been since called "structural infringement" of indigenous fisheries

authority (Walter, M'Gonigle, & McKay, 2000). The federal Canadian government had usurped traditional governance and stewardship as part of a wider strategy to reallocate fish (and authority over fish) from subsistence usage to commercial exploitation. Initially some Native fishers had successfully switched over to commercial fishing (Knight, 1978) but, by the time I went to work for the KTFC, successive "conservation" measures were eliminating many of the Native participants from the fishery. Documenting the impacts of this and coming up with strategies for restoring fish and fish management to the Kwakwaka'wakw was the overall mission.

In addition to tracking the impacts and stirring interest among communities, a primary role I had was to coordinate a large inter-tribal board of directors and draft proposals and plans for their consideration. Beyond this, I was essentially "on-call" to offer help at all levels from individual to community to the entire sixteen First Nation membership in whatever way I could. In the course of the first year, I was even asked to be the spokesperson for the KTFC in several province-wide indigenous fisheries initiatives and sat for a time, the only White man on the board of the new BC Aboriginal Peoples Fisheries Commission. To be in such a niche struck even some of my more experienced "honky-phone" colleagues as peculiar; their roles were more background, supportive of Native political leader-representatives in such fora. My naïveté was such that I took this to be an honour, a show of how much trust I had been able to win in a very short time working for First Nations. It did not occur to me that I was being sent because the leaders had, in their perspective, more important internal work to do and viewed organizations such as the BCAPFC as relatively harmless old (and in my case new) boys' clubs. Meanwhile, I was treated respectfully at such tables, and got to know many of the key leaders from other Nations.

My sense of belonging, what scholars of settler colonialism might even see as a drive for self-indigenization, one more strategy of displacement, peaked in my being deeply engaged in a conflict over proposed mining in Strathcona Provincial Park (an area that straddled the traditional territories of both the Kwakwaka'wakw and neighboring Nuu-cha-nulth tribes). I should note that this issue had rather skimpy connections to the substantive mandate of my work, fisheries management. But streams within the traditional territory of one of the member Nations were potentially affected and this was sufficient for my time on the project to be justified. Over a period of about eight months I participated in strategy development and campaigning, using such skills as I had acquired years earlier as an environmentalist and ecologist. I also took a leading role in the logistics of organizing and implementing a large community feast involving both Kwakwaka'wakw and the neighboring Nuu-chah-nulth. I worked closely with Wedlidi Speck, the administrator of one of the two Kwakwaka'wakw tribal councils, and also with Canadian television celebrity and the country's most famous environmentalist, David Suzuki. Heady days indeed culminating in the government holding off authorization of the worrisome mining! A high point for me at a personal level was being honoured at a concluding celebratory feast alongside of Suzuki. Shortly thereafter, present as a technical advisor at an internal Kwakwaka'wakw meeting about allocation of food fish (fish which the Government of Canada agrees Natives have special access right to), a small allotment was made to me with a casual passing statement that I would never forget: "Norm is one of us, after all." Thus, all this seemed like the ultimate fulfillment of that quintessential fantasy of settler colonialism—indigenization of the non-Native.

This high point was reached about a year after I went to work for the KTFC. Running through these times was a steady stream of other, smaller epiphanies: gifts of salmon and of

oolichan grease, Gl'eetna, whose smoky, fetid flavour I came to love, marking, according to the poet, Howard White (1992), my real arrival; attending many potlatches, the ceremony once banned (see Cole & Chaikin, 1990; LaViolette, 1973; Sewid-Smith, 1979) but, by the 1980s, revived and revitalized in Kwakwaka'wakw communities, times of feasting, gifting and staying up all night watching dances, comic and macabre[24]. One memorable special event that was combined traditional and contemporary festivities was the 50th anniversary of St. George's Church at Kingcome Inlet, the village setting for Craven's (1967) novel, *I Heard the Owl Call My Name.* At this gathering, one evening was devoted to an "open mike" amateur talent show. I cannot call to mind why I felt moved to put myself up on the stage, holding my guitar but did so and chose to sing Ian Tyson's The Renegade, a song firmly within the tradition of the tragic disappearing Indian story (see Chapter IV). The lyrics were of a Native who has somehow broken away from where White society sees he should have been and is being pursued up into the "high coastal mountains" by police. After finishing his own home made whisky, he turns runs back down the mountain firing his gun into the air, to be killed by the authorities. Again, I have trouble now understanding what I thought this ballad and its tragic clichéd demise of the Indian had to offer the celebratory Kwakwaka'wakw audience there at Kingcome Inlet. Yet I was surprised and a bit taken aback when the master of ceremonies, a member of the local band, feigned greatly exaggerated tears and said, "O! Such a sad, sad story, boo hoo" then winking called up the next act. When I got to where I'd been sitting, I was complimented by a few of my friends and took little further notice. Yet the vivid recollection comes now with the thought that

[24] The nature, as well as competing interpretations of the significance of potlatching among the Kwakwaka'wakw and other Northwest Coast tribes has been a subject of extensive publication. Important examples, showing the interpretative range include Benedict (1934); Clutesi (1969); Codere (1950); Jonaitis (1991); and Sewid-Smith (1979).

that master of ceremonies had responded in a critical raven-like buffoonery fully appropriate to the imagery and theme I had imposed on his community.

Ironically, my role at the Kwakiutl Territorial Fisheries Commission often was to play not just master of ceremonies but script-writer and, yes, director of the day-to-day dramas the mandate entailed. At about that time of the Kingcome Inlet ceremony another issue arose involving a forest company inadvertently bulldozing a logging road through a graveyard on one remote and uninhabited reserve. In writing I must eschew anymore details than this: I carefully orchestrated a meeting with the government and the forest company with the First Nations—one of the KTFC members—to seek redress. This was well before major court rulings, notably, *Delgamuukw v. British Columbia* (1997), confirmed the duty for government agencies to pre-consult with First Nations. Thus, what we sought were procedural concessions that some years after become automatic: the right of the First Nations to be minimally consulted before work is undertaken in their traditional territory.

In designing the agenda and strategy, I placed a key band member who had hereditary privileges in the affected area as a speaker at the opening of the meeting. This, I thought, would dramatize the depth of his Nation's enduring connections to the uninhabited reserve. In fact it caused the man great stress and backfired badly in ways I have no right to disclose. As a result, there was no follow-up or any concessions forthcoming. I stung from the lost opportunity.

Validly or not, perhaps with too much private time on my hands for pondering because at that time I was divorced and living alone, I mulled over and eventually spun out theories and explanations for this unfortunate turn of events . Several weeks later, I happened to be having lunch with with Phyllis (a pseudonym) a First Nations woman involved with health care for her community. She had heard quite a bit about the ill-fated meeting and our conversation drifted to

why it had failed including Jim's problematic role. Nowhere near as discreetly as I would today, I told her more of what had happened and proffered my nascent explanation. She did not disagree. Instead, without speaking at all of Jim, she began to tell me about the incidence of child sexual abuse and incest in her community and others of the Kwakwaka'wakw territory. It should be noted that at this time (1989) the idea that so many Native people continued to suffer from trauma at Indian residential schools (Furniss, 1995; Haig-Brown, 1988) was seldom discussed and certainly new to me. Phyllis pulled no punches in outlining numbing rates of sexual victimization ongoing throughout the Native villages up and down the coast. It was the stuff of nightmares and it was also to become a preoccupation of mine, even a favoured explanation for so much of the notorious and stereotyped disarray and infighting within indigenous communities. All too often, when White people who worked with, for, and especially across the table from, First Nations would privately (i.e. no Natives present) meet, knowing nods and perhaps "war stories" would come up about such sour political dynamics. Whether ostensibly empathic honky-phone or bureaucrat, settlers easily fall into this explanatory mode but not necessarily with an appreciation for the roots of rampant mistrust and anger, the phenomenon now named lateral violence.

The fiasco with Jim and the heart-to-heart with Phyllis, provided me with a theory, something that even empathic settlers seem always to rely on when confronting—and I use the word with its intentional ironies—indigenous reality. While quick to see its colonial roots (read: that which in the past), I, like so many non-Natives before and since, now had a workable, robust and pat explanation for what *really* lay behind "the Indian problem" (Dyck, 1991) a master narrative (Lyotard, 1978; Rosenau, 1992) oozing with empathy for the undeniable trauma of settler colonialism. I could "see" that people like Jim were but the blameless—and hapless—

victims of the past's transgressions. In fact, the colonizer's stratagem of pathologizing indigenous people is neither new nor rare (Kelm, 1998; Moreton-Robinson, 2009).

My newly-found pet theory had the unexpected consequence, however, of creating or rather restoring distance between me and the Kwakwaka'wakw people I worked for. The pain belonged to them, I thought, and so too should the healing. It is not far at all from that surmise to believeing that we Whites of today were innocent bystanders to the lamentable effects our own ancestors' sins. I recall confiding in non-Native friends, at the time, what seemed a portentous insight: "You cannot really live another person's suffering." So, I let slip away the dream of being "one of them" relegating Natives to victimhood, obscuring what had been all around me in the Kwakiutl Territorial Fisheries Commission's inception and, more broadly, the the impressive healing, renewal and what Vizenor (1994) terms *survivance*, a vigorous self-determining and defiant resistance as opposed to mere and bare survival. But I saw only as little as my Settler colonial blinkers would allow. I had palpably witnessed what one of "them" faced and experienced, and felt intensely that I was now but a hapless outsider to unresolved historic trauma. It would be many years before I would realize that the trauma surrounding colonization and dispossession implicates every settler individually.

It so happened that my time with the Kwakwaka'wakw, soon thereafter, was truncated by tragedy in my own life, closely followed by a request to move elsewhere and start anew, again. In early November 1989, my ex-wife, but still beloved close friend, Lea, died violently. A few days later, my mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer. They were the people I cared most about in the world. Without even asking for it, in these days still before the easy communication facilitated by email and internet, I was told by the KTFC leadership to take fully paid leave and be with my mother. This came at a time when the KTFC was beginning to suffer disunity, with

so-recent allies coming down quite distinctly on the best role for the organization. Indeed, I had been at an especially contentious gathering the day before Lea died. I remember feeling alienated and cynical as the words flew. No doubt this was accentuated by memories of that ill-fated meeting about the bulldozed graveyard, several months earlier. Meanwhile, a friend of mine had begun to line up a proposal in response to a call for consultants to work on the implementation of the recent South Moresby Agreement in the Queen Charlottes far to the north of Kwakwaka'wakw territory. In the midst of personal sorrow and my sense of increasing distance and disengagement at the KTFC, I agreed to join a team of consultants that would work on the economic planning associated with the South Moresby Agreement. Thus, after my mother passed away in 1990, I did not return to Campbell River and the land of the Kwakwaka'wakw, but headed for the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The KTFC leadership seemed neither surprised, nor was any concerted effort made to persuade me to stay. Throughout my two years and a bit, funding the organization had always been a difficulty and I missed not a few paydays (with, on several occasions, the recompense being in salmon and other seafood for my freezer). My immediate supervisor, Robert Duncan knew this and was also aware that the contract work on Haida Gwaii would be more remunerative and reliable. I stayed in touch with most of my closest associates from the KTFC for many years, encountering them often at various province-wide conferences about indigenous issues. But my time in their lands and service was over.

Echoes (for ALD) Unpublished Poem by Norman Dale

> A month before her life
> and my Kwakiutl times ended,
> Lea made one last visit, amused and bemused by her ex's newfound calling
> to far, outlandish fjord-troubled stranger-lands,
> into the mists and midsts of someone else's sorrow.

My trailer is bedecked with cheap native prints and carvings
that declare my latest undying commitments.
Pale-faced, spectral as soon she'd be always, she asks just,
"Why?"
And the question, carried over years and grey roiling waters,
Still echoes.

Haida Gwaii: South Moresby Regional Development Initiative. In early February 1990 my next position working with First Nations began. I moved to Haida Gwaii almost directly after my mother's funeral into a contract position titled "Community Liaison." My role at the start was to be the "on-the-ground" member of a team that would draft an economic mitigation plan in the aftermath of a federal-provincial agreement to create a national park. This had been the political solution to years of high profile confrontation over the fate of the southern portion of the southernmost large island and surrounding archipelago. During the mid 1980s especially, the battle over whether to log or preserve old rainforest flared all along the British Columbia coast, often titled "the War in the Woods" (see Dale, 2013). But nowhere at that time was this as prominent as at Lyell Island in South Moresby Gill, 2009; May, 1990). Ultimately the Governments of Canada and British Columbia signed the South Moresby Agreement, locking land up for a park, committing to a later marine park, and, in recognition of the potential economic impacts of ceasing logging in the area, provided for the Regional Economic Development Initiative. A senior federal-provincial committee was established to formally create this plan and they chose my friend, Wayne Tebb, and his team (which included me) to do the planning work. In recognition that local communities including the Haida First Nations would want a voice in the economic plan, the team included a community liaison, someone who unlike the other technical experts and managers would be stationed on the Islands. This was my role. I would work with representatives of the communities who had, prior to my arrival, been appointed to a Residents Planning Advisory Committee (RPAC).

At the time I began, the Haida had declined participation in RPAC for two reasons. First, they saw themselves to be a government, not an advisor to two other settler governments. Second, while Canada and BC had an agreement, one whose conservation provisions the Haida agreed with, there was no such accord between First Nations and the Crown. To accede to a subordinate role in economic planning, itself a derivative of an agreement between non-native governments was unacceptable.

Coming as I now was from the most recent experience assisting the Kwakwaka'wakw in their struggles to regain sovereignty over fishing, and from my research for the *After Native Claims* book project, I was unwilling to proceed far without Haida engagement. In my earliest briefings with the senior bureaucratic overseers (and my fellow consulting team members, all based in faraway Vancouver), I asserted the impossibility of a workable and locally acceptable plan without the Haida. While lip service was paid to the rightness of this inference, the committee sternly warned that the consultant team's primary goal was to expedite completing a full plan for spending the $38 million provided for in the South Moresby Agreement. I could dither all I wanted, they seemed to imply, with the hopeless task of building full consensus on the Islands, but the real work of plan-drafting was what *had* to be done.

The makings of an impasse were obvious. The Haida would not get involved because they were not "just another local stakeholder group." They had been publicly clear that they would not sit down with local non-Native representatives nor conclude a separate park management agreement with the Government of Canada, unless their expectations for the economic development plan were met. To my mind, the bureaucratic push for the plan was just one more instance of why I had turned to facilitation and mediation and away from initiatives

riven by the mind-set of "technical rationality" as discussed by Schön (1983). But how to enact a more reflective and relational approach?

I have described (Dale, 1999) key elements of my intervention in a chapter published some years later in the *Consensus-Building Handbook* (Susskind, McKearnan, & Thomas-Larmer, 1999). I had worked strategically on this seeming impasse by going directly to the Haida leadership, some of whom I had known personally for several years as I worked for Kwakwaka'wakw. I met informally with key individuals all the while that I was becoming pivotal in the local non-Haida advisory group. I saw this, at the time, as analogues to Kissinger's "shuttle diplomacy": if face-to-face meeting between main parties was not yet feasible, I would be the bridge, the cross-cultural intermediary, flâneur-like shifting between the self-proclaimed rednecks of logging communities and the Haida political culture, a knowing friend to both.

The substance of what I learned in my private conversations with Haida leaders did not come as new to me; it was that they insisted on real authority, being respected as a governors, not mere stakeholders in the future of *their* Islands. The challenge, as I came to see it, was translating this into authentic and conspicuous measures in the planning for economic development.

My work with RPAC was more day-to-day but no less significant. The presence of the one Haida observer created a basis for discussions and actions aimed at sensitizing the long-term non-Native people who comprised the committee to the colonial history of the Islands. I have previously described (Dale, 1999) a key incident in RPAC's proceedings in which a discussion that began as pre-meeting chatter turned first into a clash of culture and history and then an extraordinary learning opportunity. The committee, with the Haida observer present, had been chatting lightheartedly about a recent local news item of some anonymous home sculptor mounting a small metal figure on a prominent rock in the intertidal zone (seen in Figure 5.1).

Was it bad for the birds? Was it aesthetically pleasing? But the Haida observer, who was usually quiet throughout meetings jumped in and, obviously unamused, explained that the prank showed arrogant ignorance of the cultural significance of the rock. In fact, he explained, it had a story, one important to Haida culture, the legend of the sea monster, *Wasgo* (see Barbeau, 1953). This led to a fervent discussion on how it was that long-term non-Native residents had never heard such a story about the rock. "We never were told" one ventured; "*You* never asked," was the response and in that simple dynamic lay an opportunity that I seized upon to open wide a discussion about the colonial presumptions of empty lands, just waiting for settler "improvements." We were soon able to build more upon these new—to the non-Haida—understandings, including in RPAC's "agenda" formal opportunities to learn about colonial history and the abiding expression of superiority the Haida faced daily.

Figure 5.1. The author at the Wasgo rock, near Tlell on Haida Gwaii. Photograph by my daughter, Sari Dale, February, 2012.

My sense of being not only a broker but an advocate for recognizing indigenous rights and the harm done by colonialism led me, at this time, to a sense of having rare and commendable competencies. Not few were those who said that, in light of the enmity arising both of early colonial settlement and the hostility over logging, getting all local communities and the Haida supportive of one action plan was impossible. Yet within eight months of my arrival, the once seemingly chaotic meetings and one-on-ones now began to look like a well-orchestrated exemplar of cross-cultural consensus making. Again I felt a bit like Lawrence of Arabia, my

father, or Kipling's Kim moving seamlessly between the small community where I was obliged to live, primarily Anglo Sandspit with its local monthly home-made newspaper, *The Redneck News*, and an ever-widening circle of Haida friends as well as mayors and representatives from other non-Native villages. With both, I felt then, a gift of adaptability, and acquired mediation skills, qualities that allowed me to fit in, even, echoing from Kwakwaka'wakw times, being considered "one of us" in two very distinct ethnic communities. And again, I overestimated my currency.

The South Moresby Agreement's Regional Economic Development Initiative, as noted, was allotted $38 million essentially to mitigate loss of opportunities for business and employment with the cessation of logging in forthcoming park areas. Much of this was uncommitted but the exceptions were several specified facilities, including visitor reception centers, a small boat launch near the park boundary and, most controversially, a "small-craft harbour" to be constructed for Sandspit. The last of these became my Achilles heel in maintaining the upbeat cross-cultural position, which I aspired to and which, for a while, had thought I had achieved.

Sandspit is a small, unincorporated community, but was the centre for opposition to the park and to the Haida's protests of logging. Much of its economy was tied to timber extraction, as well as to having the Islands' main airport. As the Canadian federal government, spurred by nationwide support for protecting South Moresby, pushed the small-c, conservative provincial government to agree to a park, Sandspit leaders lobbied the BC premier tirelessly. At first this was to staunch his opposition to a park, but as success in this became unlikely, they shifted to a platform demanding significant infrastructure to be provided in compensation. Reportedly, community meetings in Sandspit led to a demand that, if the park came, they would get a

long-sought-after harbor where recreational and other boast could be tied up. Sandspit, as its leadership repeatedly stated, was the only one of Queen Charlotte Islands' communities with no navigable harbor. This, in fact, was for a good reason in terms of physical limitations. As its name implies Sandspit was lined on all sides by beaches with wide intertidal zones and no natural channels where floats for vessels could be placed. There was one pier where a relatively good-sized fuel barge could be docked, but this could in no way be adapted for numerous recreational boats. And it was the latter which, Sandspit leaders felt, could be an opportunity for the village to get a piece of the promised tourism boom that park advocates said would come when a national park was in place.

My being community liaison, and especially because I was given no choice but to live in Sandspit, a ferry ride away from all the other settlements on the Islands, meant that seeing the promise of a harbor fulfilled was also my formal responsibility and, arguably, civic duty. This proved to require approximately as much of my time in my three years on Haida Gwaii as facilitating development of an overall Haida/Settler community plan for the REDI funds. And it took place against a background of varying degrees of opposition to the harbor proposal among both the Haida and non-Haida living on the northern island. The initial perspective of the Haida was that it was basically a reward to a group of people who were not even a real community and who had fought the Haida over protecting South Moresby. Through a lengthy period of my "shuttle diplomacy," sitting separately with Haida and with Sandspit's leaders, what seemed a shrewd non-aggression pact was developed. The Haida, the other communities and to a degree Sandspit residents had come to favor the creation of a permanent community-run endowment fund with the REDI monies. This deviation from the intended approach—expending all the money within a 6-year period—was a hard sell to the federal government, an idea that several

senior federal officials quietly and solemnly assured me could "never happen." Unanimity and cooperation on the Islands was essential to moving forward on the idea of what came to be called the Gwaii Trust. Reluctantly, the Haida agreed to a precondition for inter-community negotiations: a "hands-off," essentially neutral position on Sandspit's harbor project. In return, Sandspit would fully support the Gwaii Trust quest.

This non-interference pact, written into the Accord I was mediating, was fragile indeed, because the South Moresby Agreement had unequivocally stated that whatever was spent on the harbor would come from the overall $38 million. In this too I helped to find a solution. I became close with the provincial Minister of Economic Development, David Zirnhelt and his staff and helped win provincial government support to go to Ottawa with a delegation from the islands and push not only for the Gwaii Trust but also for the harbor to be built from alternative public funding. This, I thought, would further limit the qualms the Haida had about "rewarding" the community that had most opposed them and the park.

Let us step back from the welter of details about these initially successful machinations to consider where my role as a strategist and vigorous supporter of implementing the harbor promise was making me. Although two of the other non-Native communities (Port Clements and New Masset) supported the harbor, mainly because they saw it as honorable to insure Sandspit got what it was publicly promised, the largest non-Haida community, Queen Charlotte City, as well as many environmentalists on and off the islands, felt, with the Haida, that the project was both undeserved and unwise. Opposition had crystallized around the potential impacts of dredging and building a harbor on an over-wintering population of a somewhat uncommon species of goose, the Black Brant. The Haida seemed uninterested in that issue or really any of the other ecological disruptions that could arise when a harbor is dropped on top of

a broad, gradual beach with no natural channel. In the face of firm opposition from several environmental regulatory agencies (Canadian Wildlife Service, Habitat Protection Branch of Canada Department of Fisheries and Oceans), I became the prime strategist, scribe and planner in Sandspit's struggle to get its promised harbor. Here, the well-honed tools of those three earlier phases of my professional training and knowledge—marine ecology, coastal zone management, and alternative dispute resolution, all came into play. As an ecologist, I assisted and sometimes led the Sandspit delegations to deconstruct over-simplified pseudo-scientific presumptions about the threat posed to the geese by harbor development. As a coastal zone manager, I dug up what I had learned about port planning,[25] allowing me to critically participate in quite technical discussions of breakwaters, floats, dredging requirements etc. And most importantly, I spearheaded the formal use of mediation through the Canadian Environmental Assessment process. I developed the plan for using mediation, led lobbying efforts by Sandspit to have mediation used, interviewed and helped choose the mediator, assisted that person "on the ground" in designing and implementing the process, and then sat at the table, coaching the Sandspit representatives through a year- long process that culminated in an environmentally acceptable harbor plan (Mathers, 1995). In all of this, while I strived to maintain good relationships with all the combatting parties on the Islands, my attachment to the "redneck" community where I was domiciled was clear. The situation was to an extent a "no-win" one for me: the better I did trying to make the harbor happen, the more doubts about my overall neutrality grew over on Graham Island where both the Haida and all other settler communities

[25] In 1974 I had worked up a case study on containerport development for a book on coastal zone management in Atlantic Canada (D. Johnston, Pross, & McDougall, 1975); taken a course on port planning at M.I.T.; reviewed plans for redeveloping port facilities on the Boston waterfront; and co-mediated a dispute about building breakwaters for boats at Wells, Maine. Thus I came to the Sandspit Harbour dispute familiar with the argot of coastal engineering.

were located. Playing an advocacy role for the Sandspit community in their harbor aspirations meant losing some credibility with the other villages.

My belief at the time was that this was the ethically correct position. I saw pushing for the harbor as driven by the same imperatives as working for the creation of the Gwaii Trust. Big government had made definite promises as its resolution of the internationally-visible dispute over logging in South Moresby; they should be held to keeping these for the sake of small rural communities, which happened to be both Haida and non-Haida.

But against the baseline of inter-community and inter-cultural resentments born of colonial invasion and more recent confrontation over logging, this was not, in retrospect, how many others saw it—and how they saw it, I could not at that time see, or chose not to look very hard at the dilemmas and optics To my mind, Sandspit was a rough and tumble collection of blue-collar, hard-working people who despite the disdain of other communities on the Islands, loved their small settlement and had nobly defended its economy and existence by securing the promise of a harbor. Seen another way, Sandspit was a racist and right-wing *non*-community. Often I heard statements like[26]: "They don't even have a graveyard! If they don't go south before they die with all the money they've made ripping off the forest here, their bodies will have to be flown away for burial."

By early 1993, three years after I first came to the Islands, the Gwaii Trust was being planned in detail by an organization that I managed, with appointed directors from the Haida and non-Haida communities—the Gwaii Trust Interim Planning Society (GTIPS). An initial $5 million was reluctantly turned over to GTIPS by the federal government. And a signed final report of the Sandspit Harbour Mediation team was in hand, one that specified an acceptable

[26] Here, I am paraphrasing and integrating remarks heard frequently over my period of time on Haida Gwaii and which, I have found in subsequent even recent return visits, endure today.

location and mitigation conditions for proceeding with the project. My meetings with the GTIPS board were increasingly strained as members who, notwithstanding the early signed accord to not debate the harbor, were jabbing at me and the Sandspit-ers about the unfairness of this special concession to Sandspit. I felt my work was as complete as it would ever be and for personal reasons, announced my resignation and prepared to move from the Islands across Canada to Halifax where I had spent much of the 1970s. We were well on our way to getting Canada's agreement that the harbor funding not be taken from the collective pot of $38 million. Yet the jibes continued at the GTIPS table and in the weekly newspaper, the *Queen Charlotte Island Observer*, as well as raucous community meetings in Queen Charlotte City. Over and over it was asked: how come they get a harbor? I felt drained. At my final meeting with GTIPS in late March 1993, the board of directors went around saying goodbyes and tributes to me, ending with one of the Haida representatives who said simply: "When Norman came to the Islands, we thought of him as our friend. A lot has happened." That was it. Months later when I was far away on Canada's east coast, a celebration of the formal creation of the Gwaii Trust was held. I was told that that the same Haida leader gave a passionate tribute to what I had personally accomplished, speaking of how I had walked the awkward line between communities and cultures.

My final evening on the Islands, however, was an uninhibitedly positive one in which the "redneck" community of Sandspit held a farewell dinner and celebration. The most obviously settler community on the Islands, the one—as they and I were so often reminded—that had most opposed the Haida and the creation of a park in South Moresby, took leave of me as—"one of their own." The realization of the harbor was still a long way off, but I promised to come back

and walk its boat-slips with my Sandspit friends and allies. And I have done that several times, for the harbor is now a reality.

But on that last evening, after the Sandspit good-byes, I crossed to Graham Island to board the mainland ferry, which departed late in the evening. Once aboard, I stood on the stern deck watching the receding lights of Sandspit to my left and those of Queen Charlotte City and the Haida village of Skidegate to my right. The further out we went from the Islands the closer these beacons appeared to be until, just before dipping below the horizon, they seemed almost to be just one place. Such a metaphor, I thought. But also words came back to me from the last page of one of the most candid accounts of a large and troubled mediation process, one run by then-mediator and later New York Governor, Mario Cuomo. Having spent months developing a consensus over a controversial low-income housing project planned for a middle class urban neighborhood, Cuomo wrote his last "Forest Hills Diary" entry:

> The mayor called today. The conversation was as crisp and brief as had been the phone call a hundred and sixty-three days ago. The mayor said thank you. I made some clumsy response. Even if I had tried, I couldn't have thought of anything clever. I looked out my window across the bay . . . for a long time—trying to feel something. (Cuomo, 1975, p. 146)

An ignominious interlude: The return of the settler.

> In the end the leftist colonizer cannot fail to question the success of his efforts . . . He is a member of the oppressors and the moment he makes a dubious gesture or forgets to show the slightest diplomatic reserve . . . he draws suspicion. He also admits that he must not embarrass the struggling colonized by doubts and public interrogations. In short, everything confirms his solitude, bewilderment and ineffectiveness. (Memmi, 1957/1965, p. 43)

I had returned to Halifax to live with and eventually marry the new love of my life. Being from Eastern Canada, she was not inclined to live in any of the small coastal communities that I had loved so much. But I would not have stayed much longer on Haida Gwaii even if she were more willing. The stress of a politically-charged position in a setting where everyone knows you

had been draining for me especially given what seemed irreconcilable hopes for and opposition to the harbor.

I believed—erroneously it turned out—that I could now set up a viable business mediating environmental and land use disputes in Nova Scotia. Alas, the old connections I counted on from my earlier consultant work in Atlantic Canada in the 1970s were gone or gossamer thin. Our income was scant and the project I did find some work on, an involvement I have never included on my résumé or company descriptions, could be construed as one of lamentable economic necessity. It was, as I think of it now, something worse, an enormous betrayal of the learning and friendships shared with me by West Coast First Nations communities and individuals. In doing it, I recall no deep moral self-recrimination or second-thoughts, but rather that I was "outing" over-used and ill-founded indigenous rhetoric. I believe that I carried more anger after two long stints of working closely with indigenous groups than I knew how to deal with or could explain the origin for. And I believe that nothing in how I was treated is an excuse for this betrayal.

The work came from the context of another prominent and international dispute of the time (Markham & Brody, 1991): plans by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) through Canada's Department of Defense to renew and expand an existing Low-level supersonic jet aircraft training and testing over Labrador, the mainland portion of the province of Newfoundland. The indigenous people of that area include the Innu, Montagnais and some Inuit. The former two groups, still very much reliant on "country foods" (P. Usher, 1976) obtained from hunting over the wide expanse of tundra and boreal forest of the region. They were vigourously opposed to low-level flying especially if renewed and expanded as NATO sought to

do. The noise of supersonic frequent flights was believed to disturb wildlife and make traditional hunting ineffective.

Low-level flying had begun in 1979 over a large area what military experts considered to be an ideal setting for testing both planes and aircraft. Several NATO member countries were involved and after the agreement was extended in 1986, even more countries and a larger area and program of low-level flights were proposed. By the late 1980s, not only were there increasingly well-organized international array of scientists and environmentalists backing native protests, but federal requirements for environmental assessment had become more stringent than the decade before. Thus a lengthy full process of environmental assessment was in progress by the time I returned to Atlantic Canada in 1993.

In such a process, there are extensive public hearings at which affected parties may testify, frequently supported with "intervener funding." The Town of Happy Valley-Goose Bay, Labrador, as represented by its elected council was a strong supporter of continuing and expanding the low-level flying program and, as reviews, hearings and vociferous opposition continued, wanted to be sure of having an informed say in the process. The military base at Goose Bay was by far the largest source of local economic stability for this town of several thousand predominantly non-indigenous inhabitants. Indeed, it was founded during World War II as a military installation.

In 1994, the Town Council received intervener funding to prepare for making its own representations to the environmental assessment process. They commissioned a small planning firm to provide an overview on their behalf, summarizing issues and examining the arguments of other submitters to the environmental assessment process. Thus I was approached for the work both because my friend knew I had had no success winning contracts in the half-year I had been

back in the Maritimes and also because a substantial part of what would be critically reviewed were the issues raised by the Innu and Montagnais First Nations groups. In essence, my role was to closely study and comment upon the claims of indigenous people opposed to low-level-flying. Implicitly, I was to pick holes in First Nations arguments that might be useful in upcoming hearings.

The details of how I did this and what I concluded need not concern us. In essence, I had pored over argumentation and rhetoric of a kind that was not only familiar to me but which I, in my days with the Kwakwaka'wakw and the Strathcona Park struggle, had incorporated into briefs and speeches I composed for Native leaders. Given that White people who side with oppressed minorities whether in the civil rights struggles of 1960s America, anti-apartheid in South Africa or the honkey-phones of 1990s BC, are sometimes seen as race-traitors (Ignatiev & Garvey, 1996) or, as Memmi (1957/1965) put it, "turncoats," I was now doubled over in my treachery. I had gone to the Native side in a sincere often commitment to help and, I believe now, to achieve indigenization, a oneness with a country my ancestors had unlawfully occupied. I had learned much, though perhaps less than I thought, and then, having also experienced the role confusion and seeming unfairness of lengthy tenures with First Nations, now had gone back to a distinctly settler position, helping to "man" the barricades as Natives and their environmentalist allies laid siege to the military fortress of the Goose Bay Air Force base, the White town's lifeblood. It could be said, not unfairly, I was back helping "my own" but furtively armed with insider knowledge of indigenous perspectives and rhetoric.

As noted, part of my motivation was purely home-economic: my new wife and I were expecting our first child and there was very little income. But I knew and felt my involvement in the work on low-level flying was also being driven by unresolved feelings of having given so

much to First Nations and yet leaving many years on the BC Coast, with such insipid—or worse—endings and farewells.

And yet this "return of the settler" episode of mine proved transitory and shallow. After the work for Happy Valley-Goose Bay was over (it lasted only a couple of months), I continued to unsuccessfully search for mediation work in conflicts that had some indigenous component. Our household got by through my writing projects including one, contracted with the University of Victoria, in which I took full bore aim at the presumption that alternative dispute resolution could really handle deep and historic Native-non-Native conflicts (Dale, 1996). The community of Sandspit also called me back to help them plan publicly and strategically for utilizing their share of Gwaii Trust annual funding.

I also re-entered ongoing debates over the ever-more assertive role of First Nations in public decision-making and resource management in Canada. The verbal furor especially around fishing rights had reached the Atlantic Provinces. Natives were asserting demands for a stronger economic and political role in the lobster fishery, their case strengthened by a Supreme Court decision in their favor (*R v. Sparrow,* 1990). Into this fray came advocates from non-Native fisheries organizations of BC, trying to stir up public sentiment against aboriginal fishing rights. As well, during my time back in Nova Scotia there was much increased militancy on the fronts of several Native disputes across Canada. This had begun earlier with the Oka crisis (G. Alfred, 1995; Koenig & Obomsawin, 1993; Lackenbauer. 2008; York & Pindera, 1992) but strong opinions were still very much in the air when 1995 brought both a fatal confrontation of Natives and police at Camp Ipperwash, Ontario (Edwards, 2003) and a military standoff at Gustafsen Lake, B.C. (Lambertus, 2004; Switlo, 1997). These events prompted prototypically indignant settler reaction with support for heavy-handed suppression of such indignities. In response, I

began a prolific stream of "letters-to-the-editor" correspondent in Halifax, taking resolutely pro-Native positions. Once again I was using the words and insights of insider knowledge born of my time with BC First Nation, but now I was staunchly and unequivocally back on the "Native side."

Although in the years before and since my ignominious pro-settler Happy Valley-Goose Bay episode, I would often curse quietly to myself (and to a very few select others among family and close friends), about the vagaries of working with and for Natives decolonization struggles, only that once did I cross the line back to a fully settler colonial stance. I have never revealed that work or my co-authored report about low-level flying in résumés or descriptions of my consulting. How much harm I did to the indigenous side is difficult to say, but probably mine was a miniscule influence, if any, on the large international forces at work for and against NATO operations in Labrador. The activities were eventually reauthorized and continue to be monitored and debated. On a personal level—and I say this hesitantly because it could seem *ex post facto* rationalization—I look on this brief anti-colonized involvement as a time of catharsis. I came from two long stints of work for First Nations, feeling hurt by how fast and easily credit and respect can evaporate. As I then rebounded into my editorial letter writing in defense of Native rights, I was moving back to Indian Country first in spirit and then, by 1997, physically.

Oweekeno-Kitasoo-Nuxalk Tribal Council: Back to the empathic settler. My wife, small children and I moved back to British Columbia in mid 1996. After a year of several marine related and fisheries contracts around Vancouver, I found a new position in another part of the BC Coast—the job of administrator for the Oweekeno-Kitasoo-Nuxalk Tribal Council. I was hired in October 1997 and our family moved to a river-front house on Reserve #1 of the Nuxalk First Nation in remote and tiny Bella Coola.

As the organization's name indicates, the tribal council comprised three First nations, only one of which had road access and that by a steep unpaved mountain road. Uniquely, compared to other BC tribal councils, all the tribes were from different ethno-linguistic groups with languages as distinct as English is from Italian. Tribal councils had emerged as an institutional form in the early 1980s when the Government of Canada sought to devolve administrative responsibilities unto First Nations, arguably a move whose main purpose was cost-cutting (Boldt, 1993). Almost all of any BC tribal council's annual funding flowed through the federal department, Indian and Northern Affairs Canada (INAC)—and with strict conditions and limitations. As administrator, I was to oversee the allocation and use of funding for day-to-day advisory services and band economic development. The location of the OKNTC office in Bella Coola, a day's sailing or an expensive charter flight from each of the other two communities (Kitasoo and Oweekeno), virtually guaranteed that the majority of my time would be captured by the Nuxalk, who were also a considerably more populous band than the others.

I soon found that I had stumbled into one of the most bitter internal conflict zones I have ever known of within BC First Nations. This was not between the member Nations of OKNTC, but rather within the Nuxalk Nation. As indicated above, one of the stereotypes of Native community politics is that it is too often encumbered by what outsiders see as petty jealousies and infighting. This, we non-Natives who work closely with First Nations can, at our most generous moments, explain by reference to the horrific maltreatment of today's leadership as young men and women interned in notorious Indian residential schools (Furniss, 1995; Sellars, 2013). As indicated earlier in this chapter, that pat explanation was one that I had adopted back in my work with the Kwakwaka'wakw, an answer ready for facile use in any troubled context.

In Bella Coola, the only currently occupied Nuxalk village, the split in the community had come in the midst of a battle over logging on King Island. I was given to understand that the roots of division were sown when a radical environmentalist organization, the Forest Action Network (FAN) moved in, fresh from high-profile battles on Vancouver Island. They allied themselves with the more traditional and conservative Nuxalk hereditary chiefs and together launched a multi-pronged attack on the logging companies and economy of the Bella Coola Valley. The story of this alleged invasion of non-resident environmentalists became the standard explanation for the resistance of at least of the Nuxalk community to logging.[27]

The OKNTC, while serving three nations and ostensibly neutral to internal disputes, was entangled in the Nuxalk schism. Several years prior to my arrival, the elected Chief of the Nuxalk, who also held a hereditary chieftainship, was alleged to have inappropriately diverted tribal council funding as part of the defense against logging. He had lost a subsequent election and his successor, a key figure in hiring me, was determinedly pursuing legal action against his predecessor. Battle lines had been drawn well before I arrived between the elected Chief and Council and the House of Samyusta (HoS), an institution of traditionalists formed largely to fight logging. The federal government provided both the institutional and legal legitimacy for the Chief and Council, but neither recognized nor funded the HoS. The latter's relationships with environmental groups provided an alternative support.

It was unmistakable in that first year in Bella Coola that lines had been drawn between the traditionalists (whom I would rarely meet in my entire 5 years in Bella Coola) as allied with

[27] A relatively balanced narrative of the various perspectives on and of FAN is provided by Wild (2004). Hipwell (1997) is more critical of the divisive results of the alliance between FAN and the House of U'Mista while Penney (2004), saw it as an empowering the Nuxalk Nation. The aggregate effect of reading all these sources, along with my recent essay (Dale, 2013), is to leave the reader rightly confused as to what was right, wrong and indeterminate!

numerous local, national, on the one side, and the elected Chief and Council, Indian Northern Affairs Canada (INAC) and major logging companies on the other. Even as we were settling into our new home overlooking the Bella Coola River, the House of Smayusta and its environmentalist allies were launching a renewed international campaign against logging and (re)occupying a watershed on King Island (Nuxalknalus), 40 km north west of Bella Coola (Nuxalk Smayusta, n.d.). With increasing media attention, a movement which would later expand to much larger coastal portions of the region under the rallying slogan, "the Great Bear Rainforest" was beginning to emerge (see Dale, 2013).

Officially, the role of the OKNTC, my employer, was limited in this uproar. My main responsibility related to the situation was just to continue the lawsuit against the former Chief Councillor, something which I did unenthusiastically as I could see how this action only fanned flames of internal conflict among the Nuxalk. But as noted, my advisory services were also at the direction of the elected Chief and Council, who drew on my technical, writing and strategic planning skills in the current battle. I was called upon to attend strategy meetings and write background reports supportive of the pro-logging position and, therefore, unequivocally opposed to the work and interests the House of Smayusta. I was even asked, and accepted without hesitation, to ghost-write letters that, among other things, called into question the authority of the House of Smayusta hereditary chiefs. I diligently researched the best known ethnography of the Nuxalk (MacIlwraith 1948/1992), finding there points to cast doubt on the reach of their traditional powers and on the legitimacy of a collectivity like the House of Smayusta. My transgression here was, if anything, more problematic and impactful than my brief involvement in the low-level flying issue in Labrador. (See above). Nuxalkmc, who saw their role and

purpose as resistance to corporate and colonizing government incursions, were in the well-concealed sights of my mighty, proverbial pen.

All this happened within months of my arrival. Entry into a new First Nation context by a non-Native "expert" is always going to entail uncertainties of role,and private midnight doubts about the fragile distinctions between enabling and disabling help. Or, at least, such doubts should have troubled me more by then, after more than a decade of working among First Nations. But I now feel that I did not do *enough* late night brooding, instead of falling automatically into line with the elected Chief and Council's position and expectations. Why the deference? Why the allegiance to the side whose values were least consonant with the very ideals that had brought me in that long-before dream down into the valley of traditional indigenous life?

Of course, I needed the job and wanted generally to be back in the thick of paid work for First Nations after my drought years in Eastern Canada. We had moved our household with small children and a stay-at-home wife all the way to Bella Coola. Also, I undoubtedly craved acceptance, once again that tendentious and fragile sense of belonging, even if it were with the side of the community to which my values would not have been drawn. How often before had I spoken, especially to other settlers, about the wisdom of indigenous tradition and its rightful return to governance? Hadn't I stood up for environmental stewardship and protection and against rapacious logging in earlier battles? Yet here I was, affiliated with those who rejected the traditionalists and allied with forestry companies in their struggle against the House of Smayusta and its environmentalist allies. What's more, in spite of my previous experiences in divided First Nations, I was knowingly letting myself be identified with one side of a deeply split Native community, a place no White person ought to be. I was certainly aware of, and to a large extent

initially embraced, the advocacy nature of the position I so quickly came into. Bella Coola is tiny and one could not walk around much without encountering "the other side" on village roads, stores or restaurants. But, in fact—and this still fills me with dismay and regret—I never met nor really even knew exactly who the Nuxalk hereditary chiefs were as we presumably passed on the street.

For the most part, I stayed within the partisan boundaries delimited by the elected Chief and Band Council. The one exception which now I look back on as a rare and redemptive moment in my unreflective positioning in the Nuxalk's internal dispute came when Simon Fraser University (SFU) (based near Vancouver) approached Nuxalk Chief and Council about participation in an action research project on forest community economics. I was assigned to do the strategizing and proposal development so that the Nuxalk would have a good chance of being selected as a partner for SFU. The Nuxalk Nation was one of the four engaged in a process of collaborative inquiry (Markey, Pierce, Vodden, & Roseland, 2005). The university researchers asked that each participating community assemble a working group that fairly represented internal community characteristics and diversity and it was clear in my informal early contacts with them that they were well aware of the problems among the Nuxalk and wanted both sides on the group. This became one of the very few issues on which I disagreed with, and confronted, the elected Chief and Council. Knowing that the more activist members of House of Smayusta would be unacceptable to Chief and Council, I suggested Sam Moody, a close relative of and friend with some of he traditionalists. This met with my bosses' initial strong opposition, but I insisted that SFU was aware of the community divide and would not proceed with the Nuxalk as a partner without some reasonable presence of both sides. Sam became a member and, by virtue of his presence, was also able to take part in a significant spin-off of the SFU work. Shortly

thereafter he was hired as the Nuxalk Economic Development Officer, a role I briefly examined (Dale, 2005) in the book SFU later published about its overall forest communities' project (Markey et al., 2005).

The project had some unanticipated spin-offs, one in particular that gave me an opportunity to work on cross-cultural relationships for native and non-Native in Bella Coola. Through one of the SFU researchers, we learned of a process being initiated by the Kettering Foundation on "sustained dialogue," a process of inter-ethnic long-term relationship building (Saunders, 1999). Again, the Nuxalk, along with non-Native Bella Coola counterparts, successfully requested that our communities be part of that process. As a result, Sam, several others and I travelled to Dayton Ohio for a half dozen meetings in 2000-2001 and started up a cross-cultural dialogue group back home as part of the Kettering project. The personal result of this was that Sam Moody became a friend with whom I could privately discuss the ongoing politics and our places within. I felt that he was like a guide, intentionally or not, on a more complete and less partisan understanding of Nuxalk society. Through him, I slowly recognized how my role as OKNTC administrator was compromised by my earlier partisanship. This, now obvious attribution, may help to explain puzzles such as the fact that in 2000, Kanien'kehá:ka (Mohawk) scholar Taiaiake Alfred moved in next door to tribal council for the summer, but rebuffed several brief overtures I made to connect and talk. Only when his book, *Wasāse,* came out in 2005 did I realize he had admiringly interviewed one of the spokespeople for House of Smayusta (T. Alfred, 2005, pp. 189-186). The published discussion well-revealed the disdain and distrust he and his interviewee held for the pro-development faction that then made up most of the elected council I had so faithfully served.

> "TA (Taiaiake Alfred): So what makes the difference between you and them?
>
> S(Sximina): Money!
>
> TA: People always divide this way, between the ones who live for money and those who live for something else." (T. Alfred, 2005, p. 193)

This belated insight, however, prevented little of the damage caused by my partisanship. In 2001 elections for Chief and Council brought in a more balanced group including a substantial presence of House of Smayusta sympathizers. There was sufficient Smayusta presence on the elected council to deadlock a number of the initiatives I had helped mastermind earlier. I felt untrusted and that good prospects were being foregone largely because they were masterminded by me at the previous administration's request. And I now fully understand that. I had willingly, one-sidedly and noticeably embraced the creed of one side within a deeply divided community of people of whose culture I had little knowledge. The schism, moreover, was to a large extent about a classic bifurcation of which I had long been aware: the clashing imperatives of restoring traditional culture and lands so damaged by colonialism, versus embracing neo-liberal "community development" prescriptions based on seeing the past as a romantic preoccupation, one to be superseded by enthusiastic Native participation in the modern non-Native economy. Because of who hired me and was in power when I began work in Bella Coola, I ended up providing technical and strategic support exclusively for the latter ideology. I missed utterly the irony that, when I started my career with First Nations, I had done so with spiritual zeal for traditional Native environmental values and the "small is beautiful" and anti-modernist, standpoint. My role with the OKNTC to all appearances ended up on the side of neo-liberalism, bolstering the narrow mission the colonizer government (i.e. Canada) envisions for all tribal councils: achieving economic and social development so that First Nations join "modern society." As I knew well from the legal case my organization pursued against the former elected

chief, attempting to reassign federal funding in support of oppositional, "sovereigntist" activities ran contrary to this.

The SFU Forest Communities project ended about the time I left Bella Coola. While appreciative of their experience there, the university researchers came to accept that not a great deal could be accomplished in forest-based community development in so divided an atmosphere (Dale, 2005; Markey et al., 2005). Nonetheless, along with the Kettering involvement, the project played some part in subsequent developments that included a jointly-sought forest harvest license between Nuxalk and non-Natives.

Over a five-year period there were, of course, many more episodes and projects comprising my service to the Oweekeno, Kitasoo and Nuxalk. Many I still take satisfaction in: a sequence of full community workshops in Oweekeno, a process called "Na-na-kila," the Nuxalk Natural Resource Management Office I designed and set up including mentoring Nuxalk citizens, two of who would later be elected Chief Councilors themselves. Another "mentee" from the community took over and remains, over a decade later, my successor as senior administrator. I have been asked back as a consultant for several projects including as planner-facilitator for the a Central Coast marine management body[28] and, separately, in the same role for the creation of a special Native-non-Native organization dedicated to restoring the important, but for some years, depleted sockeye from Rivers and Smith's Inlet. In another instance, I applied my mediation and negotiation skills to coordinate the Nuxalk response to a violation of their cultural heritage—the apparently malicious and purposeful illegal felling of several "culturally modified trees."[29]

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[28] This activity became the focus of my work on my "change project" one of the required "learning achievements" within the Antioch Ph.D. in Leadership & Change Program.

[29] These are trees that bear distinct markings indicative of traditional indigenous forest use. Combined with a ring-based determination of the age of such trees, their presence can be important in establishing the length of a tribe's presence in a particular location (Feddema & Stryd, 1998). This is recognized

Tangibly, even with the tensions with the House of Smayusta always simmering, there was progress.

No issue stayed with me as long nor moved me as deeply, however, as the collapse of a small and culturally-treasured fish, the eulachon (*Thaleichthys pacificus*). I look back with some satisfaction at this involvement, but also with a growing sense of the contradictions it surfaced between my serving as a competent technical support person, while not in any way serving the self-determination needs of a long-oppressed indigenous community.

My involvement in the eulachon issue was many-faceted. The first spring after my family and I moved to Bella Coola, we had the unique privilege of being housed on the Bella Coola River a hundred metres from the main site used for netting and processing eulachon. Gifts of fresh eulachon were brought to us, enough that we still think of the daughter born later that year as being embryonically nurtured by eulachon![30] That year, we could watch (and smell) as the traditional and vital custom of fermenting and rendering the fish for the much-valued "grease" proceeded. The harvest and the processing of this fish had always been vital to the culture and economy of the Nuxalk as well as the handful of other First Nations fortunate enough to have eulachon-bearing rivers in their territory (Moody, 2008). But the next year (1999), the schools of in-migrating eulachon did not come and this has been followed now by many years of scant returns of the once plentiful species.

From that first year of this eulachon "drought" on, I was assigned to take a leading role in advocacy directed primarily at the federal Department of Oceans and Fisheries (DFO). Canada's constitution asserted federal jurisdiction over all sea fish from the country's inception in 1867.

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formally by the Province of British Columbia (see http://www.for.gov.bc.ca/archaeology/policies/recording_culturally_modified_trees.htm)

[30] Her name is Eden and she would reconnect to the eulachon issue fifteen years later at a feast held in conjunction with raising a pole in honor of the eulachon. See Chapter VIII.

This was never accepted formally by First Nations, but in order to access fisheries, they have always had to engage with an ever-growing bureaucracy of scientists and regulators at DFO. When the culturally-treasured but commercially insignificant eulachon populations collapsed, the question could be legitimately and rhetorically asked: "If you, Government of Canada, assert authority of management, what have you done for the eulachon? "

In fact, DFO policy was strongly implicated in the collapse of the stocks, as the agency had not only tolerated, but also encouraged a rapid increase in another kind of fishing in the mid 1990s—the shrimp trawl. This has been called the most destructive fishery in the world in terms of inadvertent catching and killing of non-target species (Alverson, Freeberg, Pope, & Murawski, 1994). It was within two years of the deliberate expansion of shrimp trawling in BC coastal waters that eulachon numbers "mysteriously" were decimated (Hay et al., 1999; Moody, 2008). To make matters worse, DFO's indifference about eulachon meant scarce research into baseline populations and their variations, made it impossible to verify the extent and causes of the collapse. In short, there was much to object to in federal mismanagement of the stock, and a strong feeling among First Nations that the roots of this disappearance lay in the disrespect of the colonizer government for the well-being of the colonized. By both inclination and my scientific background I was pleased to take on the issue of the eulachon collapse as a top priority.

In this, probably more than in any episode of my career with First Nations to that point, my role was one of leadership, albeit not called that. To be a non-Native adviser, even an obviously influential one, is to never allow oneself to be called "leader." The long history of paternalism, whereby Natives were equated with children in need of guidance and instruction, precluded such usage. But there could be little doubt that my role was very prominent and often directive. I was at the center of all strategizing and action on the eulachon that occurred in Bella

Coola from the time of the first failed run of the fish in 1999 to well after I moved from the area in 2002. To me, the DFO's actions and inaction seemed the quintessence of colonialism—White governments usurping traditional authority and then, because the affected species was not a major money-earner for the contemporary mainstream economy, neglecting its management, and, in fact, encouraging other activities of known riskiness, to endanger it. The value of the eulachon to indigenous society was manifold—it was a food vital in its timing for humans and other creatures; it was a medicine whose worth was culturally unquestionable, as being far more recently confirmed by western science (Kuhnlein, Yeboah, Sedgemore, Sedgemore, & Chan, 1996; Phinney et al. 2008); its significance unquestionable in trade with other First Nations to the west and especially to the east, the basis for the great "grease trail" routes used for centuries and most recently by European "explorers," and the harvesting and processing of the eulachon historically up to the present had been an annual nucleus for community and inter-generational solidarity.

Yet as a succession of eulachon-less springs came and went, with the exception of one Nuxalk graduate student who did her Master's thesis on the eulachon (Moody, 2008) and has since stayed with the issue on a primarily scientific-technical basis, there seemed to be much less community action than needed and deserved. In the years while I remained administrator for the OKNTC, the eulachon demise was a major discussion item at the annual general meeting. Every year a resolution would be passed deploring the situation and calling for action. But other than Megan's surveys, little else seemed to happen. This pattern continued well after I left the OKNTC in 2002. Since then I was called upon often as a consultant, to come back and take part in what I would call (privately in my own diary) the "annual ritual of eulachon grumbling." Twice I took a lead role pushing for, planning and coordinating province-wide gatherings in

Bella Coola to discuss the eulachon crisis. For the later of these, in 2007, I managed to win the attention of Canada's most widely read newspaper, the *Globe and Mail* from Toronto (Hume, 2007), as well as from an internationally based science journalist (Senkowsky, 2007). I led in planning for that gathering as both a celebration and a mourning for eulachon, indeed even suggesting calling it a "shame feast"—with DFO as the focus of this ceremony of opprobrium. Over my years working for First Nations, I had heard and read shaming ceremonies and rituals both among the Nuxalk (McIlwraith, 1948/1992) and other BC groups (Bell & Williams, 1998; Mills, 1994). And so my thought, as we planned the 2007 sessions, was to resurrect an indigenous custom for a contemporary issue, perhaps yet another instance of the settler who wishes to be seen as transcending his own origins and being as true or truer to indigenous culture than Natives themselves- once again the postcolonial flâneur (A. Williams, 1997)!

But the "shame feast" really never materialized as such. Though the gathering in 2007 was well-attended by Native leaders from even distant communities and by national press, non-government organizations etc., the feast itself struck me as lackluster with far fewer Nuxalk coming than one usually expects at generously catered local events. After-dinner speeches by the Nuxalk, which I had always imagined would be rich with emotional testimony about eulachon values, were few and, to my mind, perfunctory. Guests were welcomed politely, but little was said about the resource crisis that had brought them to Bella Coola and not a word about shame arose.

After the gathering, a committee of primarily indigenous leaders from all along the BC Coast was struck and I promoted and facilitated its only two follow-up meetings. But differences of perspective and personality soon surfaced and the internal contention about mandate and representativeness dissipated energy and commitment. Avidly, I prepared a detailed, high-

graphics draft report on the 2007 gathering: it was never approved and released. Indeed, its fate was hardly mentioned in board meetings of the Nuxalk and OKNTC, even after I was fully paid for and submitted it.

I have never fully understood or accepted this disappointing event and denouement. It had centered on what had long struck me as a blatant cultural and ecological injustice, an iconic instance of the federal government's continuing disrespect for native peoples and wild species. Later, Megan Moody and I would collaborate on yet another analysis and strategic plan for inter-tribal action on the eulachon. Even as I write in the late summer of 2013, there are murmurings of at least putting up some commemorative signage to mark where the eulachon fishing and processing camps used to happen. Megan continues working to insure that each year's return of eulachon—always a tiny fraction of what once was and never enough to sustain a harvest—is monitored (see Hyslop, 2013).

If I have learned anything about the comprehension of Native societies by settler "friends" like me, it is that it is largely incomprehensible and that spinning out explanations—as I did so confidently, years even before that failed meeting back with Jim and the logging and provincial officials—is itself a major part of what is wrong in the ongoing colonial relationships. My seeing the response to the eulachon crisis as incomprehensible apathy and inaction could have been something far more subtle and requiring a longer "incubation" period than what I as an impetuous would-be White leader could grasp. Subsequent events bear out such an alternative possibility (see Chapter VIII).

We non-Natives have always had copious theories for the "Indian problem" (Dyck, 1991). Especially in the privacy of discussions with other empath-settlers, almost effortlessly, we can spin out pontifications—a word that appropriately originated from "pontiff" or pope,

religious leaders who have been delivering bulls justifying imperialism since before Columbus's voyages! Tracing our own role in co-constructing ineffective ways of facing down colonialism is a rare and less enjoyable a pursuit. Yet, when I revisit the question of leadership for the eulachon issue, I can finds its lack not only in DFO's obvious sins of omission and commission, and, more arguably, in the shortfalls of commitment I attributed to the Nuxalk leaders and citizenry, but more surely with a non-Nuxalk advisor, me, who approached the crisis in a manner and using strategies that were anything but compatible with indigenous ways. He was someone who would come up, on his own—with only the help an old Nuxalk ethnography that an earlier non-indigenous "friend of the Indians" wrote (McIlwraith, 1948/1992)—with the idea of a shame feast. It did not occur to me that holding such an event was not my prerogative but, in traditional times, solely that of those most affected by others' transgressions. How did the Nuxalk feel about having a non-Native coax them to re-discover their own traditions?

I think now that so much of the time I was only half-learning. I got to know about the customary interactions and rituals, but missed the deeper protocols of who has the right to practice them. I can only speculate what effect this may have had when a non-Native grabbed the lead, like so many more blatantly colonialist Whites before.

It might even be fairly suggested that, in this eulachon and no doubt many other episodes, I was doing much the same as what I otherwise found abhorrent with overt colonizing authorities: usurping local resource stewardship because *they* lacked the ability (D.Harris, 2001; Walter et al., 2000). What's more, to paraphrase the title of a collection of Native poetry (Maki, 1995), I now was even stealing their rage about the eulachon and the seizure of the right to lead in resource stewardship.

In all this, I stumbled as I had in this partisan work for one side of the community in the confrontations over forestry into the complex meanings, values, emotions and hopes of yet another First Nation who I, regretfully, would never be "one of." I cannot even seize from First Nations the responsibility of inaction, of futility. Can I?

Key Themes in the Incomplete Making of an Empathic Settler

Including my two-storied account of the years prior to direct engagement with First Nations, this chapter has crossed more than forty years of working, moving in and out of a diverse array of contexts and roles and learning, unlearning and not learning.

To emplot it has meant being selective, drawing out of musty memory and boxes in my basement, episodes and themes that speak particularly to the bivalent title of the chapter—trying to make a more knowledgeable and empathic settler of myself but getting only so far, indeed, coming up against habits of thought and action that stymied fuller decolonization of my mind as well as real effectiveness in my work. A reader could reply critically: "What is this? a confession! *Mea maxima culpa* from someone who seems either to have been persistently obtuse or, for whatever political, personal or rhetorical reason, is picking data intentionally to make it look that way?

My reply is that I would hope the reader has also seen a worthy struggle in process and that along the way; some worthy accomplishments were made, quite aside from a modicum of personal decolonization. Years after I left the Kwakwaka'wakw, I kept up friendships with leaders, heard them speak favorably of things we achieved together. Today, the social medium of Facebook permits the maintenance or renewal of many of these connections. From Haida Gwaii, I can point to the Gwaii Trust itself, the achievement of a degree of local cross-cultural community control that, arguably, set the stage for many other inter-community collaborations,

while defying the federal government's original nay-saying at the very idea of turning $38 million (now worth more than $60 millions notwithstanding annual disbursements to Islands communities and groups of several millions for socially worthy causes) over to a rag-tag group of tiny coastal villages. In 2013 it was especially fitting that the Gwaii Trust provided some funding for an historic pole raising at Lyell Island. The pole was carved to commemorate the protests of the mid 1980s that had led to the creation of Gwaii Haanas National Park and also the Gwaii Trust itself.

Both Sandspit individually and the Gwaii Trust as a whole have brought me back a number of times to work on implementation, planning and evaluation. And the OKNTC, now the WKNTC due a name change at Oweekeno, likewise keeps calling me back. I have attended many of their annual general meetings since my family and I moved late in 2002 to Prince George, many hours to the northeast. The eulachon work keeps re-emerging again and again, most recently in a "Sputc" welcoming ceremony and pole-raising—with which I had nothing to do but attend and marvel (see Chapter VIII).

So, why brood on imperfections? Why have I zeroed in on stories whose endings (such as they have any) have me showing off the scars of mostly self-inflicted wounds, now clearly traceable to my settler consciousness? I have described how my take-away from the extraordinary opportunity with the Kwakwaka'wakw was a pitiful, limited explain-everything theory of Native dysfunction as the result of Indian residential schooling and the many other traumatic forces colonialism unleashed. True in essence, but dangerously verging on re-victimization and the now subtly updated stereotype of the "drunken Indian." I have told how my fidelity to the White people of Sandspit and their quixotic desire for having a small craft harbor built on top of a beach weakened my work on, and reputation for, forging innovative,

local cross-cultural relations. I confessed to having worked, albeit for a brief time, after moving back to eastern Canada, to assist another small White town that sought to overcome indigenous resistance to NATO flights. And, back west and in Bella Coola, I allowed myself to become a partisan working against the very people whose beliefs and actions were closest to those I at least espoused.

My aim in bringing all this to the foreground is neither to make confession nor seek forgiveness, but for learning. The connection between failing on initiatives central to one's sense of purpose and identity and learning radically new ways of being has long been both well theorized and well-demonstrated (Argyris & Schön, 1974; Lewin & Grabbe, 1945). The question that all this leaves, I suggest, should be primarily: what did Norman learn and, what, if anything can this teach others? Was it all shallow and tactical or perhaps the beginnings of something more profound? And do the engagements in my career show, at last, the overdue, dawning decolonizing of my mind?

Envoi

The opening period of my career with First Nations as highlighted in this chapter began with a dream of joyous descent into a valley among where I offered a small gift of fish that transformed into an enormous one. And so I continued to dream awake that perhaps the gifts of knowledge and skills I could offer to First Nations might also morph into a "fish," big enough to feed us all. Could anyone mistake the imagery, not only of following in the paths of priests and other proselytes, but of Christ himself, multiplying loaves and fishes to amply nourish the five thousand (Matthew 14: 17-20, King James Version)? Alas, like so many Messianic (ad)ventures, mine brought no one's salvation. Instead, I was left and am still pondering more about how one comes to be aware of the clay of one's own feet—and how that ending can be changed.

Chapter VI: Towards a Post-Colonial Friendship

> When you tackle a problem as important as the possibilities of mutual understanding, you should be doubly careful. (Fanon, 1952/2008, p. 65)

In this chapter, the story and I reach yet another turning point pivotal to my reframing the focus of continuing work on issues of land, rights, recognition and decolonization. Indeed, prior to the events that I will shortly describe, I rarely gave much thought to Canada as explicitly colonial, though I was well aware (so I thought) of it possessing so many properties. To me, decolonization still mainly connoted the essentially completed struggles of countries formerly subjugated under the various decadent European empires whose heyday was a 100 years before. I already fully accepted the history of White Euro-Canadian oppression and planned to continue to work on confronting the "long and terrible shadow" (T. Berger, 1991) of that past. And I had seen first hand the willingness of governments, the private sector, and even the progressives in the environmental movement, to strive to maintain dominance in dealings with First Nations. But I had not seen the systemic nature of the pervasive and insidious settler colonialism, a phrase I had yet to encounter. And I certainly had not tried to understand my frustrations in interactions with First Nations allies as arising from the colonialism between my ears.

In meeting, befriending, interacting, imperfectly collaborating and coming into painful conflict with a Native (Gitxsan) artist Roderick Thomas (Tom) Mowatt, in faltering steps my worldview began to change. In this chapter I will address those events and changes. Doing so requires a positionality that is both hard to define and to maintain, one that is shot full of dilemmas of what constitutes data and, no less important, what data can or must be brought forward to validate a perspective. This, to be without tragically and paradoxically just re-instantiating inequitable colonial relations. After all, one of the main perils of a relationship between individuals from both sides of a settler-colonial divide arises from the history of

unauthorized and unfair imperial representation (Said, 1978; L. Smith, 1999). A major thrust of dominance by oppressors was to presume a right to characterize the oppressed, to study and report back to peers and colonial decision-makers, what *their* culture was and even how *they* thought. This led anti-colonial writers to assert that, despite the killing fields of colonialism, the brutal attempts at cultural genocide, and the vast annals of resource and land theft, all of this has been enabled by an underlying epistemic violence (Duran, Duran, Brave Heart, & Horse-Davis, 1998; Spivak, 1988) by which the Native is both "spoken for" and coerced to see herself through Western colonial eyes (Mohanty, 1988).

This history has not gone away; it hangs darkly about my effort, and those of any Whites who tell stories figured with Natives. I want to shift the gaze from the Native to the mirror, as I have said. This same metaphor is, in fact, what Paulette Regan, whose approach and writing will be taken up below, has adopted:

> To my mind, Canadians are still on a misguided, obsessive, mythical quest to assuage colonizer guilt by solving the Indian problem . . . we avoid looking too closely at ourselves and the collective responsibility we bear for the colonial status quo. The significant challenge that lies before us is to turn the mirror back upon ourselves and to answer . . . How do we solve the settler problem? (P. Regan, 2010, p. 11)

But to explore my settler consciousness unavoidably involves portraying interactions with Natives. How then to escape the dilemma that, as the non-Native recounts cross-cultural interactions he seems obliged to represent—at least in the sense of depicting—the Other? In doing so, he will almost automatically shift from merely saying what is seen, to the "trick," as Geertz famously put it, of figuring out "what the devil *they* think they are up to" (Geertz, 1973, p.15). Therein, lies the rub, as we will see below.

Part of managing this dilemma is omitting "data" that might seem crucial, but which threatens the other's dignity as an agent well able to do his own storytelling and interpreting. Remind oneself that the "whole story" can never be told, that there are—as there were between

Tom and me—moments so agonizing that they must remain unwritten elsewhere than in memory. The reader should look at this story, then, aware of these caveats and that there are parts necessarily missing, a negative narrative space, providing depth and definition by omission like Wallace Steven's *Snow Man,* beholding "nothing that is not there, and the nothing that is" (Stevens, 1921/1990, p.10).

Before taking up this narrative of struggles in and towards a post-colonial friendship, I want to bring the reader from the time of my work with the Oweekeno-Kitasoo-Nuxalk Tribal Council (OKNTC) in Bella Coola to the June morning when I first met Tom. For in this transition, there is evidence of an outlook that is changing, yet also, dynamically conservative, in Schön's (1971) sense of that phrase.

From Bella Coola to the Lone/Lost Wolf

The lowered profile and activity of the OKNTC by 2002, resulting from political changes[31] in the largest and closest member band, the Nuxalk, made it relatively easy to make a family-motivated decision to leave the job as administrator and move to a new, exciting position with the University of Northern British Columbia. This was inland in Prince George around 10 hours drive from Bella Coola. For a bit more than two years I would manage the Northern Coastal Information and Research Program (NCIRP) a $2 million grant the university had received to conduct studies and communications related to the possibility of exploring for oil and gas off the northern BC coast. It may be recalled that a conference of First Nations and environmentalists in 1986 had been an inaugural event in my working with Native communities (see Chapter IV). After years of hardly a mention of this supremely controversial idea, it had

[31] By way of reminder, elections brought in several new councilors and a new Chief more sympathetic to the traditionalists whom I had helped the former Chief Councilor to oppose. This, understandably, left me and the OKNTC less trusted and eventually less used.

once again arisen and attracted vigorous support from an emerging alliance of pro-business groups and local politicians (Dale, 2005, pp. 5-9; Natural Gas Intelligence, 2002). BC's newly elected right-leaning government was solidly behind opening up a vast marine offshore region known as the Queen Charlotte Basin to exploratory drilling. Aware of potentially massive opposition, this government saw its grant to UNBC as a show of good faith in having a neutral party lead investigations of possible impacts and with a yet-to-be appointed committee of local people of all viewpoints, playing a strong role in guiding the studies. I was offered the position of overall manager-coordinator, which, along with duties of entering and managing contracts with consultant-researchers, entailed development of what came to be called the Community Guidance Group (McAlpine, 2005). Naturally, indigenous presence was significant and from this effort I could have extracted many autoethnographic episodes viewable as a continuation on my path of empathic settler leadership. But I was not for the most part dealing with Native leaders, but rather with band and tribal council staff or others who reflected, but did not officially represent, their Nations. This approach, which I adapted from Saunders' (1999) sustained dialogue model, neatly skirted several difficulties[32] that could have arisen if First Nations were to be officially represented in the UNBC process. For the most part, my work on this project left me with a sense of having been able to apply a lot of what I had learned in prior work for and with First Nations including some of the more painful lessons outlined in Chapter V.

[32] These were threefold: the reluctance of First Nations to be seen as officially consulted about a project that they were already significantly and publicly opposed to; the often lengthy and sometimes impossible task of having Nations select an appropriate representative; and the need, if we had wanted to be seen as a fully representative council, to have every individual First Nation sit at the table – which would have meant probably upwards of 20 representatives. Added to about 12 non-Native communities and the group size would have been inappropriate for timely decision-making. It is perhaps worth adding that my experience with First Nations enabled me to see these obstacles and circumvent them in a politically acceptable fashion.

Two especially satisfying episodes took place, coincidentally, in the same meeting room at a Prince Rupert hotel, several years apart. When I was first starting the program, I got myself invited to a meeting of the Tsimshian Tribal Council a body that comprised numerous First nations of the north coast whose traditional marine territories were in the path of the proposed exploratory program. I knew, going into a large meeting of Native leaders and staff with very variable familiarity both with the oil and gas issues and UNBC's fledgling research program, that there would be confusion and possible friction. It was not long in coming. For the first hour, as the only non-Tsimshian present, I was seen as the stand-in, a man paid, after all by at the then-much-resented[33] new BC government. I and the reason for my being there was the target of a deluge of angrily-worded commentary. But I had seen this first hand and felt that part of White man's getting to a point of being able to communicate was to be willing to listen with respect even to invective. I knew well the grievances based on a history of incursions by governments and private companies out to exploit resources. I listened attentively with a positive, though not smiling, facial expression. At no time did I interrupt, only twice asking questions of clarification. A break was then called and I could see that several of the more sympathetic leaders were chagrined, perhaps a bit embarrassed over the rough handling meted out to me. One of the most vehement speakers came up to me and said (paraphrasing), how did you do that? How did you sit there and take all this without getting mad.

And I answered (again paraphrasing), because your people have had to put up with a lot worse, getting attacked and belittled. I think it's time we (settlers) learned to suck it up. This

[33] The new premier, Gordon Campbell had run for election with a promise to hold a referendum asking British Columbian voters if they agreed that native land title should be negotiated. The referendum consisted of eight provocative questions. Most First Nations and other indigenous organizations rejected the idea of a referendum, suggesting that it was making basic rights subject to majority rule (see Rossiter & Wood, 2005).

man, a hereditary chief from Kitkatla, (home village of the Gitxaala, one of the largest Tsimshian communities) became an ally over the course of the next year when I almost succeeded in developing a unique initiative with his Nation. This brings me to the second meeting in the same room almost two years later.

In the interim, I had worked with the Gitxaala because of their willingness to proceed with staff to develop a community-based research and dialogue program. It would have had the First Nation take the lead in identifying research that their people deemed essential in deliberating the pros and cons of offshore oil and gas. In preparation, UNBC had sponsored several of their leaders to meet with me in Prince George and I had visited their village twice, putting together the project work plan. Unfortunately, the overall head of the UNBC project resigned and was replaced by a former mayor of Prince George, a man who had minimal First Nations connections or knowledge. This new director was more focused on budgeting and administration and, subsequently, his questioning concluded, in consultation with senior university administrators, that the Gitxaala project was not affordable. Reluctantly, I had to accompany the new director on a trip to the coast to deliver the bad news. We met about a dozen of Gitxaala staff and leaders at that same hotel room and I left it to the new director to make the university's pronouncement cancelling the project. The leaders were upset, of course, and conveyed this pointedly. In response, the director turned to me and asked, rhetorically: "Norman: was any *written* commitment made to proceed with this work?" My reply was: "No. The Tsimshian people have never considered it necessary to sign agreements when they are dealing with trustworthy people."

As can be imagined, my subsequent relationship with the new director was strained and limited. I oversaw the completion of research projects that were already underway and happily

saw the end of my contractual period to its conclusion. When several months later the university chose to hold a celebratory public event at the end of the NCIRP, I was offered travel costs back to the same hotel in Prince Rupert, but I declined.

This said, I look back now on both these episodes, as well as our having set up a diverse community guidance group that learned to work through and beyond the deep cultural and positional differences regarding offshore oil and gas (McAlpine, 2005), as largely a success against substantial odds.

Meeting Tom Mowatt. After several years in the thick of one of the region's most controversial public issues, early in 2005, I decided to scale back to smaller projects, consciously avoiding politically hot contexts. This retreat was not like my wounded departure from the Haida Gwaii situation twelve years earlier (see Chapter V). I hung my "Rapport Mediation" shingle again and took on projects quite selectively. This included becoming a "job coach" on a project with a non-profit organization, the Northern John Howard Society (NJHS), whose mandate is support for ex-prisoner rehabilitation. It was in this ostensibly apolitical "micro" context that I met a man who would change my perspective on the relations of settlers and Natives. Before this, my interactions with indigenous realities were largely professional and institutional. Though interpersonal relationships were necessarily key elements of prior work, as I look back now, I see that they were only passingly the focus of my attempts to fathom the difficult psychology of settler consciousness. Native colleagues and I would struggle with an external challenge and the clash (or complementarities) of mind-sets as arising from our shared settler colonial situation, I would glimpse but fleetingly, incidentally. In what follows the personal dimensions of that situation came to the forefront. And I became convinced that it is there that the "mind-forged manacles" of hegemony and privilege are to be maintained—or overcome

My role was to work with a team of people, hitherto on employment assistance, to see if a viable social enterprise could be established. NJHS had long had a well-equipped, but poorly-run woodworking shop. The concept was to have it produce marketable wood items with some emphasis on the copious beetle-killed pine available because of an insect epidemic throughout north and central British Columbia at the time. Very small scale and very un-political and very much a lead into one of the most life-changing work experiences, a settler Canadian could have had.

My first task in this contract position was to build a team. I had posted a notice for those seeking employment on the NJHS bulletin board, stipulating that the candidates must be "EI qualified" meaning currently on employment assistance. As a man paroled only several days earlier after years in prison, Tom Mowatt was not eligible, but apparently was intrigued enough that the workshop would be the focus of such a project that he came into our interview room, politely explaining that he could not apply but wanted to volunteer his help. I met with him later the same day and he was already bubbling with ideas. It became clear to me that Tom had a stronger background in shop woodworking than any candidate we had interviewed. I hired a team of four and agreed to retain Tom as an additional unpaid member, working whatever number of hours he wished. Several weeks later, I was able to rework the overall budget (including cutting my own pay) so that Tom could receive some remuneration for what were unquestionably the most valuable contributions any of the "Wood-Bee" team had to offer.

The project lasted 5 months, concluding with a plan for the social enterprise whose significantly shaped by Tom's presence and ideas. Along the way he unhesitatingly and often shared with me details of his life and of the crimes he had been convicted of. One of our first interactions beyond the workplace was my purchase from him of a beautiful wooden plaque of a

butterfly. (Fig. 6-1). A year and a half later, when the plaque was stolen, we both spoke of this as a major loss. Mine was tangible—an empty space on a wall where it had been honored. Tom would later explain to me that for him the butterfly, and the fact I bought it, symbolized the transformation he personally and we, together, had embarked upon. Over time, we also came to speak of the loss of the plaque as just one more unexpected turn that friendship takes, not one we wanted, but part of the natural flow of shared journeys, which like any growth often entails concurrent, irrevocable loss.

Figure 6.1. Tom Mowatt's Butterfly Plaque. Photograph by Norman Dale .

The relationship became even closer when, several months into the work, he received news that his father had died in his home village, several hundred kilometers away. It was at this time that I became aware of Tom having been banned from visiting this home region by the elected Band council of Gitanmaax. This alienation seemed very painful, but even more so, when his request to the parole officer for an exception to this ban and permission for a short home visit was denied. The day of his father's funeral struck me as being a time of high vulnerability and risk: perhaps he would simply defy the rules; jump the bus and head home, thereby facing possible reincarceration for parole violation. For this reason and for compassion, I organized a ceremony at NJHS, a patchwork of what I could find out about his culture's funerary rites and bits and pieces of my culture's. I knew Tom was negative about western Christian religion, so

we ended up doing a reading from a touching children's book called *God Bless the Gargoyles* (Pilkey, 1996). I chose it because of its theme of loving those who society deems monstrous. Food was served, prayers offered and the day and the hurt of death and separation, collectively endured.

Collaborative autobiography and the Dan Bar-On seminars. Not long after this Tom approached me with a request for help in working on his autobiography. He had heard from our NJHS colleagues of my having co-authored two books, and asked if I could help him as undertook an autobiography. I agreed to this and we made some limited progress, mainly brainstorming towards a mixed media format using his artistic carving, poetry and prose. The working title was "The Unwanted Journey of Lost/Lone Wolf."

That autumn of 2005, unconnected at that point to my relationship with Tom, I became aware of an upcoming sequence of workshops and training to be given by Israeli psychologist, Dan Bar-On, a professor who had had strong connections with my late mentor, Donald Schön. We had had some limited contact via email previously and so I was excited to learn that he was assembling an international group of people who worked in cross-cultural settings for a sequence of meetings at the Koerber Foundation in Hamburg. The format followed from Bar-On's work with the descendants of holocaust victims and perpetrators and also in the context of the hostilities between Israelis and Palestinians (Bar-On & Kassem, 2004). As I prepared for the first of what was planned to be a sequence of six workshops over three years, Tom and I discussed what it was about and how good it would have been had he been able to join me in Hamburg. The first session drew participants from one or both sides of several prominent cross-cultural clashes including Israel-Palestine, the Balkans, Rwanda and immigrant-nationalist contexts of European nations, as well as two people from the Yukon in Canada one Native, one

settler. The hope of the organizers was that both sides of such prominent culture divides would be present, but Tom and I presumed that the restrictive conditions of his parole release would preclude any chance of his travelling internationally. Bar-On laid out the planned process for his storytelling method which was for participants, on return home, to conduct detailed life-history interviews with someone from the "other side" of whatever ethnic divide they were part of.

On return, I approached Tom about being my co-interviewer (the original idea was that turns would be taken with each person interviewing the other). Having Tom work with me on this seemed to me to be a natural continuation of his desire to tell his story with my assistance, as discussed well before the Bar-On seminars were initiated. Tom agreed and we proceeded to informally negotiate a protocol for the approach and confidentiality of the work. While no formal ethical review process was engaged, Bar-On, through steady interaction with the group via the Internet, tutored all participants in best practices in this regard, including both in-session and online discussion of his own writing about ethics in interviewing (Bar-On, 1996). Having done research interviews, albeit of a more fact-seeking kind, many times over my career, I had no qualms about the work with Tom. As noted, we co-developed the protocol governing the use and distribution of the information, clarity around non-remuneration.

Most interestingly to me at the time, was how to address issues around protection of identity. In his work, Bar-On invariably used pseudonyms and this seemed necessary given the nature of crimes for which Tom had been convicted. Yet he struck out the provision I had drafted which was to disguise him, insisting that his real name be used. He said that it was essential on his ongoing journey that he not be anonymous, that there be no more deceit. This was consistent with the unusual tack Tom has taken over the years in the Prince George community. From soon after his release in 2005, he was making contacts with both the local community college and

university, and thereafter led seminars for students in social work in which he openly discussed specifics of his crimes, including their familial, cultural and historic foundations.

We had the interview on a wintry Sunday morning in February, 2006, at the otherwise vacated downtown office of the Northern John Howard Society. The procedure I used, following the guidance of Bar-On who relied on the approach of Rosenthal (1993), was life history interviewing. In this, the researcher says very little. Instead, after a brief reiteration of the protocol, and with the tape recorder rolling, I turned entirely over to Tom the telling of his life story as he chose at the time to narrate it. With very few interruptions from me, the occasional spontaneous empathetic grunt or nod, he spoke for almost three hours. Subsequently I prepared a verbatim transcript of the session and provided Tom with a copy.

At that time, and even several years later when, with Tom's permission and partial involvement, I used the interview materials in a paper written for my doctoral program, I came away with strongly positive feelings of mutual accomplishment. I believed that, together, we had met a high and rare standard of cross-cultural collaboration, evincing the kind of respect and recognition needed badly at the macro level of settler colonial states. Along with the transcription, as part of what Bar-On had asked of each participant, I prepared a "thematic summary" of the interview. This was circulated, as planned, to Dan Bar-On and the other participants in the Koerber Foundation seminar series so that we could all understand each other's work without reading full transcripts. I did not think, at the time to share this part of the assignment with Tom. To me it was a natural step after full transcription. Only later would I realize that *any* processing of a transcript means also representation of the story-teller, in this case, in a way that he was not aware of. It is a step that Tom might not have taken so much for granted as I did and it foreshadowed difficulties ahead.

Dan Bar-On was enthused by what I sent and even suggested that it seemed the start of what could be a fascinating book. When I attended the second seminar in late June 2006, Tom had become something of a star *in absentia.* Most of the other participants along with Bar-On and other faculty members, keenly engaged in discussions about my and Tom's initial cross-cultural storytelling work. Tom had sent a gift (see Figure 6.2) for the seminar accepted by Bar-On, an abstract fabric composition that used traditional Northwest culture colors of black and red, but arranged behind white bars to connote personal and cultural imprisonment.[34] Note that, when I am passing this gift on to Dan Bar-On, I am wearing a T-shirt that was also Tom's design. I had worked closely with Tom to secure financial backing for producing the T-shirts as he sought to start up his own business.

Figure 6.2. Author conveys Tom Mowatt's gift to Dan Bar-On (July 2006). Photograph on Norman Dale's camera by classmate.

The friendship grows—with a little help from colonialism. This set a pattern as I saw it for our relationship throughout 2006 and the next several years, a seemingly considerable record of ostensible helping. I assisted him with financing of his efforts to build a business that

[34] It may well have also symbolized Tom's exclusion from the Bar-On process, something whose significance I may well have underestimated. I thank Philomena Essed for suggesting this added meaningfulness of the art.

would make wood and graphic art. I bought several pieces of his work and was gifted others—prints, plaques and a mask called "knowledge hunter," which has ever since watched over my desk and writing (Figure 6.3). I conversed with Tom several times each week, listening empathetically to personal difficulties he would relate. For four years we met almost weekly and spoke more often on the phone with the most common topics being his family and mine, our every different roles as fathers, and, repeatedly, his agony over being banned from his home community. On three occasions, his parole officer designated me as Tom's "community support" for travel outside the Prince George area, to which he was confined by his release orders.[35] In this capacity, I accompanied him to the Vancouver area for a National Parole Board hearing, and another time, to and from a remote healing camp he attended two hours west of Prince George. The third, and most memorable excursion, came in November 2006 when the Gitanmaax Band Council allowed him to return to his home village for his daughter's wedding. This event proved to be both a stressful and joyous one, but, I believe, significantly strengthened the bond between us.

Figure 6.3. Tom Mowatt's Mask, "Knowledge Hunter" over author's desk. Photograph by Norman Dale

Tom had requested the short-term suspension of the ban for the wedding weekend months in advance, and contributed substantial finances to support the ceremony as well as

[35] This form of assistance is not remunerated nor can I (or Tom) recall how it came about, whether he requested or I volunteered. Often, especially when one tries to recollect such details several years after, the question of who offered or asked blurs in the interpersonal conversation. Suffice to say, that both of us saw my help in this as implicit, anticipated, and in need of little discussion.

making many small wooden gifts for the guests. But the parole officer's discussions on the conditions to be applied on the visit went slowly. Even as we set off on the 6-hour drive to the village, there was a lack of clarity and closure. This resulted in a tense albeit short confrontation with the Chief and Council and Band Manager on our arrival. The wedding was set for Saturday and on Friday night the customary rehearsal was to be held. As father of the bride, Tom presumed (and so did I) that his attendance at that pre-nuptial event was a given, both needed and routine. But as the rehearsal began, we realized that the Chief and Council and Band Manager was actually meeting in a smaller room in the same community hall. The Band Manger appeared and said that we had to come into their session, an undiplomatically- made demand that Tom initially resisted. He and I talked a bit and he changed his mind.

When we met with the Gitanmaax Chief and Council, they informed us that they had just spoken with the parole officer and that Tom could only attend the wedding ceremony itself, not the now-ongoing rehearsal. Threats were made to have the police summoned for removing Tom. As the talk grew angrier, I suggested a brief recess. Tom and I left the room to confer. I had to say very little as he explained why he felt completely within his rights to stay and that the police, he believed, would agree with him. But he also said that he did not want to spoil his daughter's special time in what would certainly become a disruptive confrontation. "It's not the memory I want her to have," he told me. We went back in the room and Tom said he would abide by their rules, but asked politely to be able to complete the rehearsal ceremony. The Chief and Council agreed and stipulated the hours he could be on reserve for the wedding itself the next day. Tom ended the meeting by graciously thanking the Chief and Council and personally inviting them all to attend the wedding on the morrow. None did.

Subsequently, the agreed-to last- minute conditions imposed by the Chief and Council on Tom's attendance at the ceremony were strictly adhered to; in fact, I was still enjoying myself interacting with his mother and other family members when it was Tom who said: "Norm: it's time. We have to go."

Nonetheless, the Band Manager contacted the parole officer on the Monday after we returned, and, apparently criticized our actions. Although I had emailed the parole officer the evening of our return, recounting the events in detail, he chose to record comments on Tom's file that reflected only the Band Manager's side of the story:

> On a negative note, both Dale and Mowatt were viewed as manipulating the restrictions and timelines of the permit to meet their own needs. Although there were no direct violations of any conditions, the pushing of the limits by both Mowatt and Dale were not viewed as a positive step in working with both this writer (i.e. the parole officer) and the Gitanmaax Band Council.[36]

I responded with a ten-page memorandum[37] and insisted on a one-on-one meeting with the parole officer. I ran the missive past Tom and he said he was impressed not only with my writing, but my ability to put down his way of looking at things too. Undoubtedly, almost unconsciously, I carried that compliment with me in working on a scholarly piece that I felt would represent mutual feelings, but which missed that mark most troublingly.—I had slid from helping into 'speaking for' across what, for me, was a dangerously blurred line.

A longer-term outcome was that we drew even closer in our unified resistance to the unfairness of the parole officer's report. During this time period, Tom took to calling me his "White grandpa," even doing so at a public session attended by hundreds of First Nations people

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[36] Tom's Parole Officer included this commentary in the regular report that such officials routinely prepare in regard to the status of parolees under their supervision. By right, the parolee is provided a copy of all these reports. Tom passed copies on to me and authorized my quoting these for this work.

[37] "Observations and commentary on visit by Tom Mowatt to Hazelton, November 24-27, 2006, as accompanied by me (Norman Dale)," personal communication to Corrections Canada, Prince George Office, January 11, 2007.

on the hot issue of residential school survivors and compensation. It seemed, despite my having planned to get out of high visibility arenas rife with wicked political problems, I was back in the thick of it. This time, in contrast to my trespasses in Bella Coola (see Chapter V), more comfortably taking the opposite side to the elected Chief in Council, what is often derisively called the "Indian Act government." And I was standing up, beside Tom, against what we both agreed to call "colonialism." We framed our struggle as anti-colonial—though subsequent events would call into question how much I really understood or absorbed the concept and all that goes with it. For, at that time, colonialism was still "out there," not a day-to-day threat to be encountered within my own mind.

Around this same time I entered the Antioch Leadership and Change Doctoral Program. I was able to use our shared experience as a source of both "data" and inspiration for class and online work. As he had been in the context of the Bar-On seminars, so too in my doctoral interactions, Tom became a person known quite well *in absentia* to my fellow students and professors. And, as with the bar-On seminar experience, I would tell Tom about my reference to our friendship, interactions and struggles, and he again not only sanctioned this, but would say that it was all too the good. The more others understood his crimes and his recovery work, he said, the more that helped him along his journey. At the core of my "use" of Tom's biography and our friendship was the rich and lengthy transcript, made in February 2006. I kept returning to this material and the process of our interacting around it, as to a deep, limitless well. As Tom's and our story got told and retold, I was no doubt coming to a point of taking for granted my privilege to speak for him in settings to which he had no physical or other access. I may have even half-consciously thought of myself as a modern day version of the 16th century Spanish cleric and defender of Indians, Bartolomé de Las Casas (Vickery, 2006), travelling far to make

the case for just one indigenous person but, of course, for their decolonization struggles more broadly. Alas, events dispelled such idealism and I came too slowly perhaps to see my efforts as like those of earlier ethnographers who built their reputations by appropriating and reinterpreting othered stories.

The ethics and relationship issues of the qualitative interview situation have been widely discussed and in ways that I have found insightful for my work (Bar-On, 1996; Josselson, 2007, Kvale, 1996, Chapter 6). But the interview between Tom and me had at least two special features that added to the inescapable moral challenges. The structural fact of my being a White settler and his being a native person deeply complicates the connection. We were talking (mainly in the interview, but both of us in countless continuing discussions over the years) about the after-effects of my people subjugating his. I probably thought of myself more in those first years of our friendship as aloof from the oppressors. To this is added the fact that we had a friendship well underway before the interview was ever thought of. Our autobiography work was embedded already in a challenging, then relatively new relationship, one that was constantly impacted by harsh circumstances that I had little direct experience with, and which Tom had had way too much of. He trusted me and entrusted me with an inward story that would be hard to get or hear from a more distanced, typical research participant.

In 2007, Dan Bar-On was diagnosed as having a brain tumor. The seminar series was interrupted and, when what proved to be a last seminar in the foreshortened series was held, I was unable to attend. Dan died in September 2008. The effect on what Tom and I had been collaborating about was that we never reached the critical of co-analyzing the interview. In hindsight, I see that this postponed what would become a far more hazardous interaction between Tom and me. It was not until early 2010, almost four years after our main life history interview,

that I embarked on a writing project with Tom (and me) as the primary focus. It was then that profound issues emerged from the immutable colonizer-colonized essence of our relationship.

Before considering the disorienting dilemmas of that episode, and by way of illuminating my attitudes at a key point in time, I want to return briefly to the first gathering of the Bar-On seminar in January 2006, as evidencing the extent of denial I was in personally, despite accepting the shame of the broader social context of ongoing colonialism. It is revelatory of the place my mind was, even after nearly twenty years, working with First Nations and their struggles for self-determination. Two of the participants at the first seminar were from the Yukon, a territory of Canada immediately to the North of British Columbia. One was a French-Canadian woman, a public relations specialist; the other, a Metis man who was an Aboriginal activist and educator. In my diary, I summarized my take on them as a "potentially irksome presence of a wannabee from the Yukon and a half-Tlingit fellow also from Yukon who came as a dyad and talked the familiar talk, her of genocide, he of the oppressor/oppressed duality (immediate feeling 'oh, oh')." The diary of those four days of seminars made no other reference to any other remarks from this "dyad," though I sympathetically recorded in detail stories brought forth by every other participant. I was obviously irritated. The Yukon participants had explicitly introduced themselves assertively as "the oppressor" and "the oppressed." I felt this was dramatically overstated and could mislead others about the real and nuanced (I thought) situation of hegemony in Canada. I believed that mine was the more practical and realistic version of contemporary Canada, but worried that I could look "pale" not to say "pale-faced" by comparison to this dramatic confessional talk of oppression. I was still unprepared, after so long in Canadian Indian Country, to characterize the context as mainly about domination and Canada as an un-decolonized nation. I see a parallel here to my reaction several months later when I

began the Antioch program. Before the first residency in August 2006, the reading list and curriculum was circulated and again, in seeing assigned literature on gender and race—especially Mohanty's (1988) "Under Western Eyes: Feminist Scholarship and Colonial Discourses"—I had had a similar "oh-oh" reaction. "Not what I signed up for."

Clouds gather: The Antioch essay as "insulting semantics hail storm." The work that became so contentious (and, now, as a result, so meaningful) arose from one of the several "Learning Achievements" assigned to doctoral students in the Antioch Ph.D. in Leadership and Change. This one was called the "Cultural and Global Change Conceptual Essay" and, as described in the student handbook, "invites students to reflect on leading change in a world of cultural differences, unequal access to power, and unresolved, or unaddressed issues of social justice" (Antioch University PhD Program in Leadership and Change, 2007, p. 29). And it was to do this so hurtfully in ways unforeseen!

I had no hesitation in concentrating this assignment on my relationship with Tom Mowatt and in relying on both our ongoing interactions and the earlier interview work and related materials from the Bar-On seminar experience. It felt long overdue. In preparation, I began by informally getting Tom's concurrence—which seemed automatic since for so long we had talked on and off about his life and our friendship as an instance of a cross-cultural connection that really seemed to work. I then framed a proposal to the faculty member responsible for evaluating this particular learning achievement and went through the required ethical review board process. With these checks and a wider 'schooling" in the issues of ethical interviewing drawing on such sources as Bar-On (1996) and Josselson (2007), I felt well-equipped for what inevitably would be a rough ride. I drafted an informed consent form, and discussed it with Tom, revising it then as he saw fit.

He asked for no changes and signed it. The form included explicit agreement to use the transcripts of the 2006 interview, a waiver of anonymity (in line with his insistence on full personal disclosure) and a statement that there would be no remuneration. It also acknowledged his interest in working autobiographically and the risks of his being troubled in the course of the work. The latter issue was noted in my Institutional Review Board (IRB) application with the qualifier that he had chosen to be open, even public, about the nature of his crimes and victims. My rationale was that writing a paper to be seen exclusively by several faculty members at distant Antioch University would not add any significant measure of revelation and hurt to what he already so willingly and publicly disclosed.

What I did not recognize was that the revelations that could do harm were not so much about his past and those related to our relationship. He could stanchly, indeed willingly withstand potential public opprobrium for heinous crimes to which he openly confessed, but was vulnerable to seeing my re-telling and the incisive comments of a friend, his "White grandpa."

We had agreed that he would have a significant opportunity to review drafts of my writing on this essay prior to final submission, and that I would be open to revisions that he might suggest. I dropped the draft paper off to him on a Tuesday evening and we agreed to talk about it in a few days. Commonly, I saw Tom at the Prince George Farmers' Market every Saturday. I had not heard back from him during the week and so went to the market to have our usual coffee together. When I arrived, he was sitting at one of the tables and looked more downcast than I had seen him since his father's death 5 years before. As I greeted him, his voice too seemed to carry great sorrow. My first assumption was that one of his family members might have suffered some kind of tragedy.

But that was not it at all. In front of him, sat his draft of my paper on which I could see much handwriting on the cover along with protruding sticky notes. We said very little. He passed me his copy and took leave quite soon thereafter. I took the document home and then read what he had written. Stuck to the front page was a piece of stationery explaining, in handwriting, that as "a Gitxsan Warrior," he was trying to be "As graceful as tall grass during an insulting semantics hail storm." The cover page itself was marked up, editorially, but also with penetrating enumerated questions and points. There were plenty of edits, some as small as picking up on typos, some suggested rewordings for clarity. It was a thorough editorial job, but I could infer from some of his remarks that I had wounded my friend perhaps in a way as painful as the many and more physical hardships he had endured in his life.

I was defensive towards some of his remarks and towards the idea that my words had been insulting, a "hail storm." In internal dialogue I thought that *he,* of course, was being unreasonable. Seen from the greater perspective of three years passed, I recognize my strategy as having been protective of myself more than sympathetic to a man hurting from what I had said, with a self-appointed honesty as blunt to Tom, as any 19th century European's slur on Natives would have seemed. I will come back shortly to the differences and similarities of my discourse in that paper to colonizer tracts. But first, I want to précis the draft that I had given to Tom, highlighting its ironies as well as the parts that, I would find out, had been received with pain.

After a context-setting broad discussion on Native/non-Native relations in Canada, I turned to describing what I understood of Tom's life story. This was based on five years of knowing him, including the transcribed interview, and many subsequent reflective discussions. It is probing revelations of this kind that usually raises the direst ethical dilemmas for qualitative interviewers. But Tom's comments within this section only served to add detail to the

wretchedness of events he had both experienced and perpetrated. For example, to my mention that he had been at risk of being declared a "dangerous offender," he inserted the adjective "sexual." The thrust of many of his comments was for more specificity as well as to bring out the political nature of his banishment, both in terms of local band politics and also the hovering presence of raw colonial power.

The next section titled in what would be such overly optimistic wording, was "Towards a decolonized (research) friendship." Its focus was our relationship. Earlier in the paper I foreshadowed the section as follows:

> Section 4 shifts to a consideration of my role with Tom and the continuing willing intersection of our life journeys. I try to be as forthright as Tom is in dissecting the hazards of a not-so-post colonial relationship between two individuals who descend, one from the colonizing society and one from the colonized. (Dale, 2010, p. 4)

As I wrote the last of those lines, a memory of the Yukon participants at Dan Bar-On's seminar came to me, how they had self-identified as oppressor and oppressed (see above). But I had not called myself the colonist or oppressor, neatly consigning those identities to our ancestral past. Tom fit the bill as oppressed, but me, oppressor? No, I was just being forthright. Ironically, Tom's reaction to my forthrightness eventually meant my reconsidering the complicated nature of contemporary, everyday oppression.

What was it I said that stirred Tom and then led to my having to reflect, over months and even years on the reasons that my text could induce much more pain than a recounting of what seemed far larger tragedies than one White friend's candor? The section began with my noting my own familial geographic rootlessness and then took up the question of my role, starting with Tom's epithet for me, his "White Grandpa."

> Have I been a stand-in for the kindly and consistently caring ancestor Tom had not known well enough? His grandfather Donald who died when Tom was a toddler? Or have I been what I did not want to be, a white patron, practicing tutelage

> (cf. Dyck, 1991) for the presumptuous betterment of a person of color less capable of managing his own life? (Dale, 2010, p. 22)

I then recited the ways in which I had helped and worked with Tom, especially in the face of his banishment, surmising that his calling me "White Grandpa" was therefore understandable. This led me to ponder the difficulty of a relationship in which the helping was seemingly so asymmetric. I spoke of the "omnipresence of . . . financial inequality" (p. 24) between us, citing an episode where Tom had been duped by another parolee. I had lamented his gullibility (to his face) and he had then explained to me the desperation of long-term poverty and its impact on perspective. I acknowledged that "lesson" and he penned in the margin the commonly used indigenous salutation, "All My Relations," and then, "Thank you."

My text then continued with the issue of unequal access to money and the ways that it and other gifts moved between us over the years, still emphasizing the asymmetry. This paralleled—I pointed out—the unequal flows between Canada's federal government and First Nations. This steady expenditure by Canada on Natives is, indeed, one of the inevitable arrows that mainstream White Canada shoots at First Nations when discussions of poverty and land claims arise (e.g., Flanagan, 2000). I concluded that for Tom and me, "the imbalance can feel like pressure building from an invisible gas, always immersing us, threatening to disrupt the relationship" (p. 25). I then continued in what, I would learn, were among the most painful words of that "semantic hail storm":

> There have been times when I see his number on my call display and have just not felt up to hearing about yet another emotionally-laden crisis. Yet, at those times I am also aware of another voice in my head calling me an archetypal colonizer, unwilling to suffer along side indigenous people as they try to cope with colonialism's negativities. (Dale, 2010, pp. 25-26)

Tom's brief comments on these forthright revelations indicated how sad they made him. I regretted seeing that, but also somewhere inside felt that "the truth hurts" and asked myself

rhetorically what kind of friendship it would be if I had no right to be candid here. Such thoughts of "rights," I now see as revealing the shift that was happening between a true friendship, one that needs no justifications, and a relationship that did.

I concluded these remarks with a somewhat upbeat prospectus for "the challenges of a decolonized friendship and collaborative writing and research as an element of that," stating: "Good friendship and good research, contrary to earlier conventions about maintaining distance and objectivity, can go hand in hand" (p. 26). In a disconfirmation of this statement, on Tom's copy "research" here was underlined and over it he said that he felt mentally dissected. In my summary sentence, "Good friendship and good research . . . can go hand in hand" he wrote in the word "not."

At the bottom of that same page, Tom then raised an issue which he had never before broached; asking what good what my research was doing him and his family.
Further remarks, in this regard, were written on the draft's title page:

1. What does this mean to you as goals and achievements?
2. Define Research Time /When did data collecting started?
3. Calculate Financial Debt.
4. Where are we today?

Where, indeed were we? —I wondered unhappily. At the time, I felt that Tom's even raising the idea of remuneration in lieu of any benefits for him and his family, seemed easily repudiated. Hadn't the consent form expressly excluded payment for his participation? Hadn't I always been there for him as his "community support," contributing my time and travel costs unhesitatingly? Wasn't I an almost-always willing and available sounding board in times of high stress? Could I not—if forced to really "calculate financial debt"—tally many a "loan" never repaid over the years?

With such rhetorical internal questions, my response, then to Tom's own verbal hailstorm (as I felt it) was that I had nothing to be remorseful for, perhaps other than expecting my "subject" to be as clear-sighted as I! One of the statements I had made which Tom did not comment on perhaps because it came just after the upsetting candor about not taking his phone call concerned his seeming uninterest in the reverse interview planned for the Bar-On seminar work. About this, in this draft essay, I had gone on the offensive:

> Some greater reciprocity needs to be found or invented. I mentioned that we had at one time agreed that, as part of the cross-cultural storytelling work in 2006, Tom would interview me using the same life history approach we had used with him as narrator. On several occasions I reminded him of this mentioned this and but he rather casually said it was no longer necessary. Was he not interested? Or was it that through time he had had ample opportunity to hear my life story, albeit not in a formal interview? For me it would have been helpful perhaps cathartic, a chance to explore with someone who'd been through it, the deep sorrows of home loss and permanent exile. Ironically, in this matter, *it is I who need something from him, a sustained empathy that has, as yet, not been forthcoming* [emphasis added]. (Dale, 2010, p. 26)

Now, reading his response to the draft, I felt the sting of what seemed once again, to be indifferent to hearing about *my* feelings. "It's a one -way street, even at the emotional level," I would say to myself, extending further my questioning of this friendship's reciprocity.

Over the next few weeks, Tom and I met several times about the paper. I had promised to do this even before the seriousness of differences arose. We spoke, as we had often in the past, of the relationship being about mutual learning. And we nodded to each other's assertions that, from this kind of honesty and conflict, a friendship is reinforced. Memorably at one point and in reference to my remarks about the uneven finances, he said (paraphrasing): "The difference between you and me is I am poor in money, but rich in culture; you are the opposite." Taken as meaning that I was more disconnected than he from traditions of my ancestors, I accepted and mused—as I had done often before and still do—at my rootlessness. It was a cutting remark but

fair, I thought, a reflection of his struggle to figure out who I really was in the aftermath of the draft essay and its revelations.

After we met, I honored our "contract" to do substantial revisions before submission of the work to Antioch University. When I now compare "Tom's Draft" to what I submitted a month later to Antioch, I see that most, though not all, of his suggestions were incorporated. More important, rather than remove the admission of my intermittent exhaustion on hearing Tom's troubles or striking out my doubts about the relationship's "reciprocity," I moderated my remarks and added some commentary on the difficulties of what, it seemed, both of us were still trying to achieve in the relationship. Repeating, now ironically, my sanguine remark that "good friendship and good research . . . can go hand in hand," the final version added:

> Or such at least were the words I optimistically included in my first draft. But when I also included—uncaringly I see now—additional specific examples of the strains of spoken-of financial and emotional imbalance, Tom was deeply hurt. It is not that we were unaware of such pressures but that once written down, words and thoughts take on the hardened, reified quality of objective "truth." Another even deeper imbalance can result—the uneven power of controlling the written word. Used irresponsibly—as I believe I did—the contemporary ethical research commitment to do no harm was compromised. I *did* harm and while Tom and I have pushed through this, recognizing that pain and loss are parts of relationship growth, I will not so quickly forgive myself. (Dale, 2010, p. 27)

In this passage are the seeds of the present dissertation, my struggle to grasp what is possible and not in a would-be post-colonial friendship. Yet, the remarks quoted above also proved much too optimistic. Through the summer of 2010 we continued to meet as frequently as before and, often one or the other of us would re-assert that our relationship had strengthened by "coming through the fire." We began to work on a joint presentation for a university class held annually in a remote forestry camp a few hours from Prince George. I had delivered a class on "cross-cultural conflict resolution" to this course for several years. Its organizer was pleased with the idea of my co-presenting with Tom. In fact, after some

initial brainstorming, no doubt influenced by what had happened in regard to the controversial paper, I decided that we could rely on Tom to say what needed saying without much coaching or even collaborative pre-planning.

In the session I did what I had always done which was to give a half-hour lecture on conflict resolution and then have the students do a role play where some took on the part of a local First Nation and others, a diverse groups of non-Natives for and against an imaginary development proposal. The latter players had to visit the "Band" in delegations, culminating in a simulated meeting of all. I explained that Tom, as an indigenous person, would be asked to observe and then comment on all he had seen when the role-play ended. He did that perceptively and critiqued the students' performed strategies in a constructive fashion. But he went much further than explaining some key points such as Whites' having to be more sensitive to internal conflicts First Nations and also the importance of outsiders' showing respect for the wisdom of elders and women. Tom segued from how respect, or lack of it, for the Band's women and elders was key to a detailed narrative of his life, crimes and continuing healing journey. The atmosphere at the class grew heavy and quieter as Tom reviewed in half an hour what he had shared with me over the years. The emotional impact was huge with all students

Figure 6.4. Tom Mowatt and Norman Dale at UNBC Field Camp (Aug. 2010).

engrossed and many of them crying. The course organizer would later tell me that the session scored the highest he had ever seen on the student evaluations submitted afterwards.

Tom and I stayed at the UNBC Field Camp for a meal, spent the night, and then took in sessions the next day at which others from a local First Nation gave presentations on their history and culture. We drove home to Prince George on a very high note, agreeing that together we had been a big hit with the students and faculty.

These joys were short-lived, however. By parole conditions, Tom ought to have had prior written permission to travel further than 100 km from Prince George, or to spend a night out of town. We both had known this. When the idea of giving the university session first came up, I had said that I would contact his parole officer to provide the information about the excursion. I emailed this information. No acknowledgement came, but that was common in my communications with the agency. Unfortunately, this was all that was ever done about the compulsory permit. I had assumed that Tom had taken care of the rest. He had inferred from my commitment to send his parole officer the information that I would have lined up all the documents for the required permission and travel. Both of us were guilty of wishful thinking.

When Tom next met with the parole officer and mentioned our trip, he was immediately reprimanded and a formal letter was conveyed to him about the violation of a parole condition. He phoned me, angry and clearly blaming me for what he now said would create an ongoing vulnerability. Unlike most parolees, Tom had never hesitated to debate, often vigourously, with parole officers, something they would report in the regular "correctional plan progress reports" as him being difficult, resistant and angry. Now, Tom said that the breach of conditions regarding travel authority could and would be used against

him. Focusing on my alleged culpability, I gingerly responded that a travel permit would have to have his explicit agreement, even signature, and so that he should not have assumed that I had the document in hand the day of our trip. This only heightened the tension of the discussion. Issues about how little he was getting from me, while I was accumulating the material for my doctorate, resurfaced.

Once more, I felt hard done by and that I was not really responsible for the problem. Contentions about responsibility and irresponsibility came to dominate our discussions. Even if I shared some blame for this, why, I mused bitterly to myself, after all I had done for him in this friendship, could he not cut me some slack, absolve me of the scapegoat role? It felt like the reaction to the draft paper all over again.

None of this rising mutual resentment went away. As months passed, Tom returned over and again to the idea that I owed him, not only for exploiting our friendship to succeed in my doctoral program, but, now also for having increased his vulnerability to an unsympathetic parole officer and system. Due to what he described as heightened confrontations with the parole office, he was forced to start a sequence of compulsory counselling sessions, an imposition that he, like many Natives compelled into psychotherapy, feel to be a frontal, colonialistic attack on their indigenous personhood (Duran & Duran, 1995).

We saw each other less and less through the winter and then ceased contact after an especially vituperative call. On it he said that he might contact Antioch University and complain about what I had done. By mid-2011, I was hearing from mutual acquaintances about how angry he was with me. He had gone public on our differences. Months later, Tom called and left a terse voice-message saying he wanted to write Antioch and asking me for

the address and contact person. In a short, chilly call I provided these. Immediately after that I emailed my dissertation chair and the head of the program, alerting them to this possibility and explaining a bit of the background. In doing so, it went through my mind, briefly, to feel sorry for Tom, as I was confident that my words to the distant world of academe, my habitus, not his, would inevitably be privileged. In the end, no complaint letter was ever sent, but our relationship continued its demise ever more steeply.

What Went Wrong in a Not-So-Post Colonial Friendship

> *Speak to me. Take my hand. What are you now?*
> *I will tell you all. I will conceal nothing.*
>
> From Muriel Rukeyser's "Effort at Speech Between Two People"
> (Rukeyser, 1935/1994, p. 3)

What passed between Tom and me as we moved from what had seemed close friendship to bitter estrangement, and now to something I yet cannot and dare not name, parallels the paths of settler colonial history in Canada. Well-known ethno-histories advance the idea of an early period of complex shifting alliances but with an overarching "ethic of respect" (Morito, 2012) as described in such experiences as the Two-Belt Wampum (Gehl, 2014), numerous friendship treaties, the Covenant Chain (Jennings, 1984; Morito, 2012) and the "Middle Ground" (White, 1991). But there is an obvious, though overlooked danger, in overstating the amicability and authentic mutuality of these untroubled early arrangements, especially given the atrocities against indigenous people that stretch back to first contact. To do so risks building a fantasy narrative that ignores or actively denies (Veracini, 2010) the foundational violence at work in this most astonishing encounter (Churchill, 1997; Stannard, 1992; Todorov, 1984). Similarly, in the time of muted hopes that followed the incidents described above, I had to reconsider the nature of

Tom's and my friendship, wondering if we had staggered through those years eyes wide shut to the inevitabilities of our so-different positionalities.

I will come back to the parallels and connections between our micro level and the macro of enduring Canadian settler colonialism, asking what is analogue and what homologue? Here the focus is on trying to understand the ideology—mine—that came to be so divisive a transgression in a friendship that was trying to be post-colonial.

In the halcyon days of what now I see as naïveté about our relations, I had aspired not only to write about, but also to achieve, an exemplary and fully decolonized friendship. Tom indicated that he also was keen about the prospects of working collaboratively in light of the major differences in personal backgrounds. By then, I had started reading in the emergent field of settler colonialism scholarship, noting Veracini's (2010) concern that there was no narrative available for the end of settler colonization, no "compelling or intuitively acceptable story about what should happen *next* " (p. 115, italics original). I felt that Tom and I were on to something that at least at the "micro" level would be such an uplifting story, replicable perhaps for others, and also even generalizable in some way to the more "macro" level. And perhaps, it was. Perhaps we *were* modeling something important, albeit less sanguine than what had been hoped: not a "calm stable state, to be reached after a time of troubles" (Schön, 1971, p. 9), but a Sisyphean struggle by two men tangled up in trans-history (Van Styvendale, 2008).

In the midst of our extended separation, I made a step aimed at better understanding the hazards in this seemingly withering friendship, by telling an autoethnographic story to a class at Antioch University in August 2011. As I prepared for the session, I searched for ways to shift focus away from Tom and to hold the mirror up to my positionality of

Whiteness and settler-ness. I was not sure of how to make this switch—the well-smoothed path of rhetoric that is foundational of the Settler zeitgeist, pulls scholars in my field towards telling *about Natives*, not about themselves. Doing so seems so much more interesting, attention-grabbing in its exoticness. Indeed, finding ways to fully change from exposition of the "Indian problem" (Dyck, 1991) to the settler problem is a key element of decolonizing dominant society.

I told the Antioch class that day of how I had been called "White grandpa" and my discomfort with that appellation, in part because of its similarity to rhetoric about "the great White father" (a term used both for the King of England and, after 1776 in the USA, for the president). Paternalism was a sin in the modern rhetoric of progressive Native politics, a product of equating indigenous people to children (T. Alfred, 1999, Guerrero, 2003). I explained to the class how I had cordially but firmly asked Tom to stop using the epithet, "White grandpa," feeling that this was a reasonable and inoffensive request. But what I failed to see was that I was renouncing an honor, a special invitation into what mattered most to him—his family. At the time I saw nothing problematic with this, though now I recognize that in asking for Tom to drop the epithet I was rejecting induction into his (imagined) family, a hard thing, one must assume, for someone forced to live as an exile. I also made no connection in saying this to another reference to grandfathering, one from the transcribed taped interview made with Tom in 2006 for the Bar-On seminars and which I even read out to the Antioch class.

> And I know my grandfather prayed for us. Cause my grandfather on my dad.., on my mum's side, she told me just recently, said that, that my grandfather used to see me and there's this name in the Bible, Thomas—that's my name, Robert Thomas Mowatt my middle name. He said in our language (alliterated) "tumum agye neen dum asim hetchwi." That means "I just have to see you and I'll believe." And I told mum, "I want to live up to that." (as cited in Dale, 2011, p.12)

My effort to find meaning in the fall-out between Tom and me was significantly assisted when, several days after I presented at Antioch, the professor for that session, Carolyn Kenny, an indigenous scholar, emailed me this comment:

> I did have one thought that I wanted to share with you about the trigger that seemed to make the break. Tom chose to characterize you as the "White grandfather." But I do not think that you accepted this role. My sense is that you felt you were just two guys, two friends. And I think that may be part of why he reacted so intensely to those two items in your Global/Cultural paper. If, in fact, you were a grandfather, you may have written it differently. But since you were just two equal friends (in your mind) you probably felt free enough to be really honest. Does that make sense? (C. Kenny, personal communication, August 11, 2011)

To probe this thoroughly I went back to what Tom had remembered of his grandfather, that unconditional faith: "I just have to see you and I'll believe." To believe in someone just because you see them is a leap that reverses entirely the way that White settlers including researchers have long thought about Natives. Through the centuries, and without any sign of ending soon, the settlers have done the opposite: dehumanizing, infantilizing, and invisibilizing indigenous people and cultures (Berkhofer, 1978; Francis, 1992; Strong, 2012). From Columbus on, the newcomers had only to see Natives to *disbelieve*, to nullify their knowledge, spirituality and humanity. As time passed, those who chose to research Natives, whether with sympathy for their ostensibly nigh disappearance—the so-called salvage ethnographers (Gruber, 1969)—or more venially, in service of imperialism (Asad, 1973; Gough, 1968; Pathy, 1981), perpetrated disparaging imaginaries. Now, go forward to 2010 and a settler confident of his empathy, one who has co-nurtured a friendship with a Native man who describes his life as the "lowest of the low."[38] For five years, they share stories and camaraderie to the point that the settler comes to be called "White Grandpa." But then, that supposed grandpa radically changes their discourse. He doesn't want the honorific anymore and then puts the relationship under a dissecting microscope.

[38] This is an epithet Tom used many times in private and public discussions.

As he prepares to do an academic paper, he goes through the usual ethical review requirements. But nothing in that review or collateral signed consent form anticipates the effects of this research, ones that arise from an asymmetry of power and suffering predating both men's births.

Josselson (2004) derived this distinction from Ricouer, adapting it to explore the differences and complementarities of two opposite interpretative stances researchers can adopt in studying life stories and their tellers. The first is one of *faith* in the narrator:

> We adopt what may be considered to be a humanistic attitude and construe our task as trying to represent to ourselves and the readers of our work, clearly and accurately, the message our participants are trying to convey to us. (Josselson, 2004, p. 5).

It was in just this spirit that I welcomed the opportunity when Tom first asked me to help him with his autobiography. I took this as not only his confidence in my writing talents, but more importantly, that he saw me as someone who could listen non-judgmentally to a personal tale of sorrow and shame. In Josselson's (2004) words, I would be an hermeneut of faith and of restoration. But four years later, as I undertook the essay for Antioch, carrying into it presumptions about research from a long career of scientific and social-scientific writing, the orientation changed. Healthy skepticism and critical thinking could not be excluded. The time of pure faith was over or at least to be set aside.

The draft paper altered our by-then well-established rules of discourse from faith to what Josselson calls the hermeneutics of suspicion or demystification.

> In this approach to hermeneutics, experience is assumed not to be transparent to itself: surface appearances mask depth realities; a told story conceals an untold one. What may be taken for granted in a hermeneutics of restoration is problematized from this vantage point. (Josselson, 2004, p.13)

Her exposition of the hermeneutics of suspicion is generally positive, premised on the approach's being useful and frequently to be favored over interpreting on faith. Commenting that the epithet she borrowed from Ricouer, *suspicion*, "may be somewhat of an unfortunate word

choice" (p. 15), she attempts to show that this stance is justifiable, and often for the good of the person who has told the life story. It will eventually help them transcend presumptive naiveté and self-deception.

Josselson acknowledges "many researchers feel uncomfortable with the *authority* they *must take to re-author* the meanings of the person who shared their stories" (p. 15, emphasis added). For me, now—though not in the several years when I happily drew on her paper in several of my writings—the words ring ominously, encapsulating issues that haunt settler colonial relations. The researcher, taking this hermeneutical outlook, presumes to claim authority to say what is really going on, of course, all for the narrator's good. To apply this hermeneutic stance to my life history work with Tom required only staying in a well-polished groove where Natives are subjects or objects of study and, all objects, of course, need to be studied with ruthless objectivity. It is just that one does not usually dissect an adopted grandson.

Shared stories in indigenous culture are not merely utterances. Especially among the peoples of the Pacific Northwest, when a story is told, it does not become automatically the hearer's to retell, faithfully or otherwise (Archibald, 2008; Casteel, 1996; First Nations Centre, 2007). Stories are owned; they play vital, if colonially-disrupted roles, in communal well-being and the connectivity between humans, the tellers and the listeners. And tragically, there is nothing new about researchers and White society more broadly, re-authoring, presuming or confiscating authority in appropriated narrative. The seizure is as tangible and hurtful as the theft of land and resources.

In fact I knew this long before the fateful draft paper affair, but, it seems so incompletely. In 2008, within an earlier Antioch program essay about indigenous leadership, I explained my positionality, starting with poignant and cautionary words from Fisher River (Ochekwi Sipi)

Cree elder and educator, Verna Kirkness, but then rationalizing and proceeding undeterred with my analysis. This is the quote and my ensuing remarks.

> "Every time a White person talks about Indians I get knots in my stomach." (Verna Kirkness, former Director of the UBC First Nations House of Learning, as cited in Haig-Brown, 1988, p.141)
>
> For someone who grew up and lived as a young adult with no knowledge of and not much interest in First Nations, the need to explain, perhaps even apologize for opening one's mouth now is considerable. I do not want to add to the hurts of colonialism nor even put knots in anyone's stomach. But silence is not a choice for someone who, in mid career, was asked to work for native communities and organizations, and did so for most of two decades. (Dale, 2008, p. 2)

I will leave aside here my questionable assertion that I originally started working for First Nations by invitation (that being an oversimplification of my reasons for entry, as discussed earlier in Chapter V). In the draft essay that proved so divisive for Tom and me, I relied on another similar quotation: "Given the context of radical inequality of power between the two cultures, representation and comprehension of Indians by Whites involves an appropriation, even an expropriation, parallel to the economic expropriation which is its context" (Murray, 1989, p. 30). But, as it turned out, forewarned was not forearmed, not for the unintended and unanticipated consequences of my critical "truth"-telling.

Josselson's (2004) supportive exposition of the hermeneutics of suspicion contains further clues as to how such a stance could worsen, indeed recapitulate, conditions that an indigenous person with a history like Tom's would probably find painfully familiar. She cites, without objection, generalizations made by other life- history researchers advocating skepticism towards subjects' narrations. She notes, for example that "Chase distinguished her report about the narratives from the stories her participants wished to tell; they then *have no more privileged or expert status on the validity* [emphasis added] of her interpretations than would any other reader" (p. 17). In my settler-colonist *qua* researcher role, this means giving narrations like Tom's no more credibility with his own story than I would to a casual reader of the final paper.

Josseleson then adds to the case for a hermeneutics of suspicion this quote from a psychologist, Richard Ochberg: "I advocate a way of listening to the stories people tell *that systematically refuses to take them at their own word*" (as cited in Josselson, 2004, p. 18, emphasis added). Liars or exaggerators *a priori*! When applied to the setting of research by Whites on Native life stories, this norm sounds appalling. And yet, it was how I chose to approach things for the purposes of academic analysis. I do not mean to caricaturize my outlook when I listened to, transcribed and several years later, used Tom's life story. In fact, even in the paper that caused so much grief to our friendship, I see now a wavering back and forth between faith and suspicion (a kind of double-vision that Josselson, in the conclusion of her paper, applauds). Even after many readings of Josselson's (2004) summary of the hermeneutic stance of suspicion, I continued to nod not so much approvingly, but almost in resignation to "the way things are." How could serious research on a life and a relationship do other than raise doubt? It seemed reasonable enough, as a scholar, for me to harbor doubt in story-listening, a disposition that postmodern literature—which I love—encourages by shaking the reader out of too much suspension of disbelief. As Josselson asserts, presuming ubiquitous cross-cultural equivalence, "Lest the hermeneutics of demystification sound arcane, we might remember that *we all* do such analysis in everyday life" (p. 18, emphasis added). After all, any good natural scientist—which for a long time, I trained to become (see Chapter IV)—equates inquiry with healthy skepticism about all that is observed. Superimposed on a trans-historical setting, wherein Whites have denigrated and devalued indigenous knowledge and stories, the norms of skepticism carry an awful weight.

How much more so this is when the skeptical inquirer, exercising all due care to insure that he is not susceptible to the "subject's" suspected deceptiveness of self or other, is also considered to be a "grandpa" presumptively in the shoes of the real one who only had to see Tom

to believe! Truthfulness is problematized in not only the context of colonial hegemony, but in perceived betrayal by someone informally but sincerely "adopted" as a family member.

I see now that my revealed reflections and attributions about Tom (and our bond) were not constructive and not hearable by the person to whom my narrative mattered the most. Of course, I had another audience in mind, which rightly or not I assumed would hear and listen to something that went beyond faithful restoration of a narrated story. Josselson makes this choice of whom one is speaking to, clear:

> From the stance of a hermeneutics of demystification, narrative research reports are not co-constructions of meaning between participant and researcher, but *points in a conversation between the researcher and a group of colleagues who share interest* [emphasis added] in a particular conceptual or theoretical frame. (Josselson, 2004, p. 19)

Thus it seems that it was not without good cause that Tom accused me of replicating the hegemonic disposition of White researchers over indigenous people (and others): I had announced who my community was the moment I left our relationship, based on faith, for the "real world" of demystification. Of course, in the immediate aftermath of the Tom's unexpected reaction, I summarily rejected parallels between such exploitative imperial social scientists and me. "I'm not that person," I resolved empathically in my self-talk. That rejection now also seems rooted in the larger settler colonial project of disavowal. Just as non-native Canadians need to deny responsibility for the rampant social injury so evident among contemporary Native communities, I shunned accountability for the sorrow of a friend, seen first in his wounded demeanour that fateful morning in the Prince George Farmer's Market.

I had read within contemporary self-critical literature of ethnographers (e.g., Behar, 1996; Rosaldo, 1993) and I knew and accepted the ever-amounting condemnations of indigenous scholars who have critiqued the massive, purposive misrepresentations of Natives by

anthropology and other social research (e.g., V. Deloria, 1995; King, 1997; L. Smith, 1999). But knowing that did not immunize me against committing the same transgressions.

Restricted as the interaction was to a dyad, I have come to see it as a microcosm of the obstacles to discourse between the descendants of oppressor and oppressed, who indeed are not just heirs to but carriers of trans-historical, temporally unbroken subjugation. Almost thirty years of close contact with today's First Nations had taught me a lot about values of place (land), tradition, the pain of internal exile, the lost gift of close family, the sacredness of story. Yet, within the situation of research, I regressed to White, settler (in)consideration of my "subject." Tom was right that, at this time, I had been out to get something tangible from this friendship —a weighty reflective essay as part of required steps to my doctorate. Satisfying that ambition ran cross-grain to the trust he had placed in me. If White Grandpa was in fact, cloned Grandpa, he was up to something that a beloved family member would, or should, never do: openly revealing inner doubts about his friend and the friendship, by shifting from a hermeneutics of faith to suspicion. For it is one thing—not necessarily pleasant—to have one's life, thinking and behavior—not to mention, a friendship that had been about helping and healing—scrutinized by a distanced researcher, and quite another for this to come from a friend who one has considered to be a metaphoric grandparent!

As indicated above, our journey, Tom's and mine, continues both in our separate explorations based on reflections about our shared and earlier pasts. I see that his path is no longer mine to tell, never was, despite inclinations to collaborate. This is not because he has formally withdrawn that privilege he once extended—in fact, in recent conversations he (not I) revived the topic of collaboration on his long-desired autobiography. But a component of of my own decolonization has been to arrest my gaze on him, one that, in spite of all that I knew as a

scholar of settler- and post-colonialism, I enacted in writing that draft essay. The events that unfolded in consequence call to mind Fanon's (1952/2008) famous passage in *Black Skin, White Mask*, when a French child, startled to see him on a train, and pins him like an insect with a cry, "Look a Negro, *Maman*, a Negro!" (p. 93). So it was for Tom, a man from a colonized people who have collectively and individually writhed so long under imperial eyes. Coming from an ostensible friend, as painful, it seemed, as the lifelong physical and overt racism he had gone through, Tom said he had been "mentally dissected"; Fanon wrote: "The white gaze, the only valid one is already dissecting me: I am fixed" (Fanon, 1952/2008, p. 95).

The demise of our close relationship carried other noteworthy parallels to the history of Settler/Native relations; for example, issues about the nature of reciprocity, what one person "owes" another and my resentment at seeming ingratitude in an asymmetric relationship. I had brought up reciprocity in the paper and as much as said, "you, Tom, are getting way more out from our relationship than I am." I refer especially to the section of the draft paper, when I likened our financial interactions to that of Natives and the Government of Canada (Dale, 2010, p. 25), and then went on to assert that the exchange was also unbalanced in terms of emotional support. This writing down of what we may both have thought to be at least partly true echoed Kipling's infamous phrase, "the white man's burden." Tom's reaction was not surprising, turning the tables on who was debtor and debtee. I asked for reciprocity, but it came now in the form of recriminations, ones I could not intellectually or emotionally accept. Instead, I invoked that concomitant of ostensibly unequal exchange: resentment at the bizarre ingratitude of the subaltern. How dare he whom I had been "so good to," now throw back accusations and additional, unprecedented demands? Ghorashi (2014), in the different context of Native/immigrant relations in the contemporary Netherlands, explores this White resentment of

subaltern ingratitude and how it can intensify intolerance. Mainstream settlers in Canada often rail about all "we" have done for Natives only to get insolence and defiance in return? " And wasn't this what I had felt in the 1990s when I left Haida Gwaii and I would feel years later when Tom came back at me for my learned paper? It is the old rhetorical question "what is it that those Natives want?"—But in an angry and defensive voice.

At the end of the presentation I did with Carolyn Kenny's Antioch University class in 2011, one student stayed behind to speak with me. After the room had cleared I found that she was not remaining to discuss substantive points but to offer advice. She said she had listened very carefully to the story and felt I needed to follow the principle of "unconditional love" in my relationship with Tom. I did not feel receptive to this. My mind went, as by reflex, to graphic recollection of Tom's crimes—wasn't this his bizarre version of lovingness and lovable-ness, I thought ruefully, ones that foretold his actions towards me in the past year? I was the victim, I thought, in a classic settler colonial reversal of blame that retroactively justifies settler pre-emption (Veracini, 2010).

So I replied to that student that I understood the idea and practice of unconditional love because it was how I felt about my children and my wife: it meant a love impervious to whatever wrongs transpire in the relationship. But I was openly doubtful then, and for many months after, that I could apply such feelings to Tom. Our ways remained separate for a long time, punctuated only with infrequent, accidental encounters and perfunctory greetings.

In September 2011, Tom was admitted to the hospital after a friend had called the police and told them Tom seemed suicidal. Circumstances surrounding this event became known to the police and, thereby, to the parole office. The next spring I saw an article about Tom in a local newspaper, in which he told the story of his life as a convicted sex offender,

with the disquieting title, “The Choice: Be Prey or be the Predator: the life of a convicted sex offender” (Pilon, 2012). It was alike in content and optimism to much of the narrative I had listened to, in faith, for the first several years of our relationship. He spoke of his most desperate times of childhood and incarceration, his hunger strikes and wish for the means of suicide being supplanted by turning to the Native spirituality missing from his early years: “It was a blessing in disguise. I was rescued from cultural genocide by the government . . . in prison. Can you imagine?” (Pilon, 2012, p. A5).

Not long after that article he was charged with parole violations, incarcerated for the summer, released for a few weeks, but then formally charged and reincarcerated, Tom spent from October, 2012 to September, 2013, in jail as his case made it slowly through the courts. He eventually pled guilty. During the lengthy much-delayed trial process, I was contacted by Tom’s lawyer and asked to be ready to testify at his sentencing. I was prepared by the lawyer and was present to speak at the sentencing on September 12th, 2013. However, just before the hearing started, the prosecutor and Tom’s defense lawyer cut a deal and he was freed the same day, having been credit for “time served.”

During the year and more of his being in prison, I sent several messages through his parole officer and also an elderly friend of his whom Tom met with weekly, saying that I would like to visit with him. No response ever came. But since his release, we have had several friendly encounters and speak by phone a couple of times a week. As of writing (early 2014), we are even back to discussing how his long postponed autobiographical work can be advanced. As well, on release, he faced a housing crisis as he was told he would be evicted from his apartment in Metis-managed housing. During his long absence while his rent was paid for from a pre-arranged welfare disbursement, there had been an electricity

outage and foods left in his freezer had gone bad, causing odors in the building. The housing manager took this as evidence of unreliability. In response, I joined in a chorus of special pleading to the management company. While his tenancy was hovering in doubt, I composed a very strong written plea summarizing Tom's impressiveness despite all odds. I showed it to Tom and he agreed that it was fine drop off to the housing manager. A few hours after I did do, Tom called and said that the eviction had been quashed. He gratefully said that my letter was what "did it."

It is far too early, too much still in progress, to make any summary remarks about how our friendship is faring. Indeed, given the missteps of attribution and narration that riddled our relationship, I have learned to subdue my evaluative language. I can note that there is no longer the almost daily co-planning and co-commiseration of the first five years, but to say this means that we are less close, is once again to stumble into unauthorized presumptions, the perils of representation. Tom still faces many different kinds of economic and personal issues, ones that would fell lesser men in my opinion. We talk about these now and I am learning to respect this as just his sharing, not an invitation to comment or advise. He has said to me several times, "I'm not saying this to ask you to do anything." Apparently, I need frequent reminders not to intervene spontaneously! Perhaps this is self-determination, but that is also not mine to say. On a recent call Tom asked half rhetorically "we are learning, aren't we?" I said I thought so.

Chapter VII: Performing the Empathic Settler: Working With the Lheidli T'enneh

By late 2011, I had formulated the personal and professional challenge of confronting my settler colonial consciousness and identity directly. It was becoming the focus both for my professional work and autoethnography. The layers of that mentality laid down in childhood and youth (Chapter IV), only slightly perturbed by years of working with and for First Nations (Chapter V), had come to a painful awakening in my relationship with an indigenous friend (Chapter VI). At this point, it seemed that that friendship had been the price of my unsettlement (or the beginning). Belatedly, perhaps, I had begun to see my own thinking and professional work in terms of a settler striving imperfectly for empathy with indigenous decolonization. The points I was making in this formulation and the questions I was examining would shortly be subject to closer scrutiny in real-time practice. This is the subject of the present chapter.

In October 2011, a small ad with minimal detail appeared in our local paper from the Nation on whose traditional territory Prince George and I lived, the Lheidli T'enneh. They were looking for a "community engagement coordinator" to work on their treaty question. This was to be follow-up in-community work to the 2007 referendum in which the community had narrowly rejected an initialed "Final Agreement" negotiated with the governments of Canada and British Columbia. [39]

I need to be clear here that I did not seek, enter or continue in this position as a private experiment to test out my ideas about empathic settler-ness. To do so, especially surreptitiously, would have itself been prototypical of an ineffectively decolonized mindset, a repetition of patterns ingrained in the clandestine and deceptive practices of so many early 20th Century ethnographies. My decision to apply came both from the fact that consulting work was scarce at

[39] This will be described and discussed in detail below.

the time and also from my feelings that it was long overdue for me to connect with the people on whose land I had been living. The connection I saw to my dissertation was not that the Lheidli T'enneh position would be a data source but that the learning I was experiencing by writing about my past career would enhance my effectiveness on the job. It was only well after I began working for the First Nation that I came to see my efforts there, the changes I could see in my praxis and thought, as having value for my research.

This chapter necessarily shifts to a more overtly performative practice of autoethnography as considered by Spry (2001). The work can be seen as performative in that I went into this position, committed to critical, constant reflection on my presence in a Native community as, inescapably, a settler. I planned and succeeded, I believe, in wearing that identity on my sleeve, acknowledging not only my non-indigeneity, but also forewarning those I worked with of the blinders I came with.

Before coming to the expressly autoethnographic main body of this chapter, I will sketch the policy setting of treaty-making in 21st century British Columbia and introduce, as best as an outsider can, the Lheidli-T'enneh people and Nation. This will set the stage for my experience, as their Community Engagement Coordinator bringing forth further episodes in the struggle for self-decolonization of an empathic settler.

The BC Land Question: A Short Look at a Long Problem

Starting at the most general level—the region I live and where the work I will describe, unfolded—most of what is now called British Columbia was settled in the 19th century without any legally recognized form of land conveyance from Natives. This is in distinction to most of the rest of North America where treaties were concluded, albeit with notorious duplicity, coercion, and bad-faith implementation (Costo & Costo, 1977; J. Miller, 2009). For historical

reasons, well-covered elsewhere (C. Harris, 2002; Raunet, 1984; Tennant, 1990), only a few spatially limited treaties were made in BC, mainly on Vancouver Island in the 19th century. Later the northeast of the province comprised Treaty 8 one of several "numbered treaties"[40] negotiated to clear the way for settlement and resource extraction.

Through most of this time, when settlers as well as timber and mining companies helped themselves to the lands and resources, the Government of British Columbia steadfastly refused to negotiate, arguing that if—and for this government it was a major "if"—Aboriginal title had ever existed, it had long since been extinguished. Primarily, the position was consistent with the doctrine of *terra nullius* that conveniently chose to view non-European lands as empty, virtually uninhabited. Many Native delegations from BC politicked against this appropriation, beginning not long after the colony joined Canada in 1871 (Tennant, 1990, Union of BC Indian Chiefs, 2005). Concurrent with over a century of denial came a barrage of laws, policies, administrative and church actions, all aimed at eradicating the Native culture. Laws against traditional governance and ceremony were passed (Cole & Chaikin, 1990, LaViolette, 1973; Sewid-Smith, 1979); the now-notorious residential school system was set up to "kill the Indian" in the child (Assembly of First Nations, 2006; Milloy, 1999); and, eventually, laws even forbidding Natives to assemble or seek legal advice on their grievances were enacted (Mathias & Yabsley, 1991). Meanwhile, a reserve system was established, confining Natives in terms of both domicile and access to land and resources, to small portions of their own territory (C. Harris, 2002), an internal exile (V.Deloria, 1985) which, some believe, was efficient enough to attract the interest of the Union of South Africa when it established apartheid (Bourgeault, 1988; Cambre, 2007;[41] Nagy,

[40] Regarding these numbered treaties, see J. Miller (2009), especially chapters 6 and 7.
[41] Cambre, examining the flow of rhetoric between Canada and South Africa, disagrees that compelling proof can be shown that the latter used the Canadian reserve system as a model for establishing

2012; Saul, 2010). It is no stretch to consider, as genocide, the cumulative impact of this repression, including the widespread if contended suggestion that devastating small pox epidemics were intentionally spread among First Nations, clearing the way for waves of invading settlers (e.g., Churchill, 1997).

The fragile legal basis of non-indigenous settlements and resource extraction started to come undone after the inclusion of "existing aboriginal rights" in the repatriated Canadian Constitution in 1982, (Constitution Act, 1982). This increased indigenous leaders' leverage against the longstanding refusal of governments to acknowledge such prior "claims" (Asch, 1984). Legal changes created investment uncertainty, which led among other developments to public funding of a study that I led, culminating in the book *After Native Claims* (Cassidy & Dale, 1988). Its main purpose was to comfort resource firms and their investors. A more significant outcome of the flurry of prominent blockades and litigation was that, by 1990, the Government of British Columbia agreed to participate in a process to define how the three parties (Canada, BC and First Nations) could at last negotiate treaties.

A British Columbia Treaty Commission (BCTC) was established in 1992 to administer trilateral treaty talks. The BCTC and the treaty process were initially greeted by most First Nations with high enthusiasm. This would be the long overdue-overdue chance for reconciliation

> It has been said that one learns nothing from success, that one only learns from failure, that experience is a crude teacher. With the signing of the Treaty Commission Agreement today we now have the opportunity . . . to turn history around. – *T'échux- anm-t siy'Ám' (Late chief Joe Mathias) Squamish Nation at the signing of the British Columbia treaty commission agreement September 21, 1992.* (British Columbia Treaty Commission, 2012, frontispiece)

"Bantustans." For a distinct take on the parallels, cross-influences and conflicts between Canada and South Africa see also the recent observations of former apartheid-era South African ambassador, Glen Babb (2012).

Nuu-chah-hulth Tribal Council President, George Watts, speaking at the ceremony celebrating the new process, opined, "Gee, I'm actually going to be a part of this country in a little while" (Simpson, 1992, p. B1).

Within a short period of time, approximately fifty negotiations "tables" became active. But enthusiasm had markedly waned well before my work began with the Lheidli T'enneh. Eventually a sizeable minority[42] of First Nations chose not to enter the process at all, believing that the non-Native governments were now using this long-sought opportunity more to legitimize dispossession than to right old wrongs. Fears surfaced that, in the end, Canada and BC would aim for Aboriginal title to be extinguished without substantial restitution for lands alienated since European settlement came. Another issue that dissuaded participation was the requirement that First Nations funding for the process would be fully repayable. This meant that victims of colonial land theft had to borrow money from the settler government who dispossessed them in order to try to recover a small fraction of their original property.

Meanwhile, progress was infamously slow: twenty years in and only two new treaties have fully emerged from 50 or so active negotiating processes (Steel, 2012). An additional force external to the treaty negotiations has also affected the perspectives on the fairness and value of the process. Since 1993 there have been several major legal decisions that, by and large, strengthen the assertion of Aboriginal title in British Columbia and therefore have many participating First Nations reconsidering their positions. Most notable was the Supreme Court of Canada decision on *Delgamuukw v. British Columbia* (1997). This reversed an arguably racialist (Culhane, 1998) ruling in the Supreme Court of BC (*Delgamuukw v. British Columbia*, 1991)

[42] According to a one federal report, 40% of the First Nations of BC representing about 30% of the overall Native population, have chosen not to participate in the treaty process (Office of the Auditor General of Canada, 2006). Uncertainty in this and other estimates reflect both the changeability of participation and also differences in what groupings are considered one versus several First Nations.

that had found against the plaintiffs, the Gitksan and Wetsuwet'en hereditary Chiefs in their assertion of title in North-central BC.[43] Subsequent jurisprudence has bolstered the strength of First Nations position for a stronger role in land and resource decision-making (e.g., *Haida Nation v. British Columbia (Minister of Forests)*, 2004). Perhaps most encouraging for First Nations, and undoubtedly affecting their disposition towards treaty-making, has been the Tsilhqot'in [44]decision in November, 2007 (*Tsilhqot'in Nation v. British Columbia,* 2007). In this decision (which is now, early 2014, before the Supreme Court of Canada) the judge found that in principle the Xeni Gwet'in still hold title to 50 % of their claimed traditional territory. This was vastly more than the land transfers in the few final settlements made in the BC Treaty Process as well as the separately concluded Nisga'a settlement.[45]

The lack of tangible progress, weighed against the multi-million dollar expenditures of the BC treaty process, strengthened non-Native opposition, much of which from the outset was rife with predictable settler rage at the very idea of having to make restitution for the foundational theft of Native land. The Canadian Taxpayers Federation, a non-profit organization acts as a self-appointed watchdog of government in many areas of public expenditure, has both castigated the BC Treaty Process for lack of treaties (Bader, 2007, Fiss, 2003), yet stands ready to the oppose settlements when they are at hand. The well-known neoconservative think tank, the

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[43] A good, brief overview of the implications of the Delgamuukw decision for treaty negotiations was prepared by the British Columbia Treaty Commission (1999).

[44] Tsilhqot'in refers to the group of linguistically related First Nations who live on the plateau in Central British Columbia named, for them, Chilcotin (an earlier spelling still in use by most non-Natives). The Xeni Gwet'in Nation are one of several Tsilhqot'in bands.

[45] The Nisga'a and the Government of Canada commenced negotiations long before the BC treaty Process was established, after a 1973 Supreme Court decision (Calder v. R.) that left issues of title uncertain but worthy of further negotiation. BC was not involved until 1990. By 1998 a fully ratified treaty had been completed. Krehbeil (2004) examines how that precedent-setting negotiation approach influenced Lheidli T'enneh treaty engagement. For further description of the history and content of the Nisga'a struggle and settlement see Raunet (1984) and Sanders (1999),

Fraser Institute similarly has critically dubbed the process, "incompleted, illiberal and expensive" in a thorough albeit one-sided account (Milke, 2008). The BC Treaty Commission itself has had a sequence of reports done to diagnose the reasons for the lack of progress, commonly identifying the inflexibility especially of the federal government negotiators, as the main issue. In 2011 its Chief Commissioner, Sophie Pierre, a *ʔaʔq̓ⱡn* or St. Mary's Band member, even raised the possibility that the entire process should be shut down unless commitment and a sense of urgency of all parties but especially the federal government, were improved (Justine Hunter, 2011).

Thus seen from all sides, the treaty process has fallen well short of expectations, settler and Native with the former commonly alleging a gross waste of taxpayer's money while the latter, increasingly, see it as serving to legitimate more than a century of uncompensated seizure of lands and resources rather than to meet early hopes for reconciliation and restitution.

My own involvement directly in treaty negotiations was surprisingly slight, given my background in negotiations generally and co-authoring one of the first books that looked at land claim settlement implications (Cassidy & Dale, 1988). I had been close to one of the Claims Task Force members as the process was emerging and he and I had even made a trip together to discuss treaty negotiation design with my former teachers and colleagues in the Boston area.[46] But by choice, I stayed clear of the emerging BCTC process, in large measure because I did not see BC and Canada as approaching this as a good faith and reconciliatory effort. To me, it seemed ahistorical, with no room to address injustices perpetrated against First Nations

[46] Miles and I had many a discussion on best practices for a complex negotiations process and from those volunteered to contact my former teacher, Larry Susskind, one of the better-known experts at public dispute resolution. I knew that Larry and many other negotiations scholars of the greater Boston area met in monthly seminars and arranged for Miles and I to co-present at one of these and elicit feedback. We did this as the Task Force completed and submitted its report (British Columbia Claims Task Force, 1991).

individuals and communities. By and large I was seeing this as other critical observers were (e.g., T. Alfred, 2000; Woolford, 2004): the squandering of what at first seemed so momentous a prospect for reconciliation. When, in 2007 I heard that the Lheidli T'enneh had voted down the negotiated Final Agreement, my feeling was that this tiny Nation had shown remarkable good sense. It would be four and a half years before I would have any direct involvement in the aftermath of this referendum.

The Lheidli T'enneh First Nation: History, Lands and Treaty Involvement

I first heard of the Lheidli T'enneh[47] First Nation when they were still called the Fort George Band and it was in connection with the land question. In the 1980s, spurred by the Nisga'a's partial success in the Supreme Court of Canada, the federal government had issued a new land claims policy inviting bilateral negotiations. The absence of British Columbia, which still denied any legitimacy to "native claims," meant that at that time only federal crown lands (which are very limited in BC compared to provincial Crown lands) and, of course, financial compensation, could be "on the table." Still, many Nations including the "Fort George Band" asked to begin such talks. Canada quickly put a limit on how many treaty tables would be active at any one time, and the Fort George Band went into an awesomely long queue. Thus, they were ready and anxious to proceed when the British Columbia Treaty process was finally agreed to in 1992. Theirs was the very first "Statement of Intent" to be approved for negotiation in all of BC and they proceeded through the stages ahead of most other First Nations.

Before that story is related, we need to back up, years and even centuries and say something about who the Lheidli T'enneh were and are. At this point, the attentive reader may

[47] The spelling "Lheit-Lit'en" was used for several years as a replacement for the Fort George Band but by 1997 had been altered to "Lheidli T'enneh."

raise eyebrows and wonder how, given the perils of telling indigenous others' stories as seen in Chapter VI, I would dare relate Lheidli T'enneh history, without risking the transgressions I made with Tom Mowatt. My approach is to keep this brief and use, insofar as they are available, words and stories already public from the First Nation or those with whom they have been willing to share . . . and even then to be ever mindful of the traps surrounding settler accounts of indigenous realities.

The Nation is seen as part of a more widely distributed cultural-linguistic group called the Dakelh, which means the people who travel by water. Early White traders and explorers called the Dakelh, the Carrier, a reference to a supposed custom of widows carrying their husband's ashes. Dakelh, in turn, is among the Northern Athapaskan or Dene languages, related to ones spoken over a wide geographic area stretching to Alaska, the Northwest Territories and Alberta.[48]

Lheidli T'enneh means "confluence people," a reference to their living where two major rivers of British Columbia, now known as the Fraser (*Ltha-koh*, "big-mouth river")[49] and the Nechako (*Necha Nee Incha Koh*, "river with a strong undercurrent"), meet. Their origins in the distant past were summed up in a booklet prepared by claims researchers working for the Lheidli in the early 1990s:

> According to our history as told to us by our Elders, long, long ago a large group of our people were led by the traditional Chiefs and Medicine People to the convergence of these two rivers. . . . these people - our ancestors—had traveled from the Blackwater area about 80 kilometers southeast of (Prince George). It is said that this may have happened as long as 15,000 years ago . . . anthropologists have found evidence of our people's settlement dating back nine thousand years in this area. (Lheit-Lit'en Nation, 1992, p. 2)

[48] The overall Na-Dene linguistic classification also includes tribes from Northern California, New Mexico and western Texas (Krauss, 1973).
[49] Names as relayed to Evelyn Crocker by Lheidli elder Margaret Gagnon, (Crocker, 2005, p. 2)

Written records, associated with the arrival of Whites, commence when one of several trading posts, Fort George, was established around 1810 near the Nechako/Fraser confluence. Non-Native histories of the area suggest that this drew concentrated indigenous settlement to the area, an inference quite at odds with the quote above. What is clear is that a village was well established when, in 1892, the Fort George Reserve #1 was officially demarcated. Its boundaries comprise all of what is now downtown Prince George, the situation that remained when, twenty years later, the Lheidli T'enneh people were moved upriver. This removal was one of considerable complexity and details of the story became part of what I learned and discussed as a significant part of my work with the First Nation. I, therefore, leave off the history for now, shifting the account eighty years forward to briefly overview Lheidli T'enneh efforts in the BC Treaty Process prior to my involvement.

As noted, the Lheidli T'enneh Nation went into the newly-formed process in 1993, the first of all First Nations in BC to do so. It passed through the negotiations stages steadily, although not without significant conflict with the non-Native governments (see Krehbiel, 2004). The process for all negotiations tables in BC came to focus largely on what amounts of land and money First Nations were to receive. Many other provisions of significance were "on the table"—for example, access to fish for food and ceremonial purposes and the ever-controversial idea of a salmon allocation for commercial re-sale. But in these and especially for land and money, Federal and provincial negotiators came with mandates[50] that narrowly defined the

[50] I recall visiting a friend around 1997, who, for a time worked as a negotiator for the province. Without, of course, showing me any details he pointed to a large stack of files that he described as "our mandates." These were quite hard-and-fast provisions saying what negotiators could use as initial offers and also what the "bottom line" would be. The inability of both provincial and federal representatives to be flexible and creative in this historic (and history-laden) negotiation emerged as one of the main obstacles that evaluators identified when studying the slowness of the BC Treaty Commission process (Lornie, 2011).

possibilities, based largely on present-day band populations. The strength of an historic claim to ownership and the size of original traditional territories had little bearing in the treaty discussions. Instead, non-Native governments have imposed a settler philosophy of land tenure to make native territorial rights conform to dominant society's conception of tenure, rather than reflect in any way indigenous forms of property rights (Egan, 2013). The fundamentals of settler colonial land control would be faithfully and non-negotiably preserved in this "new" approach. Early on, the Government of British Columbia asserted the pre-condition that, no matter what went on in the negotiations, "the total land held by First nations . . . will be less than five percent of the Province's land base" (British Columbia Ministry of Aboriginal Affairs, 1996).

Figure 7.1. Traditional territory of Lheidli T'enneh. From Aboriginal and Northern Development Canada. (n.d.). Retrieved from http://www.aadnc-aandc.gc.ca/eng/1100100022524/1100100022541 Copyright 2006 by Aboriginal and Northern Development Canada. Reprinted with permission.

As the land, compensation and other issues such as water rights, fisheries allocations, were considered, the Lheidli T'enneh established means for their leaders and negotiators to keep band members informed. The core of this was having a Treaty Office with a general manager and numerous other staff, as well as a Community Treaty Council, selected so as to insure all families were represented.

The Lheidli T'enneh were steadily at the forefront of First Nations in the treaty process. They were furthest along from the beginning to the referendum in 2007. In July 2003, they became only the second First Nation to initial an Agreement-in-Principle (Stage 4 of the BCTC Process) and then, three years later, the first to complete a Final Agreement (October, 2006). Both of these milestones were seen as significant enough milestones that the Premier of British Columbia and the federal Minister of Indian Affairs came in person to both events.

The Final Agreement was initialed in October 2006, and comprised several thick volumes and 25 chapters that, by virtue of being a full legal document, was neither easy to understand nor to summarize. The total land to be conveyed (i.e. returned) to the Nation was 42.75 square kilometers in fourteen "fee simple"[51] parcels, some within the municipal boundaries of Prince George, some well outside and useable for forestry or reserve expansion. Land selection had been challenging, entailing a sequence of offers and counter-proposals over several years. This transfer represents about 1 percent of

Figure 7.2. Initialing Ceremony for Lheidli T'enneh Final Agreement (October, 2006). From BC Ministry of Aboriginal Relations & Reconciliation. (2006). Retrieved from http:// www.gov.bc.ca/ arr/shared/gallery/archive/lheidli_tenneh_final_ agreement.html Copyright 2006 by BC Ministry of Aboriginal Relations and Reconciliation. Reprinted with permission.

[51] Fee simple land ownership is the most prevalent genre of tenure in Canada, the United States and Europe. It is usually described as "absolute and unqualified" (e.g., What is Fee Simple?, n.d.)

traditional territory, mapped out by Lheidli elders many years before (Figure 7-2), far less than the upper limit of 5%, controversially asserted by the province of British Columbia at the inception of the treaty process (British Columbia Ministry of Aboriginal Affairs, 1996).

The Agreement also included financial transfers amounting to approximately $26 million over a ten-year period. Indian tax exemptions would be phased out, while the Lheidli band government would acquire rights to tax its own members and others resident on Lheidli lands. Fish and water allocations are also included, but the thrust of most every chapter of the Final Agreement is that senior non-Native governments would retain final authority over the First Nation's exercise of most every conferred right.

A festive initialing ceremony was held in October 2006 with leadership of the three parties enthusing publicly over what had been accomplished and a date was confidently set for the Lheidli community ratification vote, four months later (British Columbia Office of the Premier, Indian and Northern Affairs Canada & Lheidli T'enneh Band, 2006). During that ensuing period, a wide array of public information materials were produced and circulated to the Lheidli membership. Voters' lists were prepared inclusively so that anyone who had an active application for membership in the Band became eligible. The vote was held on March 2007 with 122 opposed and 109 in favor of accepting the treaty (250 News, 2007; British Columbia Treaty Commission, 2007a). Two related assessments of referendum results were conducted later in 2007 (British Columbia Treaty Commission, 2007b; Mustel Group, 2007). Their conclusions will be taken up when I discuss my own involvement, which was seen as building on these reports. For Lheidli T'enneh and their staff who had worked most actively on the agreement, the fear arose that "all bets were off" and that Canada and BC would withdraw offers that had taken so long to craft and agree upon.

In 2009, the First Nation held a public meeting and established a Governance Working Group (GWG) to review and make recommendations on changes needed to make the treaty more acceptable. As the name implies, their focus was to be on the kinds of changes needed for Lheidli T'enneh to have more confidence in their own self-government. This followed up on the post-referendum assessments, which concluded that this lack of faith was a significant factor in the rejection of the treaty.[52] The GWG submitted a report to Chief and Council in August 2010 and a community gathering was convened in November 2010 to discuss holding a second ratification vote. At the time, a strong incentive for officially staying in the treaty process, despite the prevalence of the "No" vote in 2007, was that full withdrawal would, in theory, precipitate demands from the federal government to repay the $6.4 million loaned to the Nation to fund their treaty involvement. Another concern for Lheidli supporters of the treaty was that public lands that had been reserved from other use for the Nation would now be otherwise disposed of. Far from bringing the community closer to consensus, the activities pursued from 2007 to 2011 appear to have provided multiple opportunities for often bitter contention. In the first few weeks of my job, I would hear anecdotes about confrontations between leading voices on the "yes" and "no" sides, to the extent that many I spoke with would say that they avoided meetings and even one-on-one discussions about treaty because of how divisive this once golden-seeming opportunity of treaty had become. Among the most poignant moments of those first weeks came in a discussion with a Lheidli T'enneh person who had been politically active through, and supportive of, the many years of the Lheidli treaty involvement. I asked: "What

[52] The basis for this was in the telephone survey work done in May-June 2007 which found that 45% of those who voted "no," "did so because they felt the band was not ready for self-governing" (Mustel Group, 2007, p. 9).

would you like most to come out of this work I am coordinating?" The answer was, "I want my community back."

River of Tears, River of Change: Engaging the Lheidli T'enneh

I trope the eighteen months of my work with the Lheidli-T'enneh as a river for purposes of both exposition and inspiration. Seen this way, one could look at the broad course, the macro-features of the river's path and summarize the main prominences along the way. But to explore at that level would, I believe, miss the locus of the steadiest, and cumulatively most significant changes I intended, in this dissertation, for self-decolonization of my practice. Of courage—a not unrelated quality—Anne Sexton wrote: "It is in the small things we see it," the everyday almost humdrum actions and interactions. Therein one either breaks from well-worn route into a new way of doing things, or not.

The metaphor of a river is also apt, to me indeed essential, because the Lheidli T'enneh origins and trans-history is river-inscribed. The name means "people of the confluence," referring to where the Lhta-koh (today commonly known as the Fraser River) and the Nechako join. The village and, from 1892 until 1912, the reserve of the Lheidli T'enneh was at that location which was alienated through purchase at the latter date. In 1913, the Lheidli T'enneh sold their reserve and relocated upstream on the Fraser River to an area then known as Goose Country. Their new village became Shelley and was actually established on both sides of the river, a hindrance to easily visiting among families, making the river that long-succored the Nation, a hindrance to unity. Bridging figuratively and literally the divide was, in fact, a theme that emerged during the engagement process I coordinated.

As soon as I decided to proceed with an application letter for this work, I was conscious that going back to a job within a First Nation, after most of a decade of less direct working

arrangements, would be an opportunity to apply my learning about settler colonialism and attempts to transcend it. If I was more insightful now about the traps and possibilities when a settler tried to serve the indigenous struggle, what ways was such reflective knowledge to be enacted? I had reached the conclusion that to decolonize the settler mind requires a moment-to-moment reflectivity and performativity about one's embedded-ness in the settler colonial situation. But it is to be emphasized that it was neither my expectation nor intent to be writing as I am now, months after this job ended, about the experience as part of my dissertation. To have done this work, so important to the First Nation, secretively would be to recapitulate the kind of duplicitous role that has led to the mistrust surrounding non-Native research about Native communities (L. Smith, 1999). And so this job was not some kind of private experiment but real-time real-world endeavor to be a part of a critical "moment" in the long history of the Lheidli T'enneh.

I worked for the First Nation from November 2011 to June 2013, although my employment was initially for only four months, with a possible extension. The job was full-time and eventful enough to support a long multi-episode narrative. But for autoethnographic purposes, the following discussion is built around what I have come to see as critical thematic challenges of decolonizing practices:

- Proclaiming and performing an altered settler identity;
- Be(com)ing Transhistorical
- Letting Go of Expert (White) Authority in (Re)Designing Lheidli Engagement
- Reframing the Engagement Challenge as Relationality

To this, a fifth and I believe most elusive learning had to be reinforced even after my time with the Lheidli T'enneh was over, after I had written a draft of this chapter and realized, with

consternation, that I had fallen once again into the self-devised settler trap of representing another and re-presenting authoritatively—but without authorization—the Other's stories.

- Narrating one's own settler story without telling indigenous peoples'story.

These are not discrete challenges and certainly not separated in time during my Lheidli T'enneh tenure. I bring them forth individually to make the discussion of a full and complex involvement more intelligible. I would further say that, while I went into this position already increasingly aware of first three, the fourth emerged more in the praxis itself.

About the Governance Working Group. The Governance Working (GWG) ended up being the entity I worked most closely with of all the Lheidli T'enneh community. Officially, I reported to the Band Manager who in turn was under the elected Chief and Council. While contact was maintained through informal weekly discussion, monthly staff meetings and occasional one-on-one meetings with the Chief and the Band Manager, my main reference group soon became the GWG.

This body had been set up at a community-wide meeting in 2009, held to decide what the Lheidli T'enneh Nation should do in the aftermath of the rejection of the treaty. As noted, several quick assessments had already been compiled on why the vote was negative. The committee was selected on a volunteer basis to follow up on these findings. Eight individuals were initially named to the group, although two well-known band members who had not been at the meeting, conveyed through others their willingness to serve. One of these was a man who had been centrally involved in promoting and conducting treaty negotiations and had served multiple terms as elected Chief Councilor. Only one of the volunteers was generally seen as an opponent to treaty, despite the fact that over 50% of electors had been so. The discrepancy was itself an issue within the community: several of the first people I spoke with among staff and band

members raised the issue of imbalance, real and perceived. What exacerbated this concern was that the one person seen as opposed to treaty somehow had never been included in the group up to the time that I was hired.

The GWG was initially tasked with reporting back to Chief and Council with recommendations on changes needed in band governance if the treaty were to be implemented. It was supposed to have a dedicated, independent coordinator, but the initial appointee was subsequently elected to Council, which was considered a conflict of roles. Thereafter the Treaty Manager, a non-Lheidli indigenous person strongly committed to ratifying and implementing the proposed Treaty, served in that capacity.

Over the initial 13-month period of its active existence, the GWG was provided with written materials in the form of binders and provided with twelve two-day seminars on a range of topics deemed relevant and chosen by the Treaty Manager. These instructional workshops were seen as the centerpiece and most time-demanding element of the GWG's work. By comparison, the final report was hurried in the last month of the group's mandate and a request for an extension was rejected by Chief and Council. In August 2010 the GWG submitted its report, titled "New Footprints for New Generations." The broad thrust of the document was to implement modest governance reforms, clarify some of the implications of treaty and proceed to a second referendum vote. A suggestion was made that a financial incentive be added to the treaty package where each member of the Nation would receive $3,000.00 (more for elders), a provision that has been used by other First Nations and criticized as being little more than a bribe (Nuttall, 2012).

The GWG was not officially disbanded after submitting its final report. It simply ceased to be convened. Therefore, when, in 2012, Canada and BC agreed to fund a renewed

"Community Engagement Program," the group was seen as the principal entity for me to liaise with directly. In an initial one-on-one briefing with me shortly after I arrived I was told "they'll be working for you." Not arguing, I thought to myself that such hierarchy would not work. Let us now return to the unfolding of the four thematic decolonizing challenges I see in my work with the Lheidli T'enneh.

Proclaiming and performing an altered settler identity.

> The appearance of substance is precisely . . . a constructed identity, a performative accomplishment which the mundane social audience, including the actors themselves, come to believe and to perform the mode of belief. If the ground of (settler) identity is the stylized repetition of acts through time, and not a seemingly seamless identity, then the possibilities of (settler) transformation are to be found in the . . . possibility of a different sort of repeating, in the breaking or the subversive repetition of that style. (Butler, 1988, p. 520)[53]

As I began my work with the GWG, I wanted to eschew earlier, the old settler fantasy to become or at least seen as "one of them," indigenous no less, albeit by choice and inclination, if not by ancestry. I have noted in Chapter V, how being so named and included gratified me while with the Kwakwaka'wakw. To make one's White/setter identity vanish and be seen as "almost-indigenous" is a common settler move that supplements the many other ways of making indigenous people vanish. The danger of this fooling oneself into claiming full empathic understanding and on that basis, choosing to "speak for" indigenous groups and individuals was one of the learnings from my relationship with Tom. So what to do about that? This time, I was conscious and often careful in how I conducted myself to make my settler-ness explicit, including the not-so-good stuff that went with it.

[53] In this excerpt from Judith Butler, I have substituted "settler" for her original word, "gender."

At the outset of my work for the Lheidli T'enneh, I seized several opportunities to declare my settler identity and to so humbly, even somewhat apologetically. This began in my application letter:

> First, to be clear: I am not of indigenous ancestry. My father was a Jewish refugee fleeing the Holocaust from Eastern Europe and who found his way to Canada as part of WW II training; my mother is of Scottish descent, a 5-generation family on Prince Edward Island, where I was born. I spent my first 30 years with scant contact with Aboriginal society. (N.Dale, Letter to General Manager, Lheidli T'enneh, October 24, 2011)

My second opportunity arose during the job interview. I was asked the standard recruiting question, what appeals to you about this position? In my initial response, I spoke having "occupied" Lheidli territory for nearly a decade, "for free," like all non-Lheidli inhabitants of modern Prince George. Then in my wrap up I repeated this and said that it seemed only right to now help in what had become for the Nation yet another not-so-post-colonial mess. The divisive treaty referendum after all, happened as a result of the long sequence of land alienation that began in the 19th century. I was saying, in effect, that working for Lheidli T'enneh would be some form of reparations. Indeed, when the issue of salary was broached, I accepted an hourly rate far below what I had worked for in my professional career, which I justified to myself as minor restitution: I was paying, in a very paltry way, for my illicit tenure.

I declared my settler identity again at the outset of the first meeting with the GWG. Again, I repeated a bit about where I was born, referring to Prince Edward Island by the Anglicized version of its Mi'kmaq name, *Abegweit,*[54] stating that I was not at all indigenous, and also mentioned my ancestry (Jewish-Scottish). I added a line about how both lineages were of people who escaped to North America from oppressive regimes, but then noted that such a background has been, but ought not to be, given as a rationale for infringing on the title and

[54] Variant spellings and suggested meanings of Abegweit are provided in T. Pratt (1988, p. 4).

rights of others. This was to preclude as much as possible their inferring that I was using a common settler conceit implying that "we" (White Settlers) had also been oppressed, implying somehow a right to displace others because of injustices we had suffered. I said that all settler Canadians ought to be working on just settlement of land issues and I was only one lucky enough to have a direct role in this.

And I continued throughout my tenure with the Lheidli T'enneh to miss no opportunity to use the term "settler" in self-introductions and to refer or allude to the inevitably invasive nature of my even being here, let alone involved in their internal affairs. In our first issue of a project newsletter, I was designated, "a non-indigenous settler Canadian, originally from the east coast of Canada." My wording on launching a Facebook group[55] for members to discuss our program and related issues was as follows:

> I have been recently hired as the "Community Engagement Coordinator" by the Lheidli T'enneh. I am non-Native . . . The assignment I have is to engage in discussions with Lheidli T'enneh community and individuals about questions and concerns around land and the treaty Final Agreement. I feel like a bit of an intruder because this is Lheidli business.

The first step, I thought, in being as well as saying that my identity was a White and Settler one that, nonetheless, broke from the ordinary presentation of self by non-Native experts. To to do this is to show doubts and vulnerability, uncommon "resources" for a professional who seeking to establish his qualifications definitively. Instead, I tried to show that the issue of identity mattered to me and by so doing began what I continued to do throughout the time I was employed: to disclose aspects of my background and current life that were less about impregnable knowledge, more about my own vulnerability. It may well have been—though this

[55] The Facebook page that the GWG and I set up in early 2012, was deleted by the Lheidli T'enneh Band office in late 2013, several months after I had resigned and left (J. Pighin, personal communication, November 29, 2013). Thus, no citation is available, and I rely here on notes to my own journal.

is even more speculative—that by foregrounding identity, in this case my own, I opened space for others to reflect candidly about their own identity issues.

I was also acutely aware that performing transformationist settler identity had to go far beyond such pronouncements which otherwise, in my view, had the hollowness of all too many recent state apologies. Just as anti-racist speech by itself fails to enact the change it advocates (see Ahmed, 2004) so too, a mere mantra of settler identity and guilt about it, accomplishes little. A popular saying adopted by many First Nations people I have known over the years, was "walk the walk; don't just talk the talk." I had to find ways, many of them trivial-seeming and "everyday" (Essed, 1991) to steadily and continuously enact the change I wanted in my settler identity.

This required a return to reflections of a more general nature on what enactments of settler identity have been most typical and damaging to indigenous people. I asked myself, repeatedly: "What has caused the most harm?"—keeping in mind that today's colonizers "have designed and practise more subtle means (in contrast to missionary and militaristic colonial enterprises) of accomplishing their objectives" (T. Alfred & Corntassel, 2005, p. 597-598). Notwithstanding the insidious and multi-faceted ways that settler colonialism is still enacted from the personal to the state level, the asymmetry of power between privileged White settlers and indigenous people seems the overriding aspect of identity hardest to shake. Citing Taiaiake Alfred and Jeff Corntassel (2005) who figured Settler power as the "fundamental reference" point for colonial dynamics, and alluding to Memmi's (1957/1965) distinctions among colonizers who accept versus refuse colonial privilege, Barker (2012) recently has put it well: "Power is wrapped around every Settler, even those who try to break free. I cannot *refuse* my way out of settler colonial space" (p. 347).

Yet, an activist refusal is just what I tried to do as my work with the Lheidli moved forward. By that I mean not only turning one's back insofar as possible on power that arose from my privileged, not only White-settler, but educational and credentialed past, but consciously finding "moves" that were—and could be seen to be—ceding my own power and challenging dominance that had been exercised over the group I was working with.

Once one is alert to the ubiquity of power and open to opportunities to contravene it, the most everyday of acts seemed redolent with liberatory possibilities. In first meeting with the Government Working Group, I told them laughingly of how I'd been told when I was hired that they worked for me. I quickly asserted that the hierarchy would run the other way: "*you'll tell me* what to do." From that first session in January, 2012 to the end of my position in June 2013, I undertook what I felt was a symbolic precedent—preparing and serving food and snacks as part of the meeting. It was usual in Band-related events to order such meals in via a caterer, but I made a point of spending a couple of hours shopping, preparing and serving food and often polled them on what they preferred for the next meeting. My intent was not only to show generosity but a willingness to do what until recent times would have been seen as primarily "women's work" as a break from the conventions of how this group had been led. The gesture of laying on the meals is also part of the theme of restoring relationality to center stage of Lheidli deliberations, to which we will return later in this chapter.

As in the quote above from Alfred and Corntassel, one needs to look for the exercise of settler power, including by oneself, in subtle, concealed, shape-shifting ways. But as soon as I started to work with the Lheidli T'enneh Governance Working Group, I learned and kept learning about the group's previous experiences and how my actions could either perpetuate or

break from the problems they had faced. Though the details of what I was told are not ones I can reveal, the storyline was consistent:

- Despite available funds for a full time independent planner (much like the role I was now to play), the group was coordinated by a staff person, who was openly and strongly pro-treaty;
- Much of the budget for the group's work was expended on a long sequence of guest speakers brought in to make instructional presentations, rather than plan with them. Overwhelmingly, these speakers were pro-treaty and included several professionals who had worked directly on the Lheidli- T'enneh Final Agreement;
- In one instance, federal negotiators came to address the group and no questions or discussion was permitted.

Learning this led me to a guiding principle for our work: whatever was done would be based on erring much on the side of ample prior discussion before any decision small or large. In every step of planning the engagement process, right down to the level of phrasing and grammar in program information material content would be subject to group review and consensus. I did the drafts but nothing was finalized without group say-so. To me, all the work we were doing was putting distance between our activity and past practices. It also was putting distance between the settler I used to be and an ever-evolving, ever-emerging role. The most challenging early issue of redress was that of the group being and looking more balanced when it came to the "for" and "against" treaty sides. The members as of the start of my work were all seen in varying degrees as treaty supporters. Cautiously, after several of our bi-weekly meetings I raised that issue with them. I knew that without care any query could seem to doubt their integrity and objectivity. But they as much as told me how imbalanced everything connected with treaty had

seemed and the negative effects this had had when the Final Agreement vote had come up. So we sidled into this discussion slowly and they agreed that I should speak with another band member who was known to have vocally opposed treaty ratification. Sanctioned to do this, I had that conversation at length with an employee who agreed that the optics of the group would be worrying to those on the "no" side. She gave me detailed background and a who's who of the leading opponents. Joan also pointed out that one significant opponent of the treaty had put her name forth for being on the GWG I now dealt with. "Nothing happened. Big surprise!"

On next meeting with the group, I asked about this possible member and also about contacting other prominent Lheidli T'enneh opponents of treaty ratification. This topic of redressing perceived imbalance was difficult but in the end I was asked to take both steps: invite the new member who had been named but not included and also, to reach out especially to those who were opinion-leaders on the "No" side. In doing this, I not only felt that I was within my terms of reference, but also that I was conveying to my group recognition of their authority. Again, the theme I am examining here is how a settler can unwrap the mantle of power that is his privilege, and from which, Barker (2012) has cautioned, escape is so precarious. While making my group nice meals and acceding to their editorial choices in program communications are good quotidian steps, it was more important, I believe, that I used their guidance to undertake major shifts on issues they had felt keenly about but to little avail in their earlier work.

These episodes dealing with tough and potentially divisive issues were crucial not only to the integrity of the process but as opportunities to distance myself from the kind of praxis that would have come naturally to me in previous work with First Nations. Previously, I would probably have jumped to a conclusion of what the problems were and then taken my own ingeniously-conceived steps to resolve them, while being as persuasive as possible with

indigenous colleagues that mine was the correct path. Now I recognized a bigger issue that the group, in its state of disempowerment, needed guidance but that the special knowledge of community that was needed rested with them not me. I had to repeatedly ask: How much can one intervene in problem-solving without undermining whatever sense of potency indigenous individuals and groups have or aspire to? How to keep the momentum without *being* the momentum? It is a moment-to-moment living calibration rife with potential missteps, certain to err, with the best prospect being to survive and learn by inevitable blunders.

About two months into the work when we had developed a schematized plan for how the next year would unfold, a critical question became, who would do the work? Of course I would be there but to reach out to the community through the planned Open House and, subsequently, follow up with our door-to-door interviewing, our "House Calls" was going to be demanding. I felt at this point that there must be some staff help, beyond what the GWG and I could perform. We needed to organize a community-wide open house to organize and launch other initiative. So, I rushed to the presumption that it was time now to advertise for one or two assistants. I would, of course, discuss the advertisements and criteria for hiring. It seemed the one and the obvious solution—as White settler helpers always think!

In our next meeting, I had begun to describe a possible list of criteria for the kind of help needed when one of the members asked pointedly: "What about us? We can do this ourselves?" In reply I recited the logistical difficulties of having a team of busy individuals with conflicting schedules and the need to have staff personnel ready and waiting, basically on call. So we went round the table and each of the members reiterated willingness and a confidence that *they* could be the work team. I scribbled notes and, for a while, tried to organize my thoughts and arguments in rebuttal. Then, one member said bluntly: "Norman: the community picked us to do this. They

expect us, not somebody else to come to their doors." Implicit in her statement I discerned my own repeated assertion, "It's your Nation, not mine." Without hesitating, I saw suddenly what I was in the midst of and that that the issue no longer was staffing but my Settler authority. And I saw, like a revelation, how I had been on the verge of abusing my role, in classic settler fashion: something more than capitulation was needed. I recall well (and soon journaled) close to exactly what I said: "What was I thinking! Why am I sitting here being just another damn White guy who always knows best? Please forgive me!"

This would, of course, not be the last time that I slipped into an authoritative role or the last that a fervent debate arose between me and the rest of the group about the praxis and roles of community engagement. Yet, there was a sea change at this point: all future debates over how to proceed were largely, I believe, unencumbered from the hegemony of my position. In fact, I became freer to jump in and say what I thought because the group and I all knew that ideas coming from me had no *a priori* preeminence. They could be used (or not) in accordance with their merit and validity, and not because of my position or positionality. When there was even a hint of my crossing that line of exercising the authority of who I was rather than advancing the quality of my rationale, I was taken to task, sometimes even with my words about whose Nation it was, playfully but seriously thrown back at me.

Becoming trans-historical. Many years before coming to work for the Lheidli when I was facilitating on Haida Gwaii, the chairperson of the group of non-Native communities for whom I worked, rehearsed his lines for a first formal meeting with the Haida along these lines: "I will tell them: "We can't do anything about history; what we can do is make a new future together." I was ill at ease with this flourish of rhetoric but it would take me more years there and beyond Haida Gwaii, to locate my misgivings in the premise that we—neither colonizer nor

colonized cannot "do anything about history." First off—I thought even back then—we can do something: at least learn the history, though in the chairperson's construct, that would be merely to dwell on that which can never be changed.

As time has passed I have come to see the many ways in which we work this past, indeed, whole professions are based on being able to work with and through historical trauma. Thus, as I entered my position with the Lheidli T'enneh, I was committed to staying alert to the possibilities and obstacles associated with the blunt situation of being a settler, of colonizer stock, amidst a people harmed by colonization. Beyond awareness, how could one act such that the history and its infusion into the present (and future)—what Van Styvendale (2008) called the "trans/historicity" played its part in individual performance and collective action?

It took me several re-readings of Van Styvendale's paper to grasp her use of the term which distinguishes phenomena that are applicable only to one era from those that persist through time. Alfred and Corntassel (2005) note the "shape-shifting" nature of colonial power. Its continued haunting into the present may often be so insidious that perpetrators remain unaware of how they keep reconstructing disempowerment and discrimination. The implication is that we need to deliberately and repeatedly invite history in. How did this apply in my Lheidli T'enneh work?

The day before I was first interviewed, in preparation for those discussions I searched on the Internet for writings about the Lheidli T'enneh, finding and reading with revulsion the founding story of Prince George, where I had been living nearly ten years, an article titled, "You Don't Suppose the Dominion Government Wants to Cheat the Indians?" (Vogt & Gamble, 2010) Like all First Nations in British Columbia, vast traditional territories of the Lheidli T'enneh had been expropriated in the 19th century, leaving them with infringed-upon remnants. An allotment

in 1892 still left them a well-situated and substantial (by British Columbia standards) property at the convergence of rivers that gave the Nation its name. This location was ideal for fishing and hunting; but it was also coveted for western-style industrial and residential development. In the early 20th century it had attracted speculators, settlers and, then, the Grand Trunk Railroad. By the fall of 1913, the Lheidli allotment had been purchased by the railroad and the tribe was relocated upriver.

The machinations of the company, local land dealers, and various representatives of the Government of Canada were detailed by Vogt and Gamble (2010). Key to the persuasion and cajoling process of Lheidli removal were two locally-based Whites whose official roles were to look out for the well-being of indigenous communities: Indian Agent W.A. MacAllen and missionary-priest, Father Nicholas Coccola. The former's revelations made thirty-five years later (MacAllen, 1948) in retirement and the latter's fuller autobiography, along with archives have provided a clear and disturbing picture of how these presumptively empathic settlers collaborated to clear the way for railway and urban development. To this we will shortly return.

While, in my own first contact with Band members and especially the GWG, the details of this century-gone removal seemed previously unheard, the sense of having been unjustly pushed out of the way of settler development was palpable. I had been unaware of any of this sad history despite having dwelled in the area for nearly ten years.

The parallel between this century-old legerdemain and contemporary proposed treaty struck me as haunting. My work would be figuratively and literally in a place infused with the memory and pain of the last major land deal with White settler authorities. I had no wish to be the Father Coccola figure, the White empath counselling his "children," the Lheidli, to accede to a deal whereby huge tracts of traditional land would be permanently ceded in the Nation's "best

interests." As I became more familiar almost concurrently with Coccola and MacAllan's intrigues and the involvement of non-Native advisors and negotiators in pushing the 2006 Final Agreement on treaty, the similarity of this dynamic was inescapable to me.

Father Nicholas Coccola, whose memoirs would be titled "They Call Me Father" (Whitehead, 1988), was keen to assist in Lheidli relocation back in 1910-1912 because he had concluded that the Natives' very souls were at stake. The onset of the railway and development would expose his "Carrier children" ever more to the evils of drink, gambling and other forms of carousal. With the advent of the Grand Trunk Railway, Fort George was destined to be a commercial point and there was reason to fear or our Indians who cannot stand civilization" (Whitehead, 1988, p. 158). His desire to see them protected from such sin, paralleled efforts by other missionaries of the Pacific Northwest, some of whom managed to create isolated religiously observant communities (J. Usher, 1974). Of course, none of these seemingly well-intentioned removals succeeded very long in staving off rampant social dysfunction that had less to do with exposure to temptation and much more with the intentional, systematic eradication of ethos and tradition.

Indian Agent MacAllan's interventions were somewhat more specific, tactical and worldly than Coccola's. Many years after the Lheidli clearances from Prince George, MacAllan wrote an article for a local magazine in which he shamelessly admits to having arranged for arson to scare band members into leaving. While Lheidli T'enneh with whom I worked knew that their village had been razed after all had left for the new settlement up-river, the story of this illegal act of strategic intimidation was unfamiliar. The idea that an employee of the Government of Canada—with whom the Nation had so recently been in treaty negotiations—had conspired to burn two unoccupied dwellings as a way to figuratively light afire under the Lheidli departure,

resonated with contemporary strong-arming tactics which some Lheidli T'enneh opponents of treaty. MacAllan narrated his administrative dilemma and solution thus:

> Here was indeed a stumbling block. All through the preparations for moving, the construction of houses and churches, etc., there had been no inkling of this change of heart and mind. Now matter how I pleaded, and entreated, and pointed out to them that such things weren't done in the White man's world, they just stared back at me with dark, expressionless eyes and stolid leathery faces . . . I could see I was getting no where.
>
> One fat squaw clutching at her babe in arms broke a minute long silence by stating flatly, 'we no go' . . . The (not too young) buck with whom I had been arguing, after glancing around at the rest . . . took a step forward. "This our home," he said. "You tellum govenmunt (sic) and railrud (sic) this our home. We no move."
>
> Something had to be done. Mr. Gill was then the resident engineer on the (railroad) construction…He offered me his staff, five in number, to help me out, but we both decided that if force was to be used it would take a small army to even budge them . . . I returned to my hotel that night in rather an anxious mood. Having been given the task, I did not want to fall down on my job. I could see myself addressing a letter to my superior in Ottawa, to whit: 'Dear Sir: An unforeseen circumstance has cropped up here in regard to the construction of the railroad and the proposed townsite of Fort George. The 100 or so Indians here refuse to move, so I'm afraid you will have to negotiate for the railroad to change course and for Fort George to be built elsewhere . . . Signed Yours respectfully, W.J. MacAllan. (MacAllan, 1948, pp. 54-56)

Not to be so outdone and stymied by "fat squaws" and old "bucks," MacAllan recalled that two cabins were vacant as their usual occupants had gone hunting.

> I knew that to set fire to the cabins would cause a flare up of intense excitement and give me the break I needed, for a crisis had to be created before the deadlock could be broken. (p .56)

MacAllan met the next day with the Grand Trunk railroad construction angineer who agreed to the plan and found men to set the fires. He then went to a hotel, "in plain sight of any passing Indian," (p. 57) so that he, MacAllan, would not be implicated.

> I saw the smoke go up from the fire and two minutes later the Indians swarmed around me almost crazy with excitement. "Come—stop Grand Trunk! He burn all our houses." . . . I waited till the group quieted down before saying for them all to hear, "Well, Reserve belong Grand Trunk now—he do what he want with it." (p. 57)

Despite the temptation, I refrained from discussing with the GWG or other Lheidli T'enneh, parallels—or continuities—between these long-ago events and the pressure that many felt had been applied in the campaign in 2006-7 for approval of the Final Agreement on a treaty. I saw it as enough to do the legwork on retrieving materials which would be hard to locate by those without academic internet access and to make hardcopies and PDFs of MacAllan's and Vogt and Gamble's papers accessible.

As work on community engagement proceeded, I heard a few times statements like "it's 1911 all over again" or, once that I recall, "well at least they won't start burning houses this time, if we reject the treaty." There seemed a widely shared sense of loss of the earlier home reserve as just a beginning to displacements that had continued steadily since then. The GWG became increasingly insistent in probing outstanding issues about ownership of the old reserve, a long and drawn out separate claims process known as "specific claims." [56]

The trans-historical dimension, the leftover but ongoing enactment of unjust displacement, re-emerged in another significant way as we began to conduct one-on-one interviews, what we referred to as the "House Calls" project. In August 2012, most of the GWG and I travelled to Vancouver, about 500 km south of Prince George, where a relatively large population of Lheidli T'enneh now resided, most permanently. Our very first interview was with a young man in his late 20s whom I will call Cam. He was now married with a young family, but without hesitation told us of years growing up in a home

[56] Well before, the inception of the BC Treaty Process with its aim of comprehensive wide scale settlements, numerous specific claims existed across Canada. The basis of these was generally that in setting and sometimes changes old reserve boundaries, First Nations had not been fairly treated. At question was not original title to the land, but the federal Government's derogation of what it had legally meted out to indigenous people. Such a claim existed in regard to compensation and boundaries for the reserve in what was now within the City of Prince George.

beset with addiction and violence. Seamlessly, Cam blended this with the family's having to leave the Lheidli T'enneh community near Prince George, when he had been about four years old. He recalled looking through the rear window watching it recede, wondering when they would move back, something that never happened.

Cam's theme of a lost home and forlorn longing for return, recurred in other interviews, to the extent that, when we reassembled the GWG back in our first regular meeting, the idea of reconnecting those estranged from the Band by geographic and other distances, was amply discussed. Reconnecting of the Lheidli T'enneh diaspora was not a project which could immediately be seen as within the purview of our project. But through group discussion, the connection between land alienation and personal alienation emerged. In one session I ventured the question: "what difference would treaty make to this estrangement that far-flung Band members feel?" This led the discussion down several hitherto unexplored paths:

- That we could use our initiative—not wait for a treaty—to set an example of how to connect with and fully include members who had been separated from the home community;
- That many who lived in Prince George off-reserve, and quite possible even ones living on-reserve, felt estranged from the affairs of the Band;
- That it was also good question to ask in regard to other social concerns we would hear in the "House Calls" initiative as to how, if at all, would a treaty make a difference.

It is no exaggeration to say that most of what we did as a team subsequent to this discussion bore on one or more of these three matters, ones which surfaced from deliberating the

history and linking the historic injustices of the 1910-1912 to the key problems contemporary Lheidli T'enneh faced. Cam's family left Prince George, one could argue, because of high unemployment and welfare rates due to lack of opportunities on the isolated reserves exchanged for the original home village. The settlers of the new city of Prince George, whose founding depended on the Natives' departure, seemingly thrived, while poverty and hopelessness took hold of so many out on the reserve. And of course, the lack of economic opportunity can be more broadly linked to the wider seizure of Lheidli's traditional territory and resources. Lack of a sufficient land base, not to mention the lost ethos of living off the land, has been consistently identified as a major factor in indigenous poverty and related social issues, across Canada (Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples, 1996) and in other settler-colonized parts of the world (,le, McNeish & Cimadamore, 2005).

Though it was not immediate, Cam's story and similar narratives, heard as we conducted the "House Calls" work, led to foregrounding the issue of alienation and its converse, belonging. We agreed that the community engagement process should not only document this endemic issue, but that it should do something about it, despite this being outside the mandate. We came to view the process Facebook group page and the newsletter as "vehicles" for connectivity in a population of which almost one-third lived more than a day's drive from the home territory. More directly, from our weekly group meetings, kicking around these early findings of widespread alienation, there arose a project proposal we called "Lheidli Away." I had spotted an online grant funding opportunity sponsored by a major insurance corporation. Groups were invited to formulate proposals for community betterment and then rally support over the course of several rounds of online voting. So, in the early autumn of 2012, the GWG and I came up with a short proposal for a project whose premise was reconnecting the Lheidli T'enneh diaspora. In

the project description we retold, in outline, Cam's story, anonymizing it by blending in details from several other cases. Our proposal explicitly connected the story to the century-gone removal of the Lheidli T'enneh from Fort George and other subsequent land alienation with its dismal economic and social repercussions.[57] We used our FaceBook group as the main means of campaigning, and also put together a YouTube video which remains viewable on Aviva's website (Aviva Insurance, n.d.).

In the end, we did not come close to winning against projects many of which were developed for and promoted in much larger urban centers or on behalf of issues that covered broad inter-provincial regions. But the competition served a more enduring process of bringing the issues of alienation, separation and reconnecting to the attention of most Lheidli members. It was significant, I believe, to embed this challenge within the treaty engagement process, an indication of the complex and trans-historic connections between modern and long-past issues. And it signaled to people like Cam, that, back in Prince George, the home community, at least the GWG and I, had listened and really did care about inclusion and the rebuilding of close relationships.

My role in making these connections was one that I felt constantly obliged to play out gently. After so many years of involvement, reading about and pondering the individual and community impacts of colonial land theft, I could be expected to, and did, jump quickly to connecting such cause-and-effect pathways. But to be the one to state these influences, indeed to even subtly steer indigenous people to such conscientization (Freire, 1974), would have been a return to a mode of practice rife with contradictions of which I had had too much already. Of

[57] As of May 2014,the proposal remains online and includes our promotional video featuring one of the GWG members and his great-grandson as well as the description of the project's rationale and planned methodology (Aviva Insurance, n.d.)

bright, right and White guys, anxious to "think for them" the Lheidli had had enough, way back and before the days of seemingly empathic priests. I could not lead nor be seen to lead, but then, what was I? I do not know the name for it but it has to do with helping create the space for others to construct and reconstruct their own narratives, listening more than saying, hoping for some things to be noticed and wide open to surprising insights that one never sees coming. I cannot sit at a head place plotting and telling stories as my Native colleagues *join me* around their proverbial fires; perhaps, though, I can help gather kindling.

Letting go of expert (White) authority in the Lheidli engagement. Nothing so perfectly brought issues of using one's expertise and authority to the fore as continuous reframing of what a novel situation of practice requires. Usually, when I start work in a hitherto unfamiliar context, especially, as has been usually the case for me, a First Nations one, in addition to boning up on the culture, at least as presented in accessible ethnographies, I ask the question "What is this work I am to perform a story of?" Once, perhaps, I would have made this query in the spirit of positivism, as if to pry into and ultimately detect and reveal the "true" nature of the situation. Now, as a result of a career of surprises, I asked the same question, but only as a beginning, a way of stepping into what must be a " "a web of moves, discovered consequences, implications, appreciations, and further moves "(Schön, 1983, p. 131), what Schön goes on to call "a reflective conversation with the situation" (p.151)?

The dilemma that soon forcefully arises for the reflective practitioner immersed in a cross-cultural and settler-colonial setting is that this "conversation" has been for so long one-sided and internal: the professional's journey along a path of an ostensibly ever-improving frame taxes all his or her knowledge and acquired repertoire, leaving less mental energy and

patience for embracing other perspectives. How does one change solitary reflection-in-action to collaboration? I found it all too easy in my earlier work with First Nations to fall into "knowing what is best" and using interpersonal and cross-cultural skills mainly to persuade the indigenous client group of the rightness of my expert acuity. This can be, and has been for me, the essence of a self-defeating storyline where, in order to aid a First Nation in working through important policy issues, the settler-professional recapitulates a slyer dominance, hegemony in service of disrupting hegemony.

In the new-to-me situation I came to among the Lheidli T'enneh, this was even a bit more complex because I was aware, even before the work started, that I had judged the BC Treaty Process and what it offered to First Nations to be a derisible pittance. I had come to this policy arena back when I researched and wrote the book, After Native Claims? (Cassidy & Dale, 1988) and had watched at close quarters the early development of a framework which rightly, I believed, held out the hope of deep reconciliation regarding a shameful history. Through the 1990s and beyond, my skepticism increased. In 2007 living in Prince George, I felt admiration for the Lheidli-T'enneh for their skepticism as shown in the winning "no" vote against treaty ratification.

What was I to do with these personal views—clearly ones that were normative and un-neutral regarding the pros and cons of treaty acceptance—in service of a Nation, which was asking me just to manage a process of community dialogue and reconsideration? Unavoidably, in my heart and mind, I brought strong beliefs on what was best for the Lheidli-T'enneh. I do not think a caring professional will often feel entirely neutral in such value-laden contexts. This did not worry me so much as how to deal with the premise underlying evaluations of why the treaty was rejected: that this was due to ignorance and misunderstandings of the overwhelming

advantages of treaty acceptance. This devaluation of the state of knowledge among those who had voted no had begun directly after the 2007 referendum, through the several evaluations (British Columbia Treaty Commission, 2007b; Mustel Group, 2007).

I rejected the idea that one side, the majority whose members who had voted "no" was simply ignorant of the pros and cons of a Final Agreement that had been developed with ample community forums and discussion over more than ten years. That, I believed, was a poor place to begin any kind of negotiations or reconsideration. I would not accept personally the idea of meeting with treaty opponents on the assumption that if they "only knew better" they would change their minds. Yet this was the official position of the Lheidli leadership, the Governments of Canada and BC and the BC Treaty Commission. This diagnosis underlay the plan handed to me when I started the job. This was a 3-page "2011-2012 Treaty Process Communication and Engagement Plan." Indeed, in my first few days I had not been shown this document directly but found had been in a disorganized large pile of files in a box, left on my desk. Before discovering it, I had to begin to frame out an engagement process plan as an open-ended community-based exploration of Lheidli T'enneh views. I e-mailed this first draft to the Band Manager, who only then explained that there already was a plan embodied in that brief memorandum. Perhaps there would have been some struggle about this, if for unrelated reasons, the Band Manager had not abruptly resigned only two weeks after I started. His departure left me on my own for months, and with more options including putting aside the "2011-2012 Treaty Process Communication and Engagement Plan," viewing it as a non-binding document, one that made little sense to me in terms of my professional experience reconciling deeply-divided publics.

But if not that plan, then what? The move I made was to actually to stop thinking about a work plan and focus on the relationships between me and within the GWG I had "inherited." It

soon became apparent that the perception of the GWG was that the "Treaty Process Communication and Engagement Plan" was too narrow and one-sided. Like me, they too did not believe that it would helpful to presume ignorance as the main cause of the winning "no" vote in the 2007 referendum. Given this, I decided to raise the issue of balance between treaty opponents and proponents within the committee membership. I took great care to qualify my concern for such a balance, professing my ignorance of Lheidli T'enneh politics and the family connections, using not infrequently, lines made famous by the Denzel Washington lawyer character in the movie *Philadelphia*: "explain this to me like I'm six years old" (Demme & Saxon, 1992). This opened up open discussion at our second meeting, during which the current membership (at that time, six), distinguished their own perceived self-sense as being fair-minded and open people, from the perception that might exist in the community of a strong pro-treaty bias. The adage of not only being fair and balanced, but also being seen as such, surfaced and my only role was primarily just to make sure this point was amply discussed and noted in our meeting record. Then, in what I think is appropriate facilitation in such a setting, I turned to asking the question: what are we (the group) to do about this? In fact, I had a suggestion, based on having read some files and talking to some of the Band staff members beforehand, but the group, who knew the same background, came up with the same idea without me prompting. An articulate, politically active band member associated with the "no" side had volunteered to be on the committee, but had not been invited to be part of the first earlier work in 2009-10. Thus, over a couple of meetings, the resolution was to approach this person and have her added to the group.

The significance of this series of moves was considerable from the substantive standpoint of at least reducing the group's—and thereby the process's—vulnerability to suspicions of pro-treaty bias. But also in terms of enacting a decolonizing strategy, it had a twofold payoff. I

had found a way of bringing up what could have seemed misgivings about their perceived collective and individual integrity in a manner that left them to deliberate and resolve. The message I hoped to send was: Norman may raise a concern, but he will not impose a way to deal with the concern. Moreover, the interaction began to validate an alternative way of understanding the core challenge of the overall engagement process. The first version of the mission in 2009-10 seemed to be to have been to educate the slight majority of Lheidli T'enneh, whose ignorance and misunderstandings of the benefits of treaty had led them to vote "no." Instead, by opening the question of neutrality and adding an articulate critic of the treaty to their midst, the GWG had begun to reframe the engagement challenge as reverting to a culture that accepts difference and believes in social, amicable interaction as the basis for working through difference. I recalled as this unfolded that Lheidli T'enneh who had said to me so plaintively: "I want my community back." That aspiration was now, in a sense, defining the planning for the process: the GWG was reinstituting relational practice in a culture that had worked that way since time immemorial.

Reframing the engagement and treaty challenge as relationality "What will it be next week?" I would ask. By which I meant "deli meats, or maybe my home-made pulled pork again?" I would go on: "Nobody ate the grapes—should I not bother with 'em anymore? Cheese—orange or white?" Such were the profound queries typical of at least part of the weekly discourse at Tuesday afternoon sessions with the Lheidli T'enneh Governance Working Group. From the first meeting on January 19, 2012 on, I treated the preparation of food for these gatherings as equal in priority to most any substantive agenda items. Every now and then one of the members would say something like, "I'm getting tired of the roast beef," or "those pretzels are stale!" And we all would laugh as I rather more seriously made a note to myself for future

reference. Sometimes, I would find it a bit burdensome to have to start shopping and preparing by mid morning so that when the group began to assemble at 12:30 p.m., a good and generally well-appreciated lunch was ready. But it just felt right to me to be doing this without, at the time, giving much thought to what it may have meant. Now, I see this food preparation, the serving and the sharing as an important part of what "the real work" was. There are several dimensions to the not-primarily, but still significantly symbolic act, of preparing and serving food. One, well documented in ethnographies of Northwest Coast Natives and many other peoples, is the social and political significance of feasts. Although such "Chiefly feasts" mean much more than eating together, both the literature and my own direct experience at many Kwakwaka'wakw, Haida and Nuxalk potlatches, confirms that the quality and care of preparation of foods at these ceremonies matters deeply. Given the seeming centrality of eating and being eaten in potlatches (Berman, 2000; Clutesi,1969; Walens 1981), the purposeful attempt of the Canadian federal government to wipe out the potlatch (La Violette, 1973; Sewid-Smith, 1979), can be seen as an assault on a culture's central ethos about basic nutritional and spiritual sustenance. Thus, on that basis alone, bringing good, well-prepared food seemed an important, if small, restorative act, especially for a settler man bent on his own decolonization. It felt so right!

Rather soon after we began to meet, our weekly meetings saw more and more openness about feelings, both what was happening "out there" in the Lheidli community and also in the meeting room. Legitimizing discussion of, and refocusing on "relational work" (e.g., Fletcher, 1999), ended up being both a means and an end of the GWG's planning and deliberations. According to their accounts of earlier proceedings, this subject had had no place or value. In Fletcher's graphic imagery, relational issues had "disappeared from the organizational screen" (Fletcher, 1999, p. 3). In fact, reflecting back on what was missing from its earlier work, and

community deliberations on treaty issues more generally, was among the first topics—and signals to the group—of a shift towards the relational. Here, a related strategy of my unsettling of my settler identity was to be open to critical discussion not only of how I was doing, and what I should do, but also of their work between 2009 and 2010. Regarding the latter, at the earliest meetings in January 2012, I left space (while not being too openly encouraging) for discursive re-examination of how things had worked and how well they had worked together in that earlier phase.

This opened a veritable floodgate of pent-up frustrations and criticisms, revealing interactions they often experienced as demeaning. The group said that it had had almost no control over the workflow, which had been determined by the former Treaty Manager. The group was supposed to have had its own coordinator and one, a Band member, had been appointed but soon resigned due to a conflict of interest. No replacement had been hired, as the Group struggled through its assignment to produce a report to Chief and Council. In the end the Treaty Manager ran the process, even though the community had been told that the GWG would tale a fair, neutral and objective stance toward the positives and negatives of treaty ratification.

Other issues within the Group were identified, but all could be categorized generally as about the lack of respect they felt despite their role as presumptive opinion leaders in their own community. Notoriously among the GWG, an opportunity came up for them to sit with federal and provincial negotiators in what was to be a post-mortem on the failed ratification attempt. But members were forewarned to only listen and ask no questions. As I got to know the strong personalities of the GWG, I came to understand better what an insult to their knowledge and innate assertiveness, as well as their keen desire to truly serve their community, these strictures would have been.

Increasingly, the group extended this reassessment of deficiency, in respect and relationality, to the many years of treaty negotiations and consultations in the community as a whole. They critiqued repeatedly the inadequate ways in which much of what was most valued by Lheidli T'enneh people—the the sense of a once-close community—was accounted for compared to the "real issues" that dominated treaty deliberations for over a decade. Seen in the light of relational practice, the process came up as woefully short in addressing "the elephant in the room." This was seen to be that the Lheidli T'enneh had communally and individually gone through massive emotional trauma and yet that part of their shared history, and especially the contemporary needs it created, went un-discussed in considering the most major change opportunity the Nation had ever faced—the proposed treaty.

My role, as this critique emerged, was mostly to stay quiet and learn, only intervening to make sure that the time needed and the safe "holding environment" (Applegate, 1997; Winnicott, 1965) for dialogic learning were protected. It seemed to me as the weeks and meetings passed that our relational work and this (re)purposing of treaty continued towards the foreground. The work plan we were formulating now *had* to embrace the relational deficiencies arising from (in reverse chronological order), the GWG's earlier work, the treaty process since the mid 1990s, and the colonial impacts stretching back to times of first European contact. Key components of the work we charted out were an "Open House" to introduce the community to the engagement process and the individual interview-visits we came to refer to as the "House-Calls." Another contemporary mechanism that we decided to use was the creation of a closed discussion group for the Lheidli T'enneh on Facebook. Soon its membership comprised more than half the First

Nation's entire enrollment enabled to have a largely un-moderated[58] place to converse, something hitherto unavailable. These steps came to be perceived, designed and carried out in relational terms with the repeated justification that everyone needed to feel more connected, a theme that stood out in all components of the work program.

Our first full opportunity to exercise the emerging priority of relationship building came in late May 2012. The full community Open House was planned by the group and me with the pitfalls of open and intimidating conflict as seen in other recent Lheidli community meetings on treaty foremost in mind. We intentionally downplayed focus on treaty. The group had discussed and concluded that mere mention of the word, let alone diving into its entanglement of technical issues, was likely to discourage participation and even attendance. Instead, we framed the challenge as doing something quite out of the ordinary, at least in recent times. We talked about creating safe, respectful and even fun reconnections, a clearly relational emphasis. Without attribution, I repeated the words I had heard from a former councilor, "I want my community back." Departing from the usual practice of the Band Administration of merely mailing out invitations and posting notices, the Working Group took the advice of a professional facilitator who had been hired for the event, and made house visits—or phone calls where that was not possible—to personally invite Lheidli members individually.

The event was attended by one hundred and forty Lheidli members and their families, over 60 % of the registered regional Lheidli population.[59] It was organized as a "world café"[60]

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[58] Obscene or libelous commentary was proscribed and examples were given of what that meant. In the entire period during which I was the official administrator of the Facebook group, no post violated these standards.

[59] The Lheidli T'enneh population is generally seen as those who are legally registered under the provisions of the federal Indian Act as well as persons who have an active application for membership. The total was approximately 350 as of May 2012, of whom about 225 lived within a few hours drive of Prince George. The Open House did not have funding sufficient to pay for the travel of the more far-flung

and facilitated by a Metis professional from outside the Prince George area. This format involved splitting the plenary group into numerous eight-person roundtables with ample newsprint and markers. The GWG worked with the facilitator and me to formulate three general questions, tackled successively by three rounds of break-out groups—who were mixed into different tables for each part. We encouraged people to move around and try to sit with individuals whom they had not met or talked to in a long time. I would not have known if this was done, but in later debriefing, GWG members agreed that this mixing had been surprisingly successful. Also part of our plan was to have half dozen childcare workers who could be with the younger children. This had allowed us to advertise the meeting as "families welcome," again distinct from many gatherings where young children were perceived as distracting and discouraged from attendance.

The three rounds of "world café" were spaced in time with raffles, informal testimonials at an "open mike," refreshments and ad lib humor. A catered dinner followed with a ceremony of dancers and recognition, with certificates, of younger children who had been taking courses in the Dakelh language.

The tangible results of this meeting were dozens of sheets of ideas generated at the tables, ones that the Working Group and I eventually synthesized into a summary and list of themed issues to guide further work planning. Restoring respectful relations was one of the most common topics identified in all rounds of the meeting. Most significantly, we received feedback at the end of the meeting and in the weeks that followed that confirmed Lheidli citizens' views that the gathering had been unlike any in many years, civil, respectful and fun. "I liked that no one was screaming at anybody else for a change," was an unsigned note in our guest-book. The

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Lheidli T'enneh, but some effort was made to connect those who wished to the event on the Internet. This did not work because of technical difficulties.

[60] This technique is described in J. Brown (2005).

GWG had taken a lead in at least one step towards the creation of a safe space for discourse, much as I had tried to do for them. The seeds of prioritizing relationships in deliberations on treaty had been sown, and there also emerged a sense that it was now okay to look at alternatives to treaty without fear of conflict or recriminations.

An important derivative theme for the Working Group became that treaty (and its alternatives) were means, not ends: ways of trying to achieve a future that, now, the community felt more comfortable discussing openly. This had not been the practice in many years. Listening to the Open House and, then later, at GWG follow-up sessions, we framed this insight as follows: treaty had long been considered as if it was a goal in and of itself; instead, it was just a way to get somewhere—so long as the Lheidli community knew where that "somewhere" was that the community wanted to go.

In helping drawing out this transformational metaphor, I was again careful to think through my role and how far a presumptively literate and well-educated non-Native ought to go; symbolism should be theirs not mine. As this work unfolded, I thought from time to time on comparisons between the role I had played in such earlier settings as the planning of the Gwaii Trust in the early 90s and the fashioning of a response to the "eulachon crisis" in Bella Coola at the turn of the millennium. There, the same dilemma prevailed: the extent to which as a White "helper" I played the driving role in indigenous decolonization strategies, thereby overshadowing Native clients and colleagues in their own re-empowerment. I had felt back then no way around the either-or choice of doing good or being right.

Now, a middle way had emerged of my working with the GWG to first build a respectful mutually-helping relationship and then join them in problem-solving during which I would feel okay to try to capture their direction with ideas and metaphors organic to our process. A

recurrent strategy that I used was to level my own abilities and point out, when I was complimented for any idea; how it was almost always something they had already been formulating themselves. "You're good with words," they would sometimes say, and my reply would be that they were great with ideas.

Somewhat later in our work, we sought funding for a project that would formally compare the "vehicles' of treaty, status quo band management, and more assertive pursuit of Aboriginal title outside the BC Treaty process. Someone suggested—I do not know exactly who—calling this the "three paths" project based on the metaphor of going down a different path, in use almost since our first meeting. I also credited, as was accurate, one of the members for the insight that to examine alternatives was the surest way of overtly distinguishing our Community Engagement approach from what had happened in the countless treaty forums between 1995 and 2006. There was no legerdemain needed in giving credit for what we were doing and seeing this as the result of sharing between a seasoned, old White advisor and an indigenous group who knew their own people best.

Summing Up: What a Settler Learned Among the Lheidli T'enneh

There are two famous aphorisms attributed to social psychologist pioneer, Kurt Lewin, (Marrow, 1969), which together beautifully limn the desirable connection between theory and practice. One is that if you truly want to understand something, try changing it. And the other is that nothing is as practical as good theory. This chapter tells of a collaborative rediscovery of the truth and importance of these insights.

Though I took the job with the Lheidli T'enneh concurrent to my narrowing in on a dissertation topic about Settler self-decolonization, I did not do so to test my emergent theses on this challenge. To do so, as I said, would be to return to the lamentable exploitative pattern of

social scientists using Aboriginal peoples for their own scholarly advancement (L. Smith, 1999). If I had had any inclination to do so, it would have been unsettled by thinking back to the experience described in Chapter VI with my friend Tom Mowatt. My aim during my Lheidli T'enneh work was to learn for the sake of better practice, well aware of the Lewinian reciprocity among action, learning and theorizing. My modest, and I believe un-manipulative ambition, was just to try to be the changes I believed necessary for the decolonization of mind, to find and perform a distinct, unsettled settler identity.

Through the narrative and analysis, I have come to realize that I probably could not have run a quasi experiment even if I had wished. While I came to the job with some nascent precepts about decolonizing one's own consciousness, unsurprisingly, I was to be surprised again and again at how themes were morphed and enriched in my eighteen months with the Lheidli T'enneh. Returning to my four themes of mind-decolonization:

- *Awareness through Performance:* I felt the need to both proclaim an "un-settled settler identity" and did so from the outset; but it was only in backing this proclamation up with performance, that I came to see how everyday and often small-seeming the elements of change were.
- *Trans-historical Mindfulness and Enactments:* I began committed rather vaguely to shifting from merely acknowledging history and its perpetration into today—its trans-historicity—to "something more": but what that could be in terms of real action, I did not know. Only in the work, the doing, did I grasp the continuity (and action potentials) such as a young man regretting his personal-familial separation from "home" and the historical events of Lheidli removal.

- *Balancing Expertise and Discourse:* At the outset, I knew well the risks and fragilities of expertise that ought to be helpful but which added to helplessness of one's indigenous clientele instead. Again, the resolution of this dilemma, insofar as possible at all, came through performance that was about opening space rather than enacting one's hard-won know-how.
- *Recognizing relationality at multiple-levels:* As for *relationality*, if asked beforehand, I would probably have confidently said something like "But, of course, that's the core of all my work, the very air I breathe as career mediator-facilitator." But it took the Governance Working Group's pushing back to really make me see how the "inner work" of a small group could connect to critical change of larger social processes.

These bear comparison to Huygens' (2011) fourfold "features of a Pakeha decolonisation practice" (p. 53) drawn from her experience as a non-Indigenous researcher among Maori. Hers is a rather more upbeat self-assessment of the achievement of decolonization than mine, but her main precepts still resonate notably "ideological work of critically revisiting the history of their relationship with indigenous people," which is a start in the direction of my sensed need to practice and perform trans-historicity. Likewise, there is similarity between my ever-growing appreciation of how relationality can develop at several levels and Huygens' call for "sharing and supporting emotional responses" (p. 73)—a need that was even more blatant in its mishandling with Tom Mowatt, as considered here in Chapter VI. But when she suggest the norm of "preparing for an accountable, mutually agreed relationship" (p. 76), then my doubts about achievability arise. It is the right goal to aspire to but, especially across the chasms opened by trans-historical colonial wrongs, must, I believe, ever be a "work in progress." Leaving the

comfort of hegemonic understandings and hierarchies may be something that, at least, we older empathic Settlers can see only in dreams.

Epilogue

My departure from the position with the Lheidli T'enneh is not primarily a story for here. Its broad strokes are that a personal family situation meant I could no longer be in the office for regular hours. Informing the GWG was hard and emotional, but they immediately understood the import of family issues. It has been more than a year since I left what I saw as a significantly empowering process in which a primarily female group, at arm's length from the Band government, began leading the process of reconsidering treaty in a direction that might affirm such values as relationships and sense of belonging as top considerations. I thought of what they had been achieving as something of a restorative act, a return to the more central leading role for women in indigenous society (Jo-anne Fiske, 1989, 1990, 2006; Kenny, 2006; Kenny & Fraser, 2012).

A replacement was hired for me, a man whose recent contractual work included public relations for an extremely controversial proposal for a pipeline from the Alberta tar sands. Within a few months, the Lheidli T'enneh Community Engagement Facebook page was shut down and in late 2013, the GWG was disbanded. My replacement is now working directly with the Band Administration to bring about a second community vote on the 2006 Final Agreement.

The Lheidli River of Tears—Unpublished Poem by Norman Dale

Each day begins with the same at the river of tears.
Muted din of Lheidli sidling down to the sternwheeler
Whose paddles turn slow but anxious for the exodus.

By the gangway, they mill about trying to act indifferent to what is happening,
Fussing distractedly over little things,
The mess of their goods and chattels, to be sure all get loaded.
And the children, as children will, turn it all into a game,
Most laughing
though some, the youngest, astutely weep.

You will never get used to this leave-taking, though it's been hundred years
of repetitive daily departure.
Again the bell sounds, as always, ropes are loosed and anchors go up.

The boat winds upriver with its human freight saddening with every league
Indian agent MacAllen, with a mighty sigh of relief,
Mutely thanks his god for this overdue exit
And is happily supervisory on each arrival of the *Quesnel*
up in Goose Country.

Back then they naively thought the old village could be left behind.
Father Coccola and MacAllen said so,
And at first, were right.
Only scattered Sunday outings made "back home" downriver to the unmovable beloved
The dead who ironically are the only ones not "departed."

Yet with months and years, as each evacuee dies,
buried or not in the old graveyard, now in a city park of swings and babystrollers
their cyclic pilgrimage begins ceaseless coming and going.
Though the village's embers are now but smoke in the mind.
Soon the living also is caught up in this circle of home coming and leaving that defies closure.

All this, I have no choice but to witness, as ghosts toothpick my eyes open,
when, a settler comes walking his dogs along the river
Involuntarily, watching the mist-engulfed Lheidli recitation, over, over, and again.
The morning smirks through sulphurous eyes.

Chapter VIII: Inconclusion

The title above for this final chapter is not a typo with a space inadvertently omitted. Indeed, the Oxford English Dictionary does have a listing for the word, "inconclusion," and exemplifies its usage with the words of a 19th century British actress, Frances "Fanny" Kemble, who, it so happened, was for some time the wife of a Southern plantation owner, splitting with him in part over her qualms about slavery (Clinton, 2000). Looking back on such experiences and a life that included playwriting as well as stage, she remarked, "I float comfortably enough over infinite abysses of inconclusion." I know the floating feeling though "comfortably" is not (yet) the adverb I would choose! The theme of not ever finishing the life work of life-making, nor of letting oneself obsess about lack of finality, is an important theme of the present work, placing me unsteadily in the footsteps of my late mentor, Donald Schön—who began his Reith Lecture in 1969, "I have believed for as long as I can remember in an afterlife within my own life—a calm, stable state to be reached after a time of troubles. . . . As I have grown older, its content has become more nebulous" (Schön, 1971, p. 9). Or, sometimes, I feel the better analogue is Sisyphus of Greek myth, doomed to eternally spend each day pushing a large boulder uphill only to have it roll back down to the bottom at nightfall. Probing the story, Camus expounds, "If one believes Homer, Sisyphus was the wisest and most prudent of mortals. According to another tradition, however, he was disposed to practice the profession of highwayman. I see no contradiction in this" (Camus, 1955, p. 88). Again, I detect an undeniable aptness, at least in the less superlative double identity of the empathic settler, as both striving for wisdom and prudence, yet occupying an historic niche—and the land of others—larcenously, theft of the land followed by a latter day intervention which, as we have seen, is ever troubled and troubling. I have come to think of the "journey" to self decolonization in similar terms to

Harland's (2012) perspective on "agonistic reconciliation"—that such personal and societal changes are never finished, but entail repeated commendable sufferings, not just for atonement, but for requisitely perpetual learning.

I seek, therefore, not so much a conclusion to this dissertation in this last chapter, but to identify some loose ends that may never really be tied up once and for all, and indicate how I believe my autoethnographically described experiences pertain. To be floating about over the abyss of inconclusion is all that I aspire to, or expect can be accomplished. But what is the view really like from there? Especially, what does what I have learned in practice and writing about practice, bring perspective to other scholarship, to other empathic settlers who have tried, or continue to try to decolonize, and, most importantly, to the main stage of decolonization: the self-determination struggles of Indigenous people and their Nations.

Speaking Back to My Interlocutors

To close this work, though not in the spirit of achieving finality of conclusions, I want to speak back now to interlocutors whose discourse helped me find my way to this study.

So who am I speaking back to, and how?

Because of the setting of my work in contemporary Canada, where the indigenous have been dispossessed and subjugated, settler colonial studies, as well as works on decolonization of settlers, have been pivotal. I need to speak to this scholarship especially insofar as it examines the psychological props, traps and exits associated with this distinct form of colonialism. Here, I focus on the theorizing of Lorenzo Veracini. His 2010 monograph, *Settler Colonialism,* provocatively limns the psychology of settler consciousness from which I struggle to liberate myself. I supplement this by putting my account into conversation with two Canadian scholars

who, like me, have practiced within, as well as analyzed decolonizing settings in British Columbia: Adam Barker and Paulette Regan.

The issues raised when one considers settler colonization (and its decolonization limits and possibilities) complement what must be the main stage of decolonization: this, I believe, must be the self-determination work of Native individuals, communities and society. Thus, I need to converse especially with *critical indigenous scholarship*, asking how my experience relates to this field's views of the acts and attitudes of White hegemons (including empathic ones) in relation to its mission.

My chosen interlocutors here are Taiaiake Alfred (Kanien'kehaka), Glen Coulthard (Creeknives Dene) and Carolyn Kenny (Choctaw/Ukrainian/Haida). Their perspectives are quite different on how indigenous people can overcome colonization. Yet all their work seeks to create spaces that transcend reliance on settler society which, no matter whether intentions are good or not, ineluctably remains just one more part of the imperial gaze. The question for me and my stories is: if indigenous leadership and decolonization no longer depend on settlers for leadership or legitimacy, what are *we* supposed to do now? What stance can we take that is supportive without being disabling or disregarded?

I also wish to situate my work in relation to a literature for which, as far as I know, there is no satisfactory category name. It arises at the nexus of the Sho'ah and the longer history of colonialism. In Chapter IV, I told of my belatedly discovered Jewish ancestry, a carefully kept family secret. Behind this was concealment: that my father's immediate family had been decimated in Nazi camps. I pondered the connection between my choice to engage closely with First Nations and my own late-dawning knowledge of being a "child of the Holocaust" (Epstein 1979). How do people cope with being both oppressed and oppressor or navigate the terrain

where historical atrocities criss-cross? A few scholars have looked at this and I am drawn to relate my stories to theirs as a means for probing the complex affects that have surrounded my career among Natives. These scholars are Gabriele Schwab, a psychoanalyst and literary theorist who grew up as a young German in the shadows of the Sho'ah and World War II and Dan Bar-On, a Jewish psychologist who worked with the descendants of Nazis (and of Sho'ah victims) to explore how genuine and respectful dialogue might happen.

I conclude my inconclusion with reflections on the extent to which this autoethnography can be related to individuals and the broader world outside scholarship, those enmeshed in the chaotic struggle for—or against—radical change in the settler-indigenous relationship. And finally, I talk again, as I did in Chapter IV, with a teenager bemused by the enormity of conceptual and ethical challenges facing both his/my settler society as we engage with the indigenous world.

Forenote: Riffing as conversing. A brief few words on what I am doing here by way of what I have called "speaking back" to other authors. If these are conversations, they are one-sided and fail come close to thoroughly connect my stories and findings to rich complicated works of a handful of scholars. In essence what I did in the following pages was to pull from my shelves (or computer files) key works that had helped guide me to this subject in the first place. I read through chapters 4 to 7 and made a working and ever-changing list of what struck me as the main findings. And then I wrote. I did so without a preconceived outline of the authors' or my main points, nor did I juxtapose these with the main results and inferences from my autoethnographic chapters. Rather, I riffed on themes that came especially to the fore from each author. By "riffing on," I allude to jazz and posit a form of improvisational writing that begins by listening attentively to another work's themes and then "takes off" from there, weaving away

from and the back to the inspirational source. Implicit in doing this is that invariably there are going to be many additional themes important to each author, left unexplored, un-riffed-on, roads not chosen at least now.

The even larger limitation here is that each of the three areas of scholarship I am now speaking back to is a house of many rooms, inside of which are members whose perspectives and important contributions are often quite different from any I speak with here. Chapter II names many whom I will have to "get back to" beyond the strict finitudes of the present work. In fact, it is exciting to contemplate discourses with authors, living and dead, that could not happen in this dissertation. Yet another good reason to end "floating" in inconclusion.

Speaking to Settler Colonial Studies.

> Foolish me! I've been speaking prose for over forty years and never knew it!
> —Monsieur Monsieur Jourdain in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Molière, 1670/2008)

To encounter the field of Settler Colonial (SC) Studies for the first time, after decades of living as a settler and working with First Nations, struck me with the same kind of flummoxed sense of revelation as Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* finally realizing he had always been "speaking prose." Uncomfortable as I had long been with Canadian literati who cast our country as still mightily struggling to decolonize itself from Britain and the United States (e.g., Grant,1969), I had failed to see the intricacy and scale of the hegemonic structure. As late as 2006, as I reported in Chapter VI, I chafed indignantly at two fellow participants at Bar-On's Hamburg seminar who designated themselves "oppressor and oppressed." Now, reading Veracini (2010), Wolfe (1999, 2006) and others, I could see that this was no hyperbole, based on suggestive traces of tragic bygone history, but an accurate reflection of an ongoing system of stealthy subjugation.

The precepts of settler colonial scholarship seem almost as obvious as they are suppressed in the minds of the public and body politic of such states. Settler colonies exist by virtue of foundational dispossession that must then make the original inhabitants disappear: first from the landscape, then from memory. And then, to finish it all off, we find ways to transmute the foundational violence into proud histories of inevitable conquest, well worth celebrating. We settlers believe strongly that we are the good guys, in the case of Canada, a veritable national myth of benevolent, tireless strivers for social justice at home and abroad (P. Regan, 2010). I can now recognize at the individual level, recognizing that the macro characteristics of settler colonialism, the whole political order shaped for the needs of stealing continents, and then governing them with the pretense that before there was "*ni foi, ni roi, ni loi*"—no faith, no king, no law (Jaenen, 1976)—are are critically in need of alteration. Our ancestors wanted the land permanently (in distinction with settings Europeans occupied and exploited primarily for resource extraction—what is often distinguished as franchise colonialism (Wolfe, 1999), colonies of exploitation and a range of other dichotomies, as summarized by Krautwurst (2003).

Using foundational violence of many formats, these European newcomers set up systems of governance that eventually became independent of the old homeland. Critical in assuring permanence of these structures was to overwhelm indigenous numbers with settler populations, a task accomplished by a combination of state-encouraged immigration and varied means for indigenous depopulation including massacres, deportation and what Crosby (1976) called "virgin-soil" epidemics.

In almost every case, such Euro-settlers brought strongly espoused enlightenment values of liberty and fairness, which were, of course, utterly odds with the theft they were perpetrating. This meant having to cover up the violence, thievery, and genocide, all that psychological

legerdemain which became constitutive of what Veracini (2010) calls settler "consciousness." The politics of memory and forgetting permeates the settler colonial strategy and must saturate individual settler mind-sets to work well.

The indoctrination of my early youth (Chapter IV) certainly conformed closely to the major precepts of settler colonialism, as posited by Veracini. The films and television shows I saw, the adolescent stories of frontier heroism I imbibed, and the history I was taught and loved, could now be seen as a totalizing settler consciousness. Moreover, the pardonable gullibility of childhood lasted not only into my young professional career, whereby, as I have discussed in Chapters V and VI, I had ample, but untaken, opportunities to grasp the enormity of Canada's White hegemonic system. How often I could have segued my passions for ecology and "small-is-beautiful"-style (Schumacher, 1973) community survival, into seeing indigenous struggles not as merely other examples of these preoccupations—but as transcendent of them, arguably the most extreme and reprehensible embodiment of things that I knew were amiss in contemporary Canada. But just as I had passed by the disappointingly modern (un)Indian-ness of Caughnawaga (Kahnawake) as a child, without much interest, now I drove myself so many times in the 1960s by the austere Shubenacadie Indian Residential School, thinking only that it was an interesting prominence on the otherwise bare riparian meadows along the river north of Halifax.

Settler colonial studies are attracted especially to the disjuncture between ideals and practices among the now-majority European-originating populations who espouse equality and freedom among all, yet who thrive on the spoils of conquest and outright theft. To live with oneself day to day amidst this cognitive dissonance requires an array of self-deceptive strategies that Veracini (2010) and many other scholars of settler colonialism have portrayed at both levels. And the strategies clearly worked for me, most tangibly in my many years of acting the social

liberal and progressive but, as I say, literally and figuratively driving by, inattentive to the symbols and institutions of cruel hegemony.

Of perhaps even more bearing on the power of the settler colonial milieu was the persistence of oblivion to the full extent of domination persisting well into the time that I went to work for First Nations. Starting in the fall of 1987, I was employed for several long stretches by indigenous communities whose struggles arising from colonialism are profound. I was privileged to hear the famous Kwakwaka'wakw leader, Jimmy Sewid, one-on-one as he told me the stories also recounted to anthropologist James Spradley in the collaborative autobiography *Guests Never Leave Hungry* (Spradley, 1969). Jimmy never often spoke about the suppression of the potlatch and his early memories of the highest chiefs of his tribe incarcerated and taking care of hogs at Oakalla prison, while their potlatch paraphernalia was carried off to distant museums. Similarly, I listened to elders among the Haida and later the three First Nations I worked for on BC's central coast as they talked about language suppression, residential schools, sharp-dealing in land expropriations, being pushed out of the commercial fishery and impeded in their food fisheries, and much more. But I mistakenly thought of these as injustices consigned to the past and only years later could see the continuity with discrimination today and, most disturbingly, how Canadian settler society, including my family and me, benefited from these acts.

I see now the device I needed to hold on to: tacit settler presumptions and acting in ways that often were insidiously unsupportive and even disempowering of my Native clients and colleagues. All this was consonant with the dehistoricization of my personal setting. The atrocities were over; albeit atavistic attitudes of settler supremacy would occasionally surface, like old bones in an excavated cellar, in the deeds of others, especially bureaucrats. I could condemn the past (though still occasionally thrilling to the myths of heroism of early settlers, as

in films like *Far and Away*[61]) knowing (wrongly) that it was over and done with and that, for the most part, we of the White mainstream were rowing in the same direction as our Native allies.

This self-satisfying, indeed, self-exculpating relegation of oppression to a sorry (but perhaps necessary) past helps resolve the dilemma of wanting to be enlightened while inheriting and living by and on the spoils of theft. We can now feel unhesitatingly remorseful, but in a way that displaces real moral culpability. Prime Minister Stephen Harper's apology is made possible, for a man single-mindedly committed to numerous policies that ignore and/or harm indigenous peoples (M. Harris, 2013), only by his disassociation with early federal governments and employees who enacted the residential school system. Our forbears were not enlightened like us, were they? And we can mark our evolution towards a fairer individual and collective disposition towards conquest's victims by our ever-present, ever-increasing sympathy.

It was in that spirit, I believe, that I made sense of the incident recounted in Chapter V, the failed meeting over logging issues, a glorious opportunity I had taken the lead in creating for Jim and his community. Jim could not be blamed, I afterwards surmised, for troubles that sprang from trauma perpetrated by other earlier Whites who were not like me. In this way, I could frame Native individuals and collectivities as wounded and ill-fated in a way not so different than by early, seemingly empathic anthropologists and writers who lamented this vanishing people as they rushed to salvage fragments of their culture (Gruber, 1969).

In my work and writing, the shard of hope and direction comes best, perhaps, from the effort I made to inject the hidden history of the Lheidli T'enneh removal from their long-term village site to make way for the railway and the development that soon would become Prince

[61] See anecdote at outset of Chapter IV concerning my enthusiastic reaction to a movie that valorizes settler land grabs in Oklahoma, this at a time when I was facilitating native/non-Native dialogue about the traumatic history of colonization!

George. I described this in Chapter VII and repeat that I see it not only as much-delayed and needed corrective on settler amnesia, but as something appropriate for a non-Native to actively promote. I had had some instinctive misgivings about putting myself too far forward as an unauthorized leader for this remembering and, in fact, got some settler push-back from local journalists whom I approached with the story: this, the reply was, is *their* (the Lheidli T'enneh's) story to disentomb or leave be.

A decade earlier I might have deferentially concurred. But I was put in mind by a learning moment of lasting significance, indeed foundational to my doing this dissertation in a class at Antioch University on critical race issues. There a conversation had primarily involved several fellow students who were African-Americans. I had joined the discussion for a few minutes, but then had disqualified myself as not being really part and knowledgeable of the issues. The lecturer, Philomena Essed, responded that indeed everyone is part of the issue, that adjustments of minorities to racism surely is as much a topic for consideration by the White ethnic majority as for anyone else.

Back in Prince George, years later, I approached the disinterment of buried history of the Lheidli T'enneh's removal in that same spirit. The people who had been displaced and the people who displaced them were all long gone; both the First Nation I worked for, and I, lived the lives we have today as an inheritance of these deeds of the long-dead. To engage with one another and collaborate to remove these ghosts from the un-mourned crypt of settler colonial memory (see below re Schwab, 2010) is a project of mutual decolonization. It engaged that which has been at best relegated to the past, with an ongoing and closely parallel issue: in this case, the community assessment of concluding a 21st century treaty on land claims.

Such engagements may well be what the Canadian scholar of settler colonialism, Adam Barker has in mind in his extensive meditation on settler roles in support and in opposition to decolonization, in saying, somewhat enigmatically, "Settler people need to create the future memories of the past struggles that are being engaged now" (Barker, 2012, p. 363). This is the trans-historicity Van Styvendale (2008) explored in literary works, which I now see as a key strategy for unsettling complacent settler minds. Barker's work demands broader discussion than I can undertake here and I anticipate that he will be engaged in decolonizing work including, but not limited to writing, for many years. I do want to touch on some of his highly prescriptive analyses, insofar as they relate to the positioning of a settler who "was trying to prove that (he) . . . could refuse *more* or *harder* or *better* than any other Settler person" (p. 343). In this, Barker deems himself a failure and it is out of such failures, contestable though I find them, that the better route to settler decolonization may be discovered. Barker uses what he has called a "sort of autoethnography" (p. 23) in which he discovers how far short of what he wants to be (or not to be) using the reverse anti-imperial gaze of subalterns and others whose opinions he values. I admire Barker's willingness to take the criticism mostly from individuals, " 'Othered' by settler colonialism" (p. 346) and, in fact, see an ability to accept indigenous critique, and even shaming, as a quality that verges on transcending settler arrogance. Numerous times in my career I should have probably welcomed, indeed, invited guilt and shame as a precursor to learning and forgiveness. I did this but too rarely.

Still, to presume the correctness and authority of Indigenous people or any others who repeatedly call one a "colonizer" may be to forego the deeper levels of relationship-analysis and building that should be mutually, not unilaterally carried on. To this I would add that, in my experience, it is more common, though not universal, among the First Nations that I have worked

with to follow what Clare Brant, a Mohawk and the first indigenous psychiatrist in Canada, called "the principle of non-interference" (see Ross, 1992, pp. 11-13). This means that "feedback" on one's actions, let alone one's identity, if it comes at all, tends to be allusive and minimally judgmental.[62] I have been called a "mamakla" by Kwakwaka'wakw and a "kumsawa" by the Nuxalk—both somewhat pejorative terms for a "White guy"—but never a colonist.

Barker's (2012) conclusions on what needs to take place to unsettle settler colonialism are directed towards a goal that is defined spatially: implicitly, decolonization is accomplished only when there have been radical reconfigurations of land ownership, occupation and control, some form of return of territory to Natives. To get to such a fundamentally reworked spatial governance requires, he believes, changes in settler mind-sets: "The affective, unsettling connections described in (Barker's) Chapter 6 must be spread much further in order to begin generating social 'resonance' between a variety of decolonizing experiences, before individual or small group Settler commitments" (Barker, 2012, p. 366). Barker's wide-ranging reflection on how settlers' minds and affects are to transform is strongly normative with precepts laid down for changing affect, affinities and alliances all complexly working to create "the unimaginable geographies of settler colonialism—the Settler space that defies colonial oppression and supports the power of Indigenous being on the land" (p. 389). This future, he concludes, is " 'messy' and difficult to envision or describe" (p. 389).

I fully agree. As I read Barker's conclusions, after my so often problematic and lengthy career in the "swampy lowland" (Schön, 1983, p. 42) of practice, what comes over me is a

[62] Briggs (1970) relayed an instructive anecdote from her time with Canadian Inuit, which resonates with recollections I have over many incidents among coastal BC First Nations. She had vigourously expressed anger with American hunters who borrowed a canoe without seeking permission. Her Inuit hosts shunned her for several days as a show of their own vexation for behaving in a way anathema to their mode of dealing with conflict (pp. 283-284).

feeling that I may never be able to see or believe in the radical changes that lie far ahead after settler consciousness and relationships with indigenous individuals and communities have been radically reformed. It is not necessarily the case that someone who grew up in the purer ideology (cf. Bar-On, 1999) of the settler world in the 1950s and 1960s would be able to catch even the glimmers of the unimaginable. But my experience converges with Barker's well-limned analysis of how difficult the transition is for settler individuals, communities and society to a decolonized future.

While Barker (2012) does note the role that Indian residential schools played in the settler colonial erasures of indigenous people, he does not foreground the issue in his descriptions and prescriptions of "unsettling." In Canada, the prominence, indeed predominance, of the residential schools' impacts in discourse on Natives has heightened enormously in the last 15 years. Linking this to settler decolonization has been the primary focus of a third interlocutor with whom I would put my stories in conversation. Paulette Regan's (2010) book *Unsettling the Settler Within* moved into a vacuum of publications on what was and is needed for fundamentally changing minds and structures of settler colonialism in Canada. A student of Taiaiake Alfred (with whom I shall "converse" below) and, something of a mentor to Adam Barker, Regan also uses a partially autoethnographic approach to grappling with issues of stasis and reform in the relations of Natives and non-Natives.

Having worked for many years for the federal government on compensation claims from residential school "survivors," she undertook a doctorate with Taiaiake Alfred at the University of Victoria. From her dissertation the published book evolved. Even before it appeared, Paulette Regan was appointed Director of Research for Canada's Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC), a major part of the follow-up to the widely publicized apology by the Prime Minister to

residential school victims. Understandably then, in her book, P. Regan brims with optimism and expectation that the apology, the financial compensation, and the TRC are a principal locus for the unsettlement needed for decolonization to occur.

Given the pervasiveness of residential school attendance, it is no surprise that many of the leaders I worked with in my various stints with BC First Nations were "graduates" of those institutions. I have noted how, in my work with the Kwakwaka'wakw, the post-traumatic syndrome and legacy seemed to impact one episode of my work and I must add that there were many more undisclosable incidents before and after, where I came away with a daunting sense of how mistrustful and, yes, damaged, the majority of key leaders were. This, as I outlined in Chapter VI, led me, for a time, to formulate a way of explaining problematic outcomes of matters I had worked on largely as consequences of such trauma. How convenient this was, re-embodying in thin disguise the notion of "the Indian problem" (cf. Dyck, 1991). As time passed, like Paulette Regan, I saw also how strengths of traditional culture and probably the added soul and psychological tempering of going through the ordeals of residential schooling meant that indigenous individuals and communities had a great deal to teach us settlers about adaptation. Having spent many hours watching the proceedings of TRC, mainly as these were webcast, I was unavoidably caught up in the extraordinary litany of statements by indigenous people who had attended and often been unthinkably abused by the residential school system. That there were very few testimonies by non-Natives and none by anyone who could be seen as a direct perpetrator was worrisome: what could be learned at all about how neither such perpetrators nor the settler society at large were doing anything to come to terms with these crimes against Native humanity. How can the truths of only the victims' side of an historic trauma lead to reconciliation with the still silent and absent perpetrators?

Regan (2010) welcomed the Harper apology and its follow-up as "an opening for all Canadians to fundamentally rethink our past and its implications for our present and future relations" (p. 4). In the microcosms within which I worked, I also cherished expectations of reconciliation. These included establishing a Native/non-Native community trust or an entity for cooperation on marine protection, or the collaboration through the Kettering Foundation on a stand-alone "Sustained Dialogue" process. In all of these, as a continuing challenge, the tendency was strong for empathic settlers to jump into lead roles, seeing themselves as there to help, doing most of the talking as this garrulous helper, the one to do something about the Indian problem (even if we don't call it that anymore). Regan's comments—which precede the actual experience of the TRC, which ended its hearings as of March 2014—well reflect the dangers of complacency in which settler Canada can so easily continue to reside. She speaks of the "voyeuristic ways that enable non-indigenous people to feel good about feeling bad but engender no critical awareness of themselves as colonial beneficiaries" (p. 47).

I have not as of the time of writing this (May, 2014) had the opportunity to resume a conversation I began, by email, with Paulette Regan before the TRC process got fully underway. I would like to do so, given clearer evidence now that one of the two sides that are supposed to reconcile were largely absent. She had warned:

> Historically and to the present, we remain obsessed with solving the Indian problem, even as we deflect attention from the settler problem . . . as a settler ally. I must continuously confront the colonizer–perpertrator in myself, interrogating my own position as a beneficiary of colonial injustice. (P. Regan , 2010, p. 236)

I can only wonder at whether, given the very low participation rate of non-Natives, she sees the TRC as having made any deep inroads into settler consciousness. I also believe that, for those of us who somehow stumble into the honor of working very closely with indigenous people, our everyday practice from the minutiae to large dramatic episodes should be the subject

of continuous, confrontational self-interrogation. We must remind ourselves of the connection between our privileges and the damages done past and present by our hegemony. The question of how and whether the vast majority of settlers can find quotidian or even occasional settings in which to be willingly unsettled is a tough one. I look forward to conversing directly with Paulette Regan on her views now of the extent to which the TRC process catalyzed settler self-reflection.

My sense, having worked in other contexts notably in situations that have arisen from the founding acts of land and resource expropriation, is that the residential schools issue, unfortunately, has turned out to be the almost perfect distractor for empathic settlers. It allows us to be the sorry people (cf. Gooder & Jacobs, 2000), apologetic but thereby able to consign all that bad colonial stuff to a past that is of course passed. This shelters settler consciousness from the stark reality of the trans-historical continuation of issues where we settlers are fully implicated in enduring injustice.

I want to return to Veracini's ideas on settler colonialism in closing this part of my interlocution. This dissertation was to some degree motivated by his haunting, provocative belief that there has been no "compelling or intuitively acceptable story" to narrate the end of settler colonialism. Like this chapter, the end-story of settler colonialism floats in inconclusion. It is clear to me that the flurry of state-level and individual apologies so popular these last two decades hardly touches the surface of needed change. Paulette Regan's (2010) hope that the Harper apology and subsequent Canadian Truth and Reconciliation work would be a watershed in unsettling settler complacency, ignorance, and denial, seems chimerical in light of what the TRC became—multiple fora where wounded survivors cathartically expressed their stories to others like them, by and large with the Canadian press intermittently reminding settler society that these dramas were viewable. Barker is admirable, in my view, for pushing into the unknown

territory of reconciliation in a state of doubt and uncertainty, confused from my perspective, but sincere about how right, right, right, are others who label him a colonizer. I see instead a young man with brilliant if fragmented insights yet to add up to the story Veracini believes is missing, so far. Certainly the agonistic ventures of a much older greybeard of the settler colonial society like me cannot claim that his trajectory leads reliably or replicably to decolonization of our guilty minds. For me and, even, I expect for the longer future period, when Barker and other settlers whose enlightenment comes in their youth, will practice and reflect, our burden will still be to push that Sisyphean stone ceaselessly up, but learn something small each new time it rolls back down.

Speaking to critical Indigenous scholarship. I have written with regret in Chapter V of my years in Bella Coola, ones in which I let myself be a resource to one side in a bitter internal community struggle, and probably, from a perspective of most ideas about decolonization, the wrong side. My affiliation to what at the time I considered to be the "progressives" in a conflict with traditional governance would come back to limit my effectiveness when, through time and changes in the elected Council. But back in the early 2000s, I saw this as something of the luck of the draw. It would be only when the prospect of this dissertation came nearly a decade later that revisiting my time in Bella Coola led me to see more clearly how I played, despite inevitably "good intentions," a counter-insurgency role, one of supporting those who were buttresses of ongoing colonialism.

Critical insights into this literally knocked at my door—without, alas, my settler consciousness and naïveté being much affected. In the summer of 2000, the Tribal Council's office that I administered was in a private residence. A doctor on locum at the nearby hospital moved in next door with her husband, a man, who, I was told, taught Native Studies at the

University of Victoria. Soon after there were some electrical outages and the husband came over to our building to see whether we knew what was going on. His name was Taiaiake Alfred.

Unfamiliar at the time with his already burgeoning critical writing on indigenous leadership and colonialism, I suggested we have coffee some time while he and his wife were in the area. It never happened. I read nothing into that. A year or so later, when I knew much more about his teachings, I invited him to be a guest speaker at the annual general meeting (AGM) of OKNTC in Vancouver. I saw nothing odd when he declined. In the interim, I had read his *Peace, Power, Righteousness: An Indigenous Manifesto* (T. Alfred, 1999). It seemed fittingly provocative to enliven our AGM. It would be challenging. I anticipated the Native leaders I worked for would critically self-examine the origins of their authority in the same White colonial system that had so devastated their Nations' lands and people.

I never thought at all that Alfred might refuse, not because of who *they* were—he has no hesitation to speak his version truth to their version of power before—but because of the role I had been playing as pen-holding counter-insurgent opposed to the House of Smayusta, the Nuxalk's hereditary chiefs. Several years would pass before I read the book Taiaiake Alfred's next book, *Wasáse* (2005) and its lengthy interview with a Nuxalk woman whom I never met largely because of her association with those "traditionalists." In that discussion his focus was on how Sximina, who I only knew of as some troublemaker from the House of Smayusta, named Karen Anderson. How striking and humbling for me to read the words describing her as "one of those Onkwehonwe women whose loves shines brightly through the circumstances of her life" (T. Alfred, 2005, p.189). The enormity of what I missed while, it turns out, serving as a resource person for leaders whose authority came from the colonizer government, has struck me more and more as I wrote this dissertation.

So, yes, I have much to account for in dialogue with critical indigenous perspectives. My reading of Taiaiake Alfred surfaces much that harshly takes the arrogance of colonizers to task , implicating all settlers, not just those whose work perpetrates oppression: “The celebration and defense of imperialism and its intellectual underpinnings is the worst sickness of the colonial mind, and all Euroamericans are affected by this disease of the colonizer to one degree or another” (T. Alfred, 2005, p. 102). He favors the word “arrogance” in describing what it is we do over and over. I see that now, not only in my willful complicity of supporting an internal struggle against the Nuxalk hereditary system, but also in my most shameful activity of having used my insider knowledge of Native rhetoric to critique Innu opposition to low-level flights in Labrador (see Chapter V). Perhaps my arrogance in the eulachon issue was more dangerous for being insidious, readily conflated with “doing the right thing” for the sake of the endangered fish and thereby the Nuxalk community. No matter that in so doing I usurped their leadership and self-determination with much the same presumption of my superior insights as the federal government showed in taking out fisheries governance in the first place (D.C. Harris, 2001). So themes about guilt and atonement arise for me and ought to for settlers who want to be empathic and allied. I should add that I disagree with a commmon pop psychology homily that calls guilt a useless emotion. I see it as an essential companion, not to be worked through, but to bring along everywhere and every time that settlers encounter Natives.

Another indigenous scholar whose work spoke to me and to whom I now speak back is one of my mentors and a committee member for this dissertation, Carolyn Kenny (Choctaw/Ukrainian/Haida). In years of valued discussion with Carolyn and, having read most of her publications, one is hard pressed to find critique of non-indigenous peoples, institutions and forces. Instead, when her work faces colonization and the prospect of decolonization, it does so

by focusing almost entirely on the importance of those who lead in Native communities, largely without relying heavily on formal authority. In essence, the colonizer, the settler as oppressor, comes into Kenny's work as negative space; her respectful silence about or subdued allusion to horrific history of the colonizer serves to bring into sharper relief the courageous acts of those who protect and repair indigenous culture in a myriad of largely unauthoritative ways. The same can be said for most of Kenny and Fraser's (2012) contributors in their recent edited volume, *Living Indigenous Leadership.* White people are seldom mentioned at all. There is only the "absent-presence" of the settler, an ironic reversal of so long a period when it was the Native who was to be "disappeared" through physical eradication and relocation to literally out-of-the-way reserves.

That these leaders are mostly women reclaiming, albeit in diverse and often contemporary ways, the influence their predecessors held (Jo-anne Fiske, 1990) resonated with some of my more recent experiences working for and with First Nations. It would really be only when I worked with a predominantly female committee at the Lheidli T'enneh (Chapter VII) that the necessity of restoring the role for women in indigenous community decolonization became so clear to me. Accordingly, as I have described in that chapter, my role as a resource person among First Nations, my own leadership-that-dare-speak its name, shifted towards one of making and then leaving room for this reinstatement.

Kenny's writing, and her co-edited collection of papers (Kenny & Fraser, 2012), brings out a related aspect of what non-indigenous supporters should be aware of especially if invited as I have been into positions of helping. Here, to an extent, the otherwise strikingly different approaches of Kenny and Taiaike Alfred converge: there is leadership in the quotidian exercise of traditions and art that needs to become appreciated if a deep decolonization that goes beyond

headline-grabbing confrontation is to be achieved. So much of what the Indigenous women leaders have learned to do is keeping a low but internally visible profile for traditions under assault by colonialism. With the overt dangers of colonial suppression now reduced, much of what Native scholars like Kenny's assembled narrators are doing is to bring the resistance strategies of their mothers, grandmothers and further back, into visibility.

Kenny recognizes the non-decorative, non-entertainment values of art and ceremony in indigenous society (Kenny, 2012b). The tangible works were wrenched away from indigenous peoples through mechanisms such as the 1887 so-called "potlatch laws"—a tragic illustration that, if nothing else, early Canadian politicians and administrators knew well how devastating to traditional governance alienating the communities from their art would be. Looting and destruction of the "paraphernalia" of the potlatch remain a painful memory in the generations that never directly saw these depredations (Sewid-Smith, 1979), while the return of a small fraction of the works stolen has likewise been a demonstration as well as an inspiration for re-empowerment. My interactions with Tom Mowatt, as described in Chapter VI, were importantly mediated by his artistry and artwork, which I received both through purchase and as gifts. This has coincided with a conscious decision I took at about the time I received this items to cease wearing Native arts and symbols. Concurrent with appreciating the deep significance of indigenous art has been my realizing how casual use of such items is not an honoring and indeed shares more in its motivation with the mascotry over which struggles continue (L. Davis, 1993; Fryberg et al., 2008). Settlers who would serve decolonization need to constantly remind themselves of the trans-historical anti-colonial meaningfulness of Native art.

But the broader lesson I derive from Kenny and her colleagues and their portrayal of leadership concerns the re-centering of indigenous decolonization away from whatever we

Whites are doing for or against it. Our own decolonization is a necessary side dish to the main course of extraordinary autonomous self-determination which, if we have a place in at all, should be seen to be a privilege, not as noblesse oblige or some other not-so-subtle derivative of "White man's burden" thinking. I am going to tell a closing story later in this chapter of a young naïve settler student of mine who approached me in all baffled sincerity asking "what is it they we can do for them?" The conversation transformed beautifully away from this "Indian problem" supposition, but for now let us mark that indigenous struggles importantly leave people like me out.

Here I turn to one more critical indigenous interlocutor, Yellowknives Dene scholar, Glen Coulthard, who goes back to the legendary Franz Fanon's critical reading of Hegel's master-slave dialectic (Fanon 1952/2008) by way of attacking mainstream society's rhetoric of recognition. While Fanon's original insight was presented first as a very personal-level encounter—the child on a Paris bus who seeing Fanon exclaims, *"*Look, a Negro! *Maman,* a Negro!" (Fanon, 1952/2008, p. 93). Coulthard scales the concern up to the political level in considering the insidious effects of Native's depending on settlers and their governments to recognize them. To many settlers it may be shocking to see such push-back against our generous conferral of recognition. How ungrateful, we may think! But Coulthard's point is that, when a people are striving to restore their independence, hanging about, looking for and becoming dependent on the master's approval is self-contradictory and self-defeating: "The politics of recognition in its contemporary form promises to reproduce the very configurations of colonial power that Indigenous peoples' demands for recognition have historically sought to transcend" (Coulthard, 2007, p. 439).

I need to scale Coulthard's analysis back down to a personal level and repeated parts of my autoethnography, the many times I expected reciprocal recognition for my own so "generous" recognition of Native individuals and culture. So often I felt benevolent and deserving of appreciation for working side by side in Native struggles. Implicitly and ignorantly I presumed that I was doing a good deed reflective of my advanced state of empathy. Only this self-congratulatory demeanour surrounding my individual-level recognition of indigenous worthiness explains how, when that back-recognition failed to come or, worse, in the case of my friend Tom Mowatt, came back negatively, I was so shocked, disappointed and, ultimately resentful. I deserved better, didn't I?

The episode was far from unique. When a former employer who was a hereditary chief among the Kwakwaka'wakw called me up to invite me to his family potlatch, I cherished private hopes that perhaps, at last, I would be honoured there, even given a name as some few non-Natives are. I attended, witnessed not at all the first time the riveting ceremony lasting nearly until dawn, but was not called upon, remaining nameless among the Kwakwaka'wakw, as the potlatch fires burned down to ash.

Settler expectations of gratitude and reciprocity are not the most serious failing of recognition politics according to Coulthard. The greatest danger he sees is a continuation of the dependency of subalterns on how they are seen by colonizers. A time must be reached when the strengths embedded in tradition, hidden intentionally from overt suppression and now so well exemplified in the thoughts and action of Kenny and Fraser (2012) and their collaborators must stand alone, as invulnerable to the current fashion of settler recognition as they proved to be to earlier repression.

I see this dynamic at the micro-level now so heartrendingly when I think of Tom Mowatt, devastated by the literate and scholarly betrayal of his White grandpa, me (Chapter VI). He and the other indigenous people with whom I have worked—and, of course, the thousands of others in settler states—need to free themselves from the old disgrace and contemporary grace of the imperial gaze. And there is a role left, though necessarily a bit part, to play for those settlers who would decolonize their minds: stand back, be a witness when asked, but otherwise, "shut the fuck up" (Spalding, 2009, p. 99).

Less vernacularly, there is a hard habit that must be broken of jumping into intercultural conversations and also larger political struggles and with, beguiling false humility, seizing the lead. Again, the experience of stepping into a lead role in the eulachon crisis in Bella Coola in 1999 and, subsequently, well illustrates this trap: I ended up neither true to what I believed about decolonization and empowerment, nor even to what I understood about ecological uncertainty. As described in Chapter VI, I cajoled with concealed disdain, the Nuxalk leadership to "do something" for years. I continued that implicit theme into my return on contract in a leading role at a conference on the eulachon in Bella Coola in 2007. Relying, as I had before, on my sense of having all sorts of creative and culturally attuned ideas, I came up with the idea of referring to that gathering as part "shame-feast." Pulling my copy of a much earlier White man's published knowledgeability of Nuxalk ways from my shelf—McIlwraith's (1948/1992) ethnography, *The Bella Coola Indians*, I hybridized the First Nation's customs with regard to shaming with what I had learned of other Native cultures, and pressed hard a model that was largely a contemporary Euro-Canadian style conference punctuated with a shame feast. And I sat in disappointment at the latter, where there was poor community attendance and almost none of the key and

traditional rhetoric I expected from Nuxalk and other Native leaders regarding the "shameful" role of federal fisheries officials in the eulachon's demise.

I pushed for a body to be created among representatives of 'eulachon nations" (those whose traditional territories included migratory runs of the smelt) and became *de facto* coordinator of this group that was to direct the creation of a provincial and national campaign. It met twice and fell apart and I could most privately wonder again at the incapacity of indigenous societies to make important change happen. Once again, at that time, I never considered the possibility that the disappointing feast and follow-up to the gathering could have had anything to do with my appropriation of agency. Now, reading what the indigenous decolonization process should entail, Taiaiake Alfred, Glen Coulthard and others, and seeing how it is to be practiced in the everyday activity described by Kenny and those who contributed to her recent book, I see all too vividly my repeated role transgressions.

If decolonization means "a daily existence conditioned by place‐based cultural practices" (Corntassel & Bryce, 2012, p.153), the role for the settler privileged to be included in such struggles is, first and foremost, to ensure his or her interventions do not in any way stifle nascent everyday acts of renewal and resistance. By the time I took on the work of Community Engagement Coordinator (Chapter VII) with the Lheidli T'enneh First Nation, these proscriptions on my own engagement had come to forefront for me, at least as espoused. The greater challenge was to live by this hard-won theory of how to play a settler role in indigenous decolonization effectively while not squelching the hesitant self-empowerment of Lheidli T'enneh people themselves.

I have argued in Chapter VII that some of this balance was achieved that, many times, I forewent the exercise of my seeming expertise in favour of directions devised and chosen by the

working group, I served. To my mind, the core of that group, four Lheidli T'enneh women with little formal authority outside our meeting rooms, shifted from a subordinate, "shut up and listen" role that had been left to them in earlier initiatives, to assertiveness over matters as ostensibly small as the choice of graphics in our newsletter, or as large and fundamental as defining their own overall role in the engagement process.

Closely aligned with the issues of leaving space for indigenous self-liberation and of renouncing unilateral state recognition as some kind of precious landmark of decolonization, indeed at times helping to create safe space for re-empowerment is the role of narrative. Kenny and her co-authors are especially strong on putting story back into the very heart of indigenous struggle and leadership. Storywork, as portrayed by Archibald (2008), prescribes the means for indigenous decolonization as a return to recognizing the healing and liberatory possibilities of narrative.

Again, the evidence from my experience as recounted here shows that a settler can be a positive or a negative force in this requisite. To be supportive, again, is largely to adopt the highly unusual settler behaviour of quietly, respectfully listening as I did a number of (though not enough) times over the years and perhaps, most palpably, when I first interviewed Tom Mowatt, almost three hours with hardly a cough or grunt from me. This was to have been part of an ongoing biographical or possibly mutually autobiographical collaboration. But that mission was hurtfully interrupted when I shifted to a quasi-scientific mode of telling another's story. This left, for quite some time, a friendship in tatters, and an indigenous man, returned to self-doubts when his "White grandpa" fed back unpalatable academically-skeptical "truths," his hermeneutics of damaging suspicion (cf. Josselson, 2004).

With my untrusting analytic story "telling it like is" about Tom and our friendship, as countless objective settlers have chosen to do about Natives, I closed off discussion in more ways than I had ever expected. In contrast, as Kenny (2012a) observes, "the everyday stories of Indigenous women leaders, are connotative rather than denotative in order to free the reader to interpret our stories and apply the concept to his or her own context. I hope . . . they will resonate, with your spirit, heart and soul" (p. 2). The denouement of my turbulent interaction with Tom Mowatt over his stories and mine is unexpectedly hopeful, based on a forgiveness I had not anticipated. After he was released from prison, having been reincarcerated in 2012 for almost a year, Tom and I began to meet casually, commencing in effect a process of re-friending. After only a few such coffees and a lunch, he told me that he had thought over very carefully the former path of our relationship and wanted to go back to the idea we had long ago agreed on: I could play a lead role in his long-postponed autobiography. He prepared a cardboard box full of materials he thought would help in this and passed them to me in early 2014. We talked a bit, but not much about his expectations for what I would do with these resources and with the reauthorized mandate to write about him. "Let's see what happens," we both said. And so we went back on the undoubtedly rocky, winding road with its dips and bends, of collaborative biography, a perilous enterprise with hazards manifest in endeavors that predate Tom and me by centuries. Isn't it all about stolen cultural "property," when White men hold proverbial pens as indigenes narrate? Is the cultural bridge so long and unsteady that such a collaborative narrative crossing is bound to be disastrous? This numerous thoughtful critics and indigenous think so: we have decided that is worth taking this chance, somewhat confident that we have learned a great deal, not only about the precepts of collaboratively "telling a good one" (Rios & Sands, 2000), but of the shifting boundaries of trying to lovingly respect one another.

I must return to the eulachon and an instructive epilogue to my extended and intensive efforts to lead the Nuxalk in recovery for this fish species. In March 2014, I would stand, appropriately in the background, as a new generation of young Nuxalk leaders found their own way of commemorating the eulachon while calling for their return. Funds were raised in the community; Nuxalkmc carved the pole and Nuxalmc weavers made elaborate cedar bark clothing for the figure with arms positioned to welcome the rebuilding stock of the eulachons (Figure 8.1). Watching, the foreboding yet welcoming figure rise, surrounded by joyful Nuxalkmc, the "scientist" in me was quieted and I mused to myself that perhaps, indeed, this might just work to bring the eulachon back to Bella Coola!

Figure 8.1. Nuxalk welcoming pole for eulachon, erected March 2014. Copyright 2014 by Mike Wigle. Reprinted with permission.

In the years of my much-diminished involvement, the Nuxalk Nation has joined in initiatives for marine planning led significantly by a member of the Nation who has played the lead role in investigating eulachon returns and issues. Nuxalk citizen, Meghan Moody completed a master's thesis on the eulachon (Moody, 2008) and serves as on the Nuxalk elected Band council. She has become central to all matters related to the eulachon including in the initiative to carve and raise a pole in commemoration of the loss of the eulachon (and also to "welcome" their awaited and yet-to-be fully realized restoration).

Meghan and I have collaborated over the years including in co-authoring an unpublished strategy in 2008. But she and her co-workers are now accomplishing without any input from me, the technical and social-political agenda. The feast that she and my former employee and successor at the Tribal Council, Deborah Nelson, coordinated in March 2014 was far different from the one I worked on and was so disappointed with in 2007. The community hall was full; speakers and a sense of both ceremony and community spirit abounded. I had no role; my 15 year old daughter, Eden, born the last year of an eulachon fishery in Bella Coola, volunteered to serve food (the girl standing to the left with pony-tail in Figure 8.2). And perhaps, this better symbolizes than I can say the proudly subordinate role for non-Natives in decolonizing acts. I am struck by the parallel of this to my time with the Lheidli T'enneh Working Group where I chose to see preparing and serving an ample lunch as consonant with my revised role as settler-helper (see Chapter VII).

Figure 8.2. Feast for eulachon pole-raising, Bella Coola,, March 2014. Photograph by N. Dale

This brings me as a settler to something of a solution; if not definitive, then worth repeated "testing" in regard to the implications of critical indigenous scholars such as Alfred, Coulthard and Kenny. From their work and my described experience, I have framed the challenge of non-interference with indigenous agency. The line between leading and serving is blurred, especially in a time when there is at least the espousal of many leadership models that

reject hierarchically-stacked "Great Man" concepts—notably servant leadership (Greenleaf, 1977), relational leadership (H. Regan & Brooks, 1995) and what Heifetz (1994) calls the "creative deviance" of "leading without authority." But I come round to simply watching my daughter Eden and how she mirrors my latest efforts at being a literal servant with all the connotations such action can bring forth.

Speaking to scholars at the nexus of colonialism and the Sho'ah. I became aware of my father being a Jew when I was in my twenties, not long after a TV miniseries called "Holocaust" (R. Berger & Green, 1978) raised awareness in the Goyim world of this darkness, much as Roots had brought slavery and freedom struggles to a fuller place in North American Consciousness. Unlike the Indian Wars, neither the Sho'ah nor slavery had caught on much as an exciting backdrop for children's TV in the 1950s (see Chapter IV).

As I moved into my career with First Nations in the mid 1980s, the slow but steady dawning of my awareness of familial connections to the Holocaust coincided with a no less sluggish cognizance of the brutal, illegal and often genocidal occupation of the Americas. As I have mentioned, I rarely used the word "colonialism" or "decolonization" in the first decade and a half of my work with First Nations. During that period, my sister who had moved to Israel was able to find the first pictures we had ever seen of our grandfather, Yitzhak Deustch

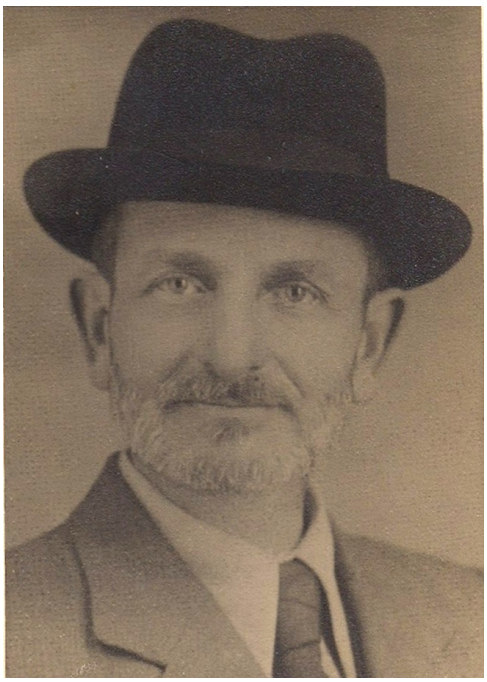


Figure 8.3. Author's grandfather, Yitzhak Deutsch. From family album, photographer unknown.

(Figure 8.3). Through my years beginning with the Kwakwaka'wakw, then on Haida Gwaii and in Bella Coola, I had this picture mounted by my desk, to watch me, like an interrogator asking (as my interviewed young self implicitly did in Chapter IV): "Are you living this life we gave you worthily?"

And so merely going into my office each morning and looking at my desk where my murdered grandfather's photo hangs, calls for me to practice what Rothberg (2009) calls multidirectional memory—juxtaposing, rather than opposing, multiple traumatic pasts and the memories surrounding them. It was as if I knew then, in some as yet unspoken way, that to do the work I was doing well meant reflecting on the seeming ease with which oppressors act. I wanted to be haunted though, at that time, I could not have said why.

It would be several years later that historians and critics of what happened in the "New World" would start using the term "holocaust" (e.g., Brave Heart & DeBruyn, 1998; Stannard, 1992) and "genocide" (e.g., Churchill, 1997) and more until hostilities would so unproductively break out (Friedberg, 2000; Moses, 2002) between factions who felt the word should be reserved for the Nazi exterminations versus those who resented and opposed such exceptionalism. More constructive analyses and prescriptions have continued to emerge about the nexus of the Sho'ah and colonialism (Moses, 2002) including rediscoveries of the work of Rafael Lemkin, the Polish-Jewish legal scholar who originated the term, genocide, including his unpublished manuscripts about antecedents of genocide in 19th century colonialism (Docker, 2004; Zimmerer, 2004). As my own time with First Nations continued, the genocidal nature of colonialism became more widely recognized and the parallels among massive historical atrocities, including what I prefer now to call the Sho'ah, became a topic of open discussion and debate.

In Chapter V, I raised the question of the extent to which my work with First Nations may have been motivated and then influenced in some part by the complex hauntings of both the Sho'ah and the protective concealment of my familial connection to it. By way of reminder, my father's being a Jew was never spoken of and, in fact, he, my mother and our relatives actively hid this identity from my siblings and me.

As earlier noted, scholars of settler colonialism, largely following, Wolfe (1999, 2006), have asserted that genocide is constitutive of, and, most unsettlingly, inevitable in a settler colonial state, of which the Canada I live in is one. This makes me part of an oppressor group no matter how I seek to distance myself—and we have seen this ineffectiveness repeatedly in anecdotes I have shared. I have tried to be Memmi's (1957/1965) "colonizer who refuses," with limited success—an outcome Barker (2012) also encountered.

Very well, then, let me ever so reluctantly accept that I, whose grandfather and other paternal side family members perished in Nazi death camps, am a member of a society of genocide perpetrators. This puts me in a very similar position to that described by Gabriel Schwab (2010). Here, we need to pause and be deadly clear: Hitler commingled his unmistakably and physically genocidal tack with explicit settler-colonial intent, known then as *lebensraum.*

> The Russian territory is our India and, just as the English rule India with a handful of people, so will we govern this, our colonial territory. We will supply the Ukrainians with headscarves, glass chains as jewelry, and whatever else colonial peoples like . . . My goals are not immoderate; . . . The German Volk is to grow into this territory. (Hitler, 17 September 1941; as cited in Zimmerer, 2004, pp. 49-50)

Schwab's (2010) profound reflections on the intersection of different hauntings which she has personally survived include: being a German child growing up amidst the long post-War suppression in her home country of the Sho'ah; also being a child among family members traumatized by Allied carpet-bombing; a child in a community under the

demeaning quasi-colonial regime of the Allied forces, which sent powerful messages as to how guilty and low all Germans were. As I now re-read *Haunting Legacies,* and put Schwab's precepts into conversation with my experience, I see another way of narrating my own coming to terms with membership in a genocidal, settler colonial nation. And in her analysis, and the separate ideas of both Rothberg (2009) and my mentor, the late Dan Bar-On (1999, 2006), I believe can be seen a path towards restoration (though exactly of what, I cannot yet say). Schwab deploys Nandy's (1983/2009) idea of isomorphic oppression[63] to consider the psychic damage of being an oppressor or, later, a descendant of one, yet also experiencing traumatic death and destruction of one' own community. Undiscussable and un-mournable, the lost become ghosts haunting the descendants as well as those directly involved in atrocities. Schwab lived the guilt and shame of being German surrounded as she grew up by secrets and psychoses, a mix of the traumas Germans perpetrated and also suffered through the fire storms of bombing and the quasi-colonial occupation of Allied Forces:

> But the very process of mourning was thwarted and distorted if not preempted altogether by guilt and shame and an irrevocable sense that as a German you deserved all your losses . . . The conflicted feelings were too intolerable to be processed in the open, let alone publicly. (Schwab, 2010, p. 75-6)

When I first read these words well before working on this dissertation, I recall thinking "if only!" If only the majority of settler Canadians went through such agonies as the Germans had had to! Our silence on the foundational wrongs in our history (and present), instead, seemed far from trauma-induced but rather a complacent denial and disbelief that our country was built on indigenous suffering. Schwab undoubtedly was

[63] Isomorphic oppression seems an awkward expression, which, nevertheless, Nandy uses in reference to the harm done to ostensibly civilized individuals and societies when they oppress others. Nandy was himself inspired in these thoughts by the Martinique author, Aimé Césaire as well as Mannoni and Fanon.

torn by these emotions for all her early life and especially after she became aware of the Sho'ah. It now strikes me that, only when I began studying and then working and living among First Nations, as I approached age 40, did the shrouded outline of historic and contemporary colonial crimes begin to dawn on me. I was nothing like Schwab or like the Germans I met in the Bar-On seminars in Hamburg, for whom knowledge of their forbears' Third Reich acts and complicity seeped into their earliest consciousness as children. No, I worked away at a variety of projects that were "for the good" of the indigenous oppressed, with the picture of my exterminated grandfather eyeing me, and the patterns of settler colonialism dawning ever so gradually over a period of many years.

Deferred as these were, I now feel that my situation rather abruptly became much like the one Schwab had lived with her whole life. At the very time that the enormity of what befell my father's family was sinking in, I was engaging more and more in the politics and struggles of indigenous Canada, which slowly brought me to an awareness of the erasures and silencing strategies endemic in my settler society. Several years after moving to the USA, Schwab went back to her home town of Tiengen and discovered a book about the Jews and Jewish community that had thrived there, as it turns out, mere years before her birth.

> Suddenly while reading *Die Tiengener Juden*, a fear welled up and took hold of me. The silence had worked after all, had crept into me and blinded me . . . I must have internalized the Germans' denial and silence after the war despite the fact that even when I was a child, I had tried to promise to myself that I never wanted to close my eyes before anything, however horrible. My town's erasure of history had caught up with me. (Schwab, 2010, p. 89)

The result that she was never able to see her town "with the same eyes again" (p. 91). This resonates with the slower, steadier realizations I was going through as I moved through a succession of niches and geographies within First Nations along BC's coast. I would sometimes

wonder, as I travelled along fog-engulfed fjords or in floatplanes above the mountains, what the names of such places really were, before Whites called them after royals or explorers.

Even in 2006, as I have mentioned in Chapter VI, when other Canadian participants, a Carcross-Tagish Native and a French Canadian woman introduced themselves as the oppressed and oppressor (see Chapter VI), I reacted badly, no doubt resistant to this unauthorized breaking of the silence surrounding undiscussable history and an unspeakable present. And this is perhaps what an ever-increasing number of Settler Canadians are also going through or will have to if there is to be an authentic decolonization *on our side.*

Though it never felt deliberate, my work with First Nations came to progressively intersect with the Sho'ah. I have mentioned in Chapter VI my all-too-brief time with Dan Bar-On, his colleagues and a wide array of people in the "Storytelling in Conflicts Dialogue Training." I entered this sequence of workshops in Hamburg, Germany, because of my hope to re-apply Bar-On's approach in which children of perpetrators and victims entered dialogue to the Native/non-Native context back in British Columbia.

I did not go there to confront the Sho'ah, though I was pleased with myself that, in meeting the many German nationals who were participating, I quickly shed a lifelong unfavorable outlook towards that country and its people. Very quickly, bonds and friendships were formed including, for me, with several German men and women whom I still hold dear. Most had parental or grandparental connections to direct Nazi perpetrators.

One woman whose story I had not fully absorbed in our first workshop, ended up, it seemed by chance, sitting with me at dinner on what proved to be the final night of my last time at the Bar-On seminars. As our conversation wound around and expanded on what we had said in the group, she told me that her father had been an SS official who played a role in the Jewish

deportations from eastern Czechoslovakia. In mid-1944 Yhitzak Deutsch, his second wife, Bluma Leibovitz (my father's step-mother), Magrit Deutsch, Luisa Deutsch, Sari Deutsch, and Morice Deutsch were deported from Velcky Bherezny within her father's "territory" to Auschwitz. Only Luisa would survive.

This German woman, Ursula I will call her, and I spoke for a long time and I recall that she referred to me as a brother, related "by choice" among the ruins of what had transpired among our families. I had not planned our shared surfacing and mourning of long-buried family tragedy; yet this is precisely what Bar-On's work was dedicated to. His approach of bringing together the descendants of oppressed and oppressors (Bar-On, 1995) is, in fact, highlighted in Schwab's exploration of what needs to be done to effectuate "decolonization of the mind" (Schwab, 2010, pp.114-116).

And so I came to that unexpected place in which my family's intentionally suppressed grief for the Sho'ah victims among us, emerged from its crypt, because of my work with First Nations. Tom Mowatt made me his White grandpa; Ursula made me her brother. Out of trauma, there forms a family by choice of the wounded among descendants of both sides of oppression.

To engage my autoethnographic findings and deliberations with the late Dan Bar-On and his work is poignant for me, an ongoing conversation that really ought to have happened, as this dissertation unfolded. But when we were only part way through his planned sequence of Hamburg workshops, he was diagnosed with brain cancer and passed away in September 2008. We had become acquainted mainly by email shortly after the death of our mutual mentor Donald Schön in 1997. When Dan notified me of his plan for the seminar sequence at the Korber Foundation in Hamburg, I jumped at the opportunity.

Like Schwab, Bar-on was absorbed by the intergenerational consequences of the Sho'ah and other traumatic and violent episodes of recent history. He too would focus on the silences that grew around these events and their aftermaths and would make the daring step of getting descendants of perpetrators and victims of mass trauma to talk to one another. Having become aware of the settler colonial suppression of indigenous grievance through my work, I read Bar-On's work avidly. I had been involved with another unrelated, but seemingly similar dialogue process intended to deal with racial and ethnic conflict: the Sustained Dialogue process developed by retired U.S. diplomat, Harold Saunders (1999) in association with the Kettering Foundation. In that exercise which I worked to apply to the Nuxalk-settler divides of the Bella Coola Valley in 2000, we had come up against a substantial difficulty: the almost complete silence of the Nuxalk when we convened what was supposed to be an ongoing sequence of workshops. That was never resolved and so, having now read Bar-On's (1999) fittingly titled *The Indescribable and the Undiscussable*, I sought a possible alternative.

Though his own work was primarily about those who descended from the Sho'ah and also the ongoing Israeli-Palestinian conflict, Bar-On made direct note of how it related to the context of interest to me, referring to "the unbelievable amount of silenced violence inflicted by Europeans upon native people during the colonial eras, in Africa, North and South America, and Asia" (Bar-On, 1999, p.128). Bar-on premised his dialogic approach not only in situations where there had been literal silence, the suppressed unspoken grieving and grievances, but where discourse has been normalized in the sense of staying within safe bounds, dutifully omitting the "silenced facts" that could shake up the status quo. Bar-On (1999) examined several distinctive settings in which "normalized post-traumatic discourse" reliably keep the oppressor and the oppressed from ever coming near the crimes and ghosts of their mutual history. But his life work

lay in disrupting these patterns through a shift to discourse that breaks through the walls and double-walls of those on different sides of traumatic histories and presents.

I returned from the first several Bar-On seminars, hopeful to assemble a willing array of natives and settlers and engage in storytelling inching towards that elusive genuine dialogue and comity which flickered into and out of existence in Hamburg. My collaborator was to have been Tom Mowatt, as I discussed in Chapter VI. And then . . . well it did not go as planned. The world wasn't waiting, not then in 2007, for our dialogue process and we stumbled badly even in the discourse we were attempting one-on-one, as amply recounted in Chapter VI.

Scaling Up and Reaching Out: Lessons on Decolonizing My Settler Mind

It behooves practitioners of autoethnography to explain how like or not their individual lived experiences are to the realities of the wider world. After all, my sample size is one; yet the definitional claim for autoethnography is to be studying social phenomena or contexts with oneself not as the object but as lens. The setting of my study has been settler colonialism described by its most prominent founding scholar Patrick Wolfe (1999) as a structure and one of both enormous resilience and one inherently genocidal nature. This makes attempting to know it well and to try changing it of great import. How would one's man's story of his own struggles with the settler-within-him be scaled up to higher-level relevance in such a daunting, critical project of social change? The longstanding slogan from the early days of the feminist movement that the personal is the political seems correct and I have always been moved by the famous remark from Margaret Mead: "Never underestimate the power of a few committed people to change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has." Along with scaling up one needs to ask how the learning can be spread. How can my story be of use to other settler individuals as they decide to move along a settler-decolonizing path?

In Canada and other settler colonies, there are certainly nation-level initiatives afoot aimed at change in the fundamental relationships between indigenous people and the state. I have noted above the TRC that followed from the Prime Ministerial apology. I have also inferred that the promising outlook of people like Paulette Regan (2010) may not have been born out in the participation of non-Natives. The many sessions held across the country seemed almost completely taken up by the searing accounts of survivors of the residential schools. Meanwhile, settler Canada largely stayed away, content that this historic injustice was over and money was being spent to compensate victims. To me this is ample evidence that even a process designed at a national political level can move but little towards reconciliation if individual settler minds remain locked in the kinds of colonial indoctrination into which we are born and raised.

It is important in reflecting on this to recognize that there is not just the personal individual and the national political system to calibrate but multiple levels. I can ask, and feel quite quixotic, about how, if at all, what I have learned about the fits and starts of decolonizing one settler's consciousness plays out in the realm of national politics. Formidable as the question seems, history lacks no precedents of determined individuals who built up, and scaled up from local networks of change, agents to national and even international initiatives. While Nobel Peace prizes have been awarded often to individuals who have worked from positions of high authority or to large international organizations, there are also numerous cases of laureates whose efforts were very much grass-roots. I have no illusions of such exalted achievement but people such as Rigoberta Menchú, an indigenous Guatemalan campaigning for protection of Natives, or Kenyan environmentalist, Wangari Maathai, are "existence proofs" of literally singular people whose impact scaled up to the global. The numbers of other unrecognized "everyday folk" who have converted their lived experience into broad social change are legion.

In my career, working directly with First Nations, I can count some of what others concerned with decolonization would probably agree are little victories or at least small steps in the right direction. By this I do not mean mainly the kinds of tangible progress that program evaluators tally up, but advances, largely in the strengthening of relational environments. The clearest case in my career was on Haida Gwaii where the Gwaii Trust continues, yes, as a now-$60-million communities-controlled fund, but also as an emblem of a sustainable arrangement among Haida and settler communities. It has weathered challenges from resurfaced resentments and jealousies—notably the establishment of the "Haida Parity Program" which, questionably I believe, was premised on the idea that the primarily non-Indigenous village of Sandspit had been unfairly favored by having had a small-craft harbor developed with funds from the same federal-provincial agreement that underwrote the Trust. [64]

No Nobel prize is in the offing for any of us who went through the highly stressful inception process of peacemaking that culminated in the cross-cultural trust. But by focusing, as we did, on resurfacing the traumatic colonial history and contemporary impacts of Haida disempowerment on *their* islands, we were able to co-design a unique arrangement that endures and slowly erodes prejudice and resentment. The Trust has served as evidence of the benefits of post-colonial relationality and appears to have been emulated in subsequent unrelated collaborations on the Islands (Dale, 1999).

It is important to point out again that, while this advance was being achieved and I was playing a facilitating role that made space for surfacing and deliberating on historical grievances,

[64] The non-native communities of Haida Gwaii's had qualms about the fairness of this belated provision, designed several years after the Trust was established. The issue of parity had been adealt with in the foundational 1993 Accord. Originally the harbor project and the Trust came from the same $38 million "pot:" the "Regional Economic Development Initiative (REDI)." Active lobbying by Haida and non-Haida leaders at the time succeeded in persuading the federal government to find new and separate funding for the harbor from outside of the terms of REDI.

my own trajectory towards ostensible decolonization was far from steadily upwards. A year after I left Haida Gwaii I was working on a consulting project that could be seen as undermining an eastern Canadian First Nation's opposition to the NATO Low Level Flying project (see Chapter V). And several years later, I became embroiled in the conflicts over land use in Bella Coola, serving for a time the "Indian Act" elected council against the more traditional, sovereigntist leaders in the Nuxalk community.

Fair questions can be raised about the nature and extent of *my* decolonization with the corollary point that, if a seemingly well-informed and empathic settler who purports to serve indigenous decolonization can back-slide like this, what kind of story is that? Is mine a path worth scaling up to a wider application, or fit for imparting to other settlers who have not had the access and privilege I have had into the midst of the learning environment of indigenous struggles?

I think it is. In fact, I believe that a twisting, uncertain and self-critical narrative of the kind I have unfolded here is of significant value more than one told as a kind of decolonizing *bildungsromans,* with a beautiful ever-upward arc. I come back again to Veracini's (2010) remarks on the missing end-story of settler decolonization. In his closing chapter, he posits a "narrative deficit":

> As long as there are no available narratives of settler decolonisation, a general narrative identifying indigenous dispossession and loss of collective autonomy as 'progress' is bound to be remain paradigmatic, and settler decolonisation, a colonizing act where settlers envisage no return, still tells a story of either total victory or total failure. (p.115)

I have just the right amount of temerity to suggest that mine is one such story as are P. Regan 's (2010), Barker's (2012) and, no doubt, others yet unpublished. These narratives do not achieve closure nor are they stories at the level of macro-structure, which I readily admit must eventually be conceived and enacted. Certainly, in my case, and probably in Barker's also, for

those who would reduce that narrative deficit, it may be best to think in terms of postmodern rather than conventional story-lines. After all, post-modernism and its fellow-travelling "posts" (post-structuralism, post-colonial literary theory) arose as a counterforce to many of the same modernist maladies as has my work and, more importantly, the struggles of indigenous peoples globally. It reacts to hegemony, not only or even primarily of the political kind, but of the insidious mind control that anti-colonialism and other liberatory movements rise to oppose. It is fitting then, poetically just, as well as just in other ways, that narratives of decolonization veer postmodern-ly from any expectations of orderliness, univocality, and finality. If my tales seem more what one might expect from the disjunctive narratives of a Kafka or Calvino, then they may well reflect some deeper un-unitary and inconclusive "truths," worth sharing. Time will tell.

Meanwhile, perhaps the most obvious way in which a seasoned old settler can hope to reach out with his story is in education. This begins at home and I mention again the pride I had seeing one of my daughters gladly join in serving food at the Nuxalk feast; may all my children and theirs find such fitting ways to serve in contexts of decolonization I cannot even imagine. More formally, I see a dearth of class offerings in Canadian universities on settler colonialism. True, many universities now have Native or First Nations Studies programs in which a fair proportion of non-Natives enroll. Their instructors, both indigenous and not, give courses aimed at educating students about First Nations politics, geography, language etc. I have no doubt that the Settler youth who choose such programs acquire factual and affective understandings of indigenous world well beyond the general mainstream population. I also have little doubt that these students are by and large from among what is still a minority of Canadian families who care much about our nation's dark history and continuing colonization. The kids go to college and with enlightenment and empathy, learn more and more about Natives. In this they follow, in

essence, the longstanding premise I spoke of at the beginning of this dissertation: that the troubled relationship between Natives and settlers can best be improved by having Whites study the Natives ever more thoroughly. The mirror of Settler selves awaits a pedagogy where settler better now themselves and the nature of the ground on which they stand.

As the dissertation like all good things must come to an end albeit without definitive conclusion, I felt a need, if not for closure, at least to get back one more time to the young man I interviewed in Chapter IV, my 18-year-old self. I had planned, on the weekend of April 5-6, 2014, for a follow-up interview with that interlocutor youthful Norman who, I realized, had had some doubts about my career path, about all this talk of settlers, and about the overall way I had conducted our life. I called for him, but he did not show not on Saturday and, alas, I had a conflict the next day. But it would turn out that I was able to speak with a young man, the same age.

I had offered to meet one of the students enrolled in the freshman environmental issues communication course I teach the nearby University of Northern British Columbia. Matt (not his real name) had not done well so far on writing assignments and the final term paper was imminent. He wisely decided to run a draft of that by me and I was concerned enough with its lack of structure and coherence to suggest talking about it face-to-face. This would be the best last chance to get him on track.

It is a wet spring Sunday afternoon. We meet in the almost empty cafeteria at UNBC and I share with him such wisdom about format, term paper planning, and small but impactful embellishments that I can. After about an hour, we think we have an approach that he can write to and that will hang together. I expect for him to thank me and leave, but he has something on his mind and, so, lingers. At last he says rather awkwardly and hesitantly: “Can I ask you

something that has nothing to do with my paper?" I say "sure" and he kind of stutters out, "What do you think we have to do to change things for the Natives, I mean, to really help them?"

The topic is not completely out of the blue. In my immediately preceding class session, my friend, Tom Mowatt, the artist and ex-prisoner had co-presented. Tom, as usual, had pulled no punches in recounting in grittiest detail his personal story including family violence as he grew up, as well his crimes and imprisonments.

Back in the cafeteria, Matt says nothing directly of Tom, but I think the session was on his mind. I look at him perhaps more closely than I had before. Handsome kid, ball-cap jauntily on backwards, he looked like the guy I figured Avril Lavigne had been singing about in her song, "Sk8er Boi" (Lavigne, 2002, track 3). Matt was from a small town in central BC that was pretty well known as kind of a redneck ranching and logging town.

I think of his question and how to answer it and after a bit and say, "First off, Matts, one of the things we White people need to do is stop thinking that it's *our* help that's going to change things for the better. If we are needed, when invited in, my advice is 'go in humble', ask lots more questions than you make statements, and don't start showering them with advice unless they pry it out of you."

Then I say that I think the other main need is for their women to return to power, not just as formal leaders, but being allowed to resume an updated version of what they'd always used to be before the patriarchal White culture eradicated traditional governance. I talk a bit of my experience with the Lheidli T'enneh Governance Working Group, of Carolyn Kenny's co-edited volume on living indigenous leadership

Our conversation moves gradually into his own experience at high school; he had just graduated the year before so it was all was very fresh. Matt speaks of how local Native kids

"always kept to themselves. They seemed kind of stuck-up" he ruminates aloud, but with nio great confidence. Before I say anything back, he looks more firmly at me, and says: "Or maybe they just didn't feel all that welcome—there were only a dozen or so of them and a hundred of us" (pause, he's thinking hard) "You know, I don't think we ever asked them to join *us!*"

I say I think he was probably right and that it's important to do what he was doing now, to step out of his own shoes and, insofar as possible into theirs. And I add a few thoughts about not expecting the work of decolonizing and reconciling to ever be completed once and for all—without getting into direct talk of agonism (Harland, 2012). We don't go on for much longer. He grabs his backpack, thanks me for my time and heads off. As I watch him go, it goes through my head: there goes the future of settler Canada. The decolonization of settler colonial structures may plausibly be seen as lacking a closing narrative (Veracini, 2010, p. 115), but in kids like Matt, the Sk8er bois (and girls) from redneck towns, who can be moved by an old native and an old White guy talking post-colonial friendship, and, with a modicum of reflection, can start to leave behind their childhood-learned presumptions about "the Other," I detect the beginnings "of a little story so beautiful I fear it may well be true" (Foucault, 1972, p. 225).

"We can't teach what we don't know." Gary Howard (2006) used this simple, obvious yet profound maxim as the title of his book on education against racism. Caught up in the bustle of my long career among First Nations, blinkered by the resilient settler mentality that I grew up, stumbling uphill ever-pushing on that rock, I did not know.

Now, I do know . . . a little.

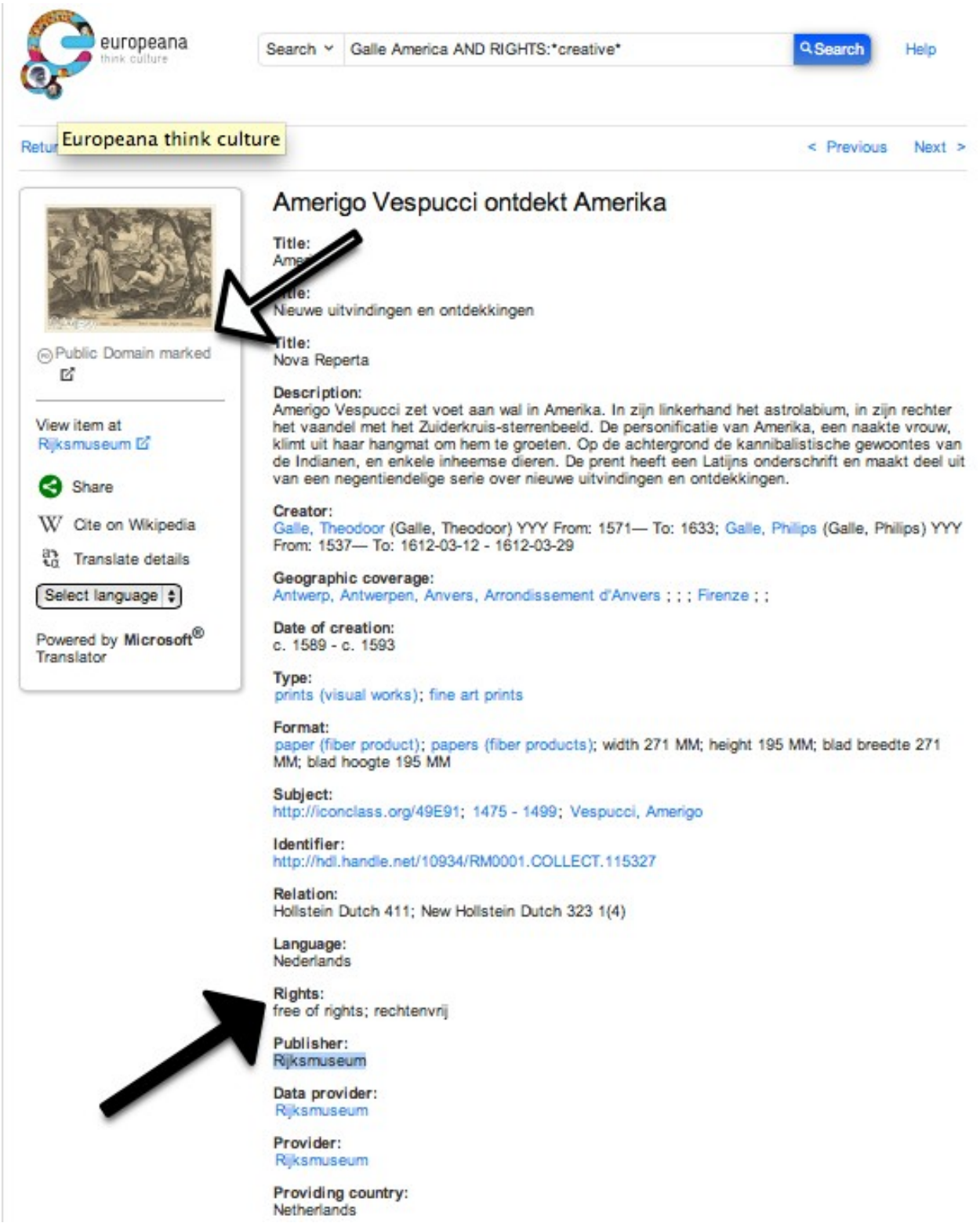
Appendix

Appendix A: Copyright Permissions and Exemptions

The following pages present verbatim permissions or waivers related to potentially copyrighted materials used in this dissertation. This table outlines all such possible items, their status, and documentation.

Pg. in text		Item	Status	Pg. in Append.
9	Fig. 1.1	Author's Schematic of Types of Settlers in Canadian Society	Author's work	
23	Fig. 2.1	Galle's 16th Century Engraving, *America*	Free Rights	338
32	Exerpt from Susannah Moodie poem, "The Maple Tree"		Copyright expired	339
85	Fig. 4.1	The Author in 1968 (aged 19)	Author-owned	
166	Fig. 5.1	The Author at the Wasgo Rock near Tlell on Haida Gwaii	Author-owned	
204	Fig. 6.1	Tom Mowatt's Butterfly Plaque	Author-owned	
208	Fig. 6.2	Author conveys Tom Mowatt's gift to Dan Bar-On (July 2006)	Author-owned	
209	Fig. 6.3	Tom Mowatt's Mask, "Knowledge Hunter" over Author's desk	Author-owned	
223	Fig. 6.4	Tom Mowatt & Norman Dale at UNBC Field Camp (Aug. 2010)	Author-owned	
250	Fig. 7.1	Traditional Territory of Lheidli T'enneh	AANDC Perm. Granted	340
251	Fig. 7.2	Initialing Ceremony, Lheidli T'enneh Final Agreement (Oct. 2006)	BC Gov. No restrictions	341
318	Fig. 8.1	Nuxalk welcoming pole for eulachon	© Mike Wigle Perm.Granted	342
319	Fig. 8.2	Feast for the Eulachon Pole Raising, Bella Coola, March, 2014	Author-owned	
320	Fig. 8.3	Yitzhak Deutsch, the Author's Grandfather	Author-owned	

RE: Figure 2.1 Galle's *Amerigo Vespucci Discovering America* (p. 22 here)



RE: Excerpt from Susannah Moodie's poem, "The Maple Tree" (p. 31 here)

Susannah Moodie was a Canadian poet who lived from 1803 to 1885. She published *Roughing it in the bush* in 1852. Project Gutenburg has determined that, due to both publication date and the author having died well over 100 years ago, the book and its contents are copyright expired.

I have excerpted 13 of 78 lines of the poem from Project Gutenburg site:
http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/4389

The following is from that website:

RE: Fig. 7.1 Traditional Territory of Lheidli T'enneh (p. 247 here)

Electronic Correspondence with Communications Officer from Aboriginal and Northern Affairs Canada (AANDC) Site where Map was derived:

From: "Dan Maruska" <Dan.Maruska@aadnc-aandc.gc.ca>
Subject: Re: Permission to use a map from AANDC website
Date: 22 September, 2014 7:28:12 AM PDT
To: "Norman Dale" <n.dale@shaw.ca>

Good morning Mr. Dale,

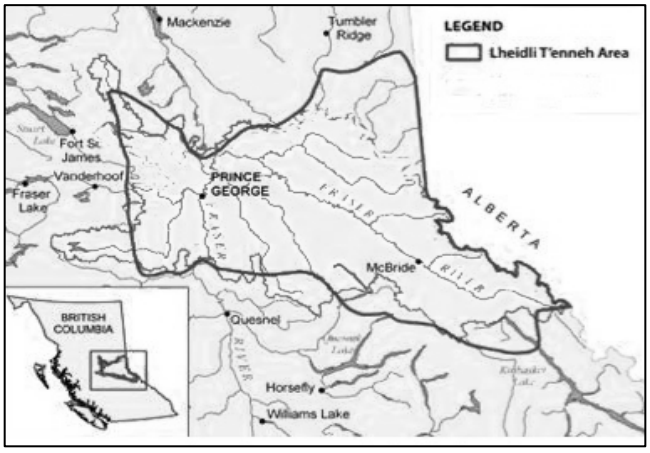
Please feel free to use the map in your doctoral dissertation. We ask that you credit AANDC for this use.

Regards,
Dan Maruska
Communications Branch
1900-10 Wellington
Gatineau, QC
T: 819.953.2858>>> Norman Dale <n.dale@shaw.ca> 9/13/2014 2:09 PM >>>

Hello,

I was wondering if you could tell me who I could contact to secure written permission for use of a map that appears on the AANDC webpage, http://www.aadnc-aandc.gc.ca/eng/1100100022524/110010002254. This is for inclusion in my doctoral dissertation and would be published on my university's archival site for dissertations, https://etd.ohiolink.edu. Access to the full dissertation will be free. The specific map I would like to use is shown below, which is the AANDC map with the "Fish area" removed.

Many thanks
Norman Dale
Prince George, BC



RE: Fig. 7.2 Photograph - Initialing Ceremony, Lheidli T'enneh Final Agreement (p. 249 here)

The photograph is from a website of the Government of British Columbia. I contacted the appropriate authority in the BC Government and received this response (my query is below the response):

From: **Ugro, Ilona MTIC:EX** <Ilona.Ugro@gov.bc.ca>
Date: Wed, Sep 17, 2014 at 10:39 AM
Subject: RE: Copyright Permission Request Form Submission
To: Norman Dale <ndale@antioch.edu>

Dear Mr. Dale,

Thank you for completing and submitting your copyright permission request. I note that the Archived Photo Gallery website on which the photo is found, namely at http://www.gov.bc.ca/arr/shared/gallery/archive/, has the following statement at the top: "Photos, videos and artist renderings are available for use in whole or in part without permission provided they are used unaltered. No credit line is required." It appears to me that you can rely on this statement as permission granted.

Regards,

Ilona Ugro
Copyright Officer
Intellectual Property Program
Ministry of Technology, Innovation and Citizens' Services
3rd Floor, 563 Superior Street
PO Box 9452 Stn Prov Govt
Victoria, BC V8W 9V7
Email: Ilona.Ugro@gov.bc.ca
Phone: 250-216-8935

-----Original Message-----
From: Form.Handler.Application@gov.bc.ca [mailto:Form.Handler.Application@gov.bc.ca] On Behalf Of Norman Dale
Sent: Saturday, September 13, 2014 11:19 AM
To: QPIPPCopyright MTIC:EX; ndale@antioch.edu
Subject: Copyright Permission Request Form Submission

I am completing my doctoral dissertation in Leadership and Change at Antioch University in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Part of my discussion concerns the BC treaty process and the steps therein. I want to include a copy of the picture of the initialing ceremony for the Lheildi T'enneh final agreement. I would need official written permission to do this. After completion, the dissertation will be online at no charge from https://etd.ohiolink.edu/. This is the only outlet through which the document will be accessible.

RE: Fig. 8.1 Welcoming Pole for Sputc (Eulachon), Bella Coola (p. 313 here)

This photograph was taken by professional freelance photographer, Mike Wigle of Bella Coola, BC. It is copyrighted. This is our e-correspondence by which he gave his permission for specified use. My request follows his response.

From: Michael Wigle <mjwigle@gmail.com>
Subject: Re: Permission to use photo in my dissertation
Date: 19 September, 2014 4:25:52 PM PDT
To: Norman Dale <n.dale@shaw.ca>
Cc: "meganfmoody@gmail.com" <meganfmoody@gmail.com>

Fine by me Norman if that is its only use. A photo credit to "Michael Wigle" would be nice/preferred though.

Mike

Michael Wigle
www.mwigle.zenfolio.com

On Fri, Sep 19, 2014 at 8:23 AM, Norman Dale <n.dale@shaw.ca> wrote:
Hi Mike,

I am just wrapping up my dissertation for Antioch University's Leadership and Change program. My topic was mainly about my work as a non-Native with native groups. The ending title was *"Decolonizing the Empathic Settler Mind: An Autoethnographic Inquiry*" As on of the topics I covered was my involvement in the eulachon crisis in Bella Coola, I wanted to include a few relevant photos and would like to use the one below if I have your permission.

Once completely approved the dissertation will be electronically published at the university's usual places for dissertations which are AURA (Antioch University Repository and archive - http://aura.antioch.edu) and the OhioLink Electronic Theses and Dissertations Center (https://etd.ohiolink.edu). All dissertations so archived are publicly available at no charge.

Thanks
Norman Dale

Appendix B: Transcript of Author Video Introduction

Hi, my name is Norman Dale. I have completed a doctorate at the Antioch University Program on Leadership and Change with a dissertation set amidst the ongoing colonization of Indigenous people, the First Nations of British Columbia, Canada Given centuries of subjugation, it should not surprise that deep wounds and pretty bad relations have arisen between natives and settlers in Canada and in other places like the United States and Australia where settler populations dispossessed indigenous peoples.

In the last several decades, there's been a lot of research and writing about these deeply troubled historical and contemporary situations—and what to do about it. But, oddly, way more often than not, scholars have persisted in just looking harder and harder at just the Natives as if that alone could explain how things went so wrong. After many years working directly for First Nations, and facing puzzling dilemmas aplenty, I used the golden opportunity of my doctoral studies to refocus on where, I believe, the problem really lies: the settler mind-set, even of people who want to be allies and supporters of First Nations . . . like me.

In other words, *I looked in the mirror*.

My dissertation is called *Decolonizing the Empathic Settler Mind; An Autoethnographic Inquiry*. Autoethnography means taking a significant, broad social issue –in this case the chronically troubled relations between Natives and settlers, and using one's own experience and ideas as "the data" and the lens. So I not only tell, in this work, about my formative years in the milieu of settler society and then, of working for decades with First Nations along the BC coast and inland, I hold my professional practice and thinking up for critical scrutiny, an often merciless analysis of dilemmas and my contribution to them.

I give special attention to how the dynamics in interpersonal relations between a Settler and a Native bear lessons for the reconciliation and decolonization needed from the individual up to the societal level.

I invite you along on this autoethnographic journey. It does not come to a resounding once-and-for all conclusion nor is it a handbook for being an empathic settler. But I think it's a pretty good story, one that may help others who are willing to unsettle their own ideas and actions about the current settler colonialism in North America and how that can be changed.

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